SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XLIX JANUARY, 1911 NO. 1

THE SAD SHEPHERD

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ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY BLENDON CAMPBELL

I

OUT of the Valley of Gardens, where a film of new-fallen snow lay smooth as feathers on the breast of a dove, the ancient Pools of Solomon looked up into the night sky like dark, tranquil eyes, wide-open and motionless, reflecting the crisp stars and the small, round moon. The full springs, overflowing, melted their way through the field of white in winding channels, and along their course the grass was green even in the dead of winter.

But the sad shepherd walked far above the valley, in a region where ridges of gray rock welted and scarred the back of the earth; and the solitude was desolate; and the air was keen and searching.

His flock straggled after him. The sheep, weather-beaten and dejected, followed the path with low heads swaying from side to side, as if they had travelled far and found little pasture. The black, lop-eared goats leaped upon the rocks, restless and ravenous, tearing down the tender branches and leaves of the dwarf oaks and wild olives. They reared up against the twisted trunks and crawled and scrambled among the boughs. It was like a company of gray downcast friends and a troop of hungry little black devils following the sad shepherd afar off.

He walked looking on the ground, paying small heed to them. Now and again, when the sound of pattering feet and panting breaths and the rustling and rending among the copses fell too far behind, he drew out his shepherd's pipe and blew a strain of music, shrill and plaintive, quavering and lamenting through the hollow night. He waited while the troops of gray and black scuffled and bounded and trotted near to him. Then he dropped the pipe into its place again and strode forward, looking on the ground.

The fitful, shivery wind that rasped the hill-tops, fluttered the rags of his long mantle of Tyrian blue, torn by thorns and stained by travel. The rich tunic of striped silk beneath it was worn thin, and the girdle about his loins had lost all its ornaments of silver and jewels. His curling hair hung down dishevelled under a turban of fine linen, in which the gilt threads were frayed and tarnished; and his shoes of soft leather were broken by the road. On his brown fingers the places of the vanished rings were still marked in white skin. He carried not the long staff nor the heavy nail-studded rod of the shepherd, but a slender stick of carved cedar battered and scratched by hard usage, and the handle, which might have been of precious metal still more richly carved, was missing. He was a strange figure for that lonely place and that humble occupation—a fragment of faded beauty from some royal garden tossed by rude winds into the wilderness—a pleasure-craft adrift, buffeted and broken, on rough seas.

But he seemed to have passed beyond caring. His young face was frayed and threadbare as his garments. The splendor of the moonlight flooding the wild world

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meant as little to him as the hardness of the rugged track which he followed. He wrapped his tattered mantle closer around him, and strode ahead, looking on the ground.

As the path dropped from the summit of the ridge toward the Valley of Mills and passed among huge broken rocks, three men sprang at him from the shadows. He lifted his stick, but let it fall again, and a strange ghost of a smile twisted his face as they gripped him and threw him down.

"You are rough beggars," he said. "Say what you want, you are welcome to it."

"Your money, dog of a courtier," they muttered fiercely; "give us your golden collar, Herod's hound, quick, or you die!"

"The quicker the better," he answered, closing his eyes.

The bewildered flock of gray and black, gathered in a silent ring, stood staring while the robbers searched their master.

"This is a stray dog," said one, "he has lost his collar, there is not even the price of a mouthful of wine on him. Shall we kill him and leave him for the vultures?"

"What have the vultures done for us," said another, "that we should feed them? Let us take his cloak and drive off his flock, and leave him to die in his own time."

With a kick and a curse they left him. He opened his eyes and lay still for a moment, with his twisted smile, watching the stars.

"You creep like snails," he said. "I thought you had marked my time to-night. But not even that is given to me for nothing. I must pay for all, it seems."

Far away, slowly scattering and receding, he heard the rustling and bleating of his frightened flock as the robbers, running and shouting, tried to drive them over the hills. Then he stood up and took the shepherd's pipe, a worthless bit of reed, from the breast of his tunic. He blew again that plaintive, piercing air, sounding it out over the ridges and distant thickets. It seemed to have neither beginning nor end; a melancholy, pleading tune that searched forever after something lost.

While he played, the sheep and the goats, slipping away from their captors by roundabout ways, hiding behind the laurel-bushes, following the dark gullies, leaping down the broken cliffs, came circling back to him, one after another; and as they came, he interrupted his playing, now and then, to call them by name.

When they were nearly all assembled, he went down swiftly toward the lower valley, and they followed him, panting. At the last crook of the path on the steep hillside a straggler came after him along the cliff. He looked up and saw it outlined against the sky. Then he saw it leap, and slip, and fall beyond the path into a deep cleft.

"Little fool," he said, "fortune is kind to you! You have escaped. What? You are crying for help? You are still in the trap? Then I must go down to you, little fool, for I am a fool too. But why I must do it, I know no more than you know."

He lowered himself quickly and perilously into the cleft, and found the creature with its leg broken and bleeding. It was not a sheep but a young goat. He had no cloak to wrap it in, but he took off his turban and unrolled it, and bound it around the trembling animal. Then he climbed back to the path and strode on at the head of his flock, carrying the little black kid in his arms.

There were houses in the Valley of the Mills; and in some of them lights were burning; and the drone of the mill-stones, where the women were still grinding, came out into the night like the humming of drowsy bees. As the women heard the pattering and bleating of the flock, they wondered who was passing so late. One of them, in a house where there was no mill but many lights, came to the door and looked out laughing, her face and bosom bare.

But the sad shepherd did not stay. His long shadow and the confused mass of lesser shadows behind him drifted down the white moonlight past the yellow bars of lamplight that gleamed from the doorways. It seemed as if he were bound to go somewhere and would not delay.

Yet with all his haste to be gone, it was plain that he thought little of where he was going. For when he came to the foot of the valley, where the paths divided, he stood between them staring vacantly, without a desire to turn him this way or that. The imperative of choice halted him like a barrier. The balance of his mind hung even because both scales were empty. He could act, he could go, for his strength was unbroken; but he could not choose.

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The path to the left went up toward the little town of Bethlehem, with huddled roofs and walls in silhouette along the double-crested hill. It was dark and forbidding as a closed fortress. The sad shepherd looked at it with indifferent eyes; there was nothing there to draw him.

The path to the right wound through rock-strewn valleys toward the Dead Sea. But rising out of that crumbled wilderness a mile or two away, the smooth white ribbon of a chariot-road lay upon the flank of a cone-shaped mountain and curled in loops toward its peak. There the great cone was cut squarely off, and the levelled summit was capped by a palace of marble, with round towers at the corners and flaring beacons along the walls; and the glow of an immense fire, hidden in the central court-yard, painted a false dawn in the eastern sky. All down the clean-cut mountain-slopes, on terraces and blind arcades, the lights flashed from lesser pavilions and pleasure-houses.

It was the secret orchard of Herod and his friends, their trysting-place with the spirits of mirth and madness. They called it the Mountain of the Little Paradise. Rich gardens were there; and the cool water from the Pools of Solomon plashed in the fountains; and trees of the knowledge of good and evil fruited blood-red and ivory-white above them; and smooth, curving, glistening shapes, whispering softly of pleasure, lay among the flowers and glided behind the trees. All this was now hidden in the dark. Only the strange bulk of the mountain, a sharp black pyramid girdled and crowned with fire, loomed across the night—a mountain once seen never to be forgotten.

The sad shepherd remembered it well. He looked at it with the eyes of a child who has been in hell. It burned him from afar. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he walked without a path straight out upon the plain of Bethlehem, still whitened in the hollows and on the sheltered side of its rounded hillocks by the veil of snow.

He faced a wide and empty world. To the west in sleeping Bethlehem, to the east in flaring Herodium, the life of man was infinitely far away from him. Even the stars seemed to withdraw themselves against the blue-black of the sky till they were like pinholes in the vault above him. The moon in mid-heaven shrank into a bit of burnished silver, hard and glittering, immeasurably remote. The ragged, inhospitable ridges of Tekoa lay stretched in mortal slumber along the horizon, and between them he caught a glimpse of the sunken Lake of Death, darkly gleaming in its deep bed. There was no movement, no sound on the plain where he walked, except the soft-padding feet of his dumb, obsequious flock.

He felt an endless isolation strike cold to his heart, against which he held the limp body of the wounded kid, wondering the while, with a half-contempt for his own foolishness, why he took such trouble to save a tiny scrap of worthless life.

Even when a man does not know or care where he is going, if he steps ahead he will get there. In an hour or more of walking over the plain the sad shepherd came to a sheep-fold of gray stones with a rude tower beside it. The fold was full of sheep, and at the foot of the tower a little fire of thorns was burning, around which four shepherds were crouching, wrapped in their thick woollen cloaks.

As the stranger approached they looked up, and one of them rose quickly to his feet, grasping his knotted club. But when they saw the flock that followed the sad shepherd, they stared at each other and said: "It is one of us, a keeper of sheep. But how comes he here in this raiment? It is what men wear in kings' houses."

"No," said the one who was standing, "it is what they wear when they have been thrown out of them. Look at the rags. He may be a thief and a robber with his stolen flock."

"Salute him when he comes near," said the oldest shepherd. "Are we not four to one? We have nothing to fear from a ragged traveller. Speak him fair. It is the will of God—and it costs nothing."

"Peace be with you, brother," cried the youngest shepherd; "may your mother and father be blessed."

"May your heart be enlarged," the stranger answered, "and may all your families be more blessed than mine, for I have none."

"A homeless man," said the old shepherd, "has either been robbed by his fellows, or punished by God."

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"I do not know which it was," answered the stranger; "the end is the same, as you see."

"By your speech you come from Galilee. Where are you going? What are you seeking here?"

"I was going nowhere, my masters; but it was cold on the way there, and my feet turned to your fire."

"Come then, if you are a peaceable man, and warm your feet with us. Heat is a good gift; divide it and it is not less. But you shall have bread and salt too, if you will."

"May your hospitality enrich you. I am your unworthy guest. But my flock?"

"Let your flock shelter by the south wall of the fold: there is good picking there and no wind. Come you and sit with us."

So they all sat down by the fire; and the sad shepherd ate of their bread, but sparingly, like a man to whom hunger brings a need but no joy in the satisfying of it; and the others were silent for a proper time, out of courtesy. Then the oldest shepherd spoke:

"My name is Zadok the son of Eliezer, of Bethlehem. I am the chief shepherd of the flocks of the Temple, which are before you in the fold. These are my sister's sons, Jotham, and Shama, and Nathan: their father Elkanah is dead; and but for these I am a childless man."

"My name," replied the stranger, "is Ammiel the son of Jochanan, of the city of Bethsaida, by the Sea of Galilee, and I am a fatherless man."

"It is better to be childless than fatherless," said Zadok, "yet it is the will of God that children should bury their fathers. When did the blessed Jochanan die?"

"I know not whether he be dead or alive. It is three years since I looked upon his face or had word of him."

"You are an exile then? he has cast you off?"

"It was the other way," said Ammiel, looking on the ground.

At this the shepherd Shama, who had listened with doubt in his face, started up in anger. "Pig of a Galilean," he cried, "despiser of parents! breaker of the law! When I saw you coming I knew you for something vile. Why do you darken the night for us with your presence? You have reviled him who begot you. Away, or we stone you!"

Ammiel did not answer or move. The twisted smile passed over his bowed face again as he waited to know the shepherds' will with him, even as he had waited for the robbers. But Zadok lifted his hand.

"Not so hasty, Shama-ben-Elkanah. You also break the law by judging a man unheard. The rabbis have told us that there is a tradition of the elders—a rule as holy as the law itself—so that a man may deny his father in a certain way without sin. It is a strange rule, and it must be very holy or it would not be so strange. But this is the teaching of the elders: a son may say of anything for which his father asks him—a sheep, or a measure of corn, or a field, or a purse of silver—'it is Corban, a gift that I have vowed unto the Lord;' and so his father shall have no more claim upon him. Have you said 'Corban' to your father, Ammiel-ben-Jochanan? Have you made a vow unto the Lord?"

"I have said 'Corban,'" answered Ammiel, lifting his face, still shadowed by that strange smile, "but it was not the Lord who heard my vow."

"Tell us what you have done," said the old man sternly, "for we will neither judge you, nor shelter you, unless we hear your story."

"There is nothing in it," replied Ammiel indifferently. "It is an old story. But if you are curious you shall hear it. Afterward you shall deal with me as you will."

So the shepherds, wrapped in their warm cloaks, sat listening with grave faces and watchful, unsearchable eyes, while Ammiel in his tattered silk sat by the sinking fire of thorns and told his tale with a voice that had no room for hope or fear—a cool, dead voice that spoke only of things ended.

II

"In my father's house I was the second son. My brother was honored and trusted in all things. He was a prudent man and profitable to the household. All that he counselled was done, all that he wished he had. My place was a narrow one. There was neither honor nor joy in it, for it was filled with daily tasks and rebukes. No one cared for me. I was a beast of burden, fed only because I was useful, and the dull

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life irked me like an ill-fitting harness. There was nothing in it.

"I went to my father and claimed my share of the inheritance. He was rich. He gave it to me. It did not impoverish him and it made me free. I said to him 'Corban,' and shook the dust of Bethsaida from my feet.

"I went out to look for mirth and love and joy and all that is pleasant to the eyes and sweet to the taste. If a God made me, thought I, he made me to live, and the pride of life was strong in my heart and in my flesh. My vow was offered to that well-known God. I served him in Jerusalem, in Alexandria, in Rome, for his altars are everywhere and men worship him openly or in secret.

"My money and youth made me welcome to his followers, and I spent them both freely as if they could never come to an end. I clothed myself in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. The wine of Cyprus and the dishes of Egypt and Syria were on my table. My dwelling was crowded with merry guests. They came for what I gave them. Their faces were hungry and their soft touch was like the clinging of leeches. To them I was nothing but money and youth; no longer a beast of burden—a beast of pleasure. There was nothing in it.

"From the richest fare my heart went away empty, and after the wildest banquet my soul fell drunk and solitary into sleep. Then I thought power is better than pleasure. If a man will feast and revel let him do it with the great. They will favor him, and raise him up for the service that he renders them. He will obtain a place and authority in the world and gain many friends. So I joined myself to Herod."

When the sad shepherd spoke this name his listeners drew back from him as if it were a defilement to hear it. They spat upon the ground and cursed the Idumean who called himself their king.

"A slave!" Jotham cried, "a bloody tyrant and a slave from Edom! A fox, a vile beast who devours his own children! God burn him in Gehenna."

The old Zadok picked up a stone and threw it into the darkness, saying slowly, "I cast this stone on the grave of the Idumean, the blasphemer, the defiler of the Temple! God send us soon the Deliverer, the Promised One, the true King of Israel!" Ammiel made no sign, but went on with his story.

"Herod used me well," he continued, "for his own purpose. He welcomed me to his palace and his table, and gave me a place among his favorites. He was so much my friend that he borrowed my money. There were many of the nobles of Jerusalem with him, Sadducees, and proselytes from Rome and Asia, and women from everywhere. The law of Israel was observed in the open court, when the people were watching. But in the secret feasts there was no law but the will of Herod, and many deities were served but no God was worshipped. There the captains and the princes of Rome consorted with the high priest and his sons by night; and there was much coming and going by hidden ways. Everybody was a borrower or a lender, a buyer or a seller of favors. It was a house of diligent madness. There was nothing in it.

"In the midst of this whirling life a great need of love came upon me and I wished to hold some one in my inmost heart.

"At a certain place in the city, within closed doors, I saw a young slave-girl dancing. She was about fifteen years old, thin and supple; she danced like a reed in the wind; but her eyes were weary as death, and her white body was marked with bruises. She stumbled, and the men laughed at her. She fell, and her mistress beat her, crying out that she would fain be rid of such a heavy-footed slave. I paid the price and took her to my dwelling.

"Her name was Tamar. She was a daughter of Lebanon. I robed her in silk and broidered linen. I nourished her with tender care so that beauty came upon her like the blossoming of an almond tree; she was a garden enclosed, breathing spices. Her eyes were like doves behind her veil, her lips were a thread of scarlet, her neck was a tower of ivory, and her breasts were as two fawns which feed among the lilies. She was whiter than milk and more rosy than the flower of the peach, and her dancing was like the flight of a bird among the branches. So I loved her.

"She lay in my bosom as a clear stone that one has bought and polished and set in fine gold at the end of a golden chain. Never was she glad at my coming or sorry

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at my going. Never did she give me anything except what I took from her. There was nothing in it.

"Now whether Herod knew of the jewel that I kept in my dwelling I cannot tell. It was sure that he had his spies in all the city, and himself walked the streets by night in a disguise. On a certain day he sent for me, and had me into his secret chamber, professing great love toward me and more confidence than in any man that lived. So I must go to Rome for him, bearing a sealed letter and a private message to Cæsar. All my goods would be left safely in the hands of the king, my friend, who would reward me double. There was a certain place of high authority at Jerusalem which Cæsar would gladly bestow on a Jew who had done him a service. This mission would commend me to him. It was a great occasion—suited to my powers. Thus Herod fed me with fair promises, and I ran his errand. There was nothing in it.

"I stood before Cæsar and gave him the letter. He read it and laughed, saying that a prince with an incurable hunger is a servant of value to an emperor. Then he asked me if there was nothing sent with the letter. I answered there was no gift, but a message for his private ear. He drew me aside and I told him that Herod begged earnestly that his dear son, Antipater, might be sent back in haste from Rome to Palestine, for the king had great need of him. At this Cæsar laughed again. 'To bury him, I suppose,' said he, 'with his brothers, Alexander and Aristobulus! Truly, it is better to be Herod's swine than his son. Tell the old fox he may catch his own prey.' With this he turned from me and I withdrew unrewarded, to make my way back, as best I could with an empty purse, to Palestine. I had seen the Lord of the World. There was nothing in it.

"Selling my rings and bracelets I got passage in a trading ship for Joppa. There I heard that the king was not in Jerusalem, at his Palace of the Upper City, but had gone with his friends to make merry for a month on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. On the hill-top over against us, where the lights are flaring to-night, in the banquet-hall where couches are spread for a hundred guests, I found Herod."

The listening shepherds spat upon the ground again, and Jotham muttered, "May the worms that devour his flesh never die!" But Zadok whispered, "We wait for the Lord's salvation to come out of Zion." And the sad shepherd, looking at the fire-lit mountain far away with fixed eyes, continued his story:

"The king lay on his ivory couch, and the sweat of his disease was heavy upon him, for he was old, and his flesh was corrupted. But his hair and his beard were dyed and perfumed and there was a wreath of roses on his head. The hall was full of nobles and great men, the sons of the high priest were there, and the servants poured their wine in cups of gold. There was a sound of soft music; and all the men were watching a girl who danced in the middle of the hall; and the eyes of Herod were fiery, like the eyes of a fox.

"The dancer was Tamar. She glistened like the snow on Lebanon, and the redness of her was ruddier than a pomegranate, and her dancing was like the coiling of white serpents. When the dance was ended her attendants threw a veil of gauze over her and she lay among her cushions, half covered with flowers, at the feet of the king.

"Through the sound of clapping hands and shouting, two slaves led me behind the couch of Herod. His eyes narrowed as they fell upon me. I told him the message of Cæsar, making it soft, as if it were a word that suffered him to catch his prey. He stroked his beard softly and his look fell on Tamar. 'I have caught it,' he murmured; 'by all the gods, I have always caught it. And my dear son, Antipater, is coming home of his own will. I have lured him, he is mine.'

"Then a look of madness crossed his face and he sprang up, with frothing lips, and struck at me. 'What is this,' he cried, 'a spy, a servant of my false son, a traitor in my banquet-hall! Who are you?' I knelt before him, protesting that he must know me; that I was his friend, his messenger; that I had left all my goods in his hands; that the girl who had danced for him was mine. At this his face changed again and he fell back on his couch, shaken with horrible laughter. 'Yours!' he cried, 'when was she yours? What is yours? I know you now, poor madman. You are Ammiel, a crazy shepherd from Galilee, who troubled us some time since. Take him away, slaves. He has twenty sheep and

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twenty goats among my flocks at the foot of the mountain. See to it that he gets them, and drive him away.'

"I fought against the slaves with my bare hands, but they held me. I called to Tamar, begging her to have pity on me, to speak for me, to come with me. She looked up with her eyes like doves behind her veil, but there was no knowledge of me in them. She smiled into the red eyes of Herod, and threw a broken rose in my face. Then the silver cord was loosened within me, and my heart went out, and I struggled no more. There was nothing in it.

"Afterward I found myself on the road with this flock. I led them past Hebron into the south country, and so by the Vale of Eshcol, and over many hills beyond the Pools of Solomon, until my feet brought me to your fire. Here I rest on the way to nowhere."

He sat silent, and the four shepherds looked at him with amazement.

"It is a bitter tale," said Shama, "and you are a great sinner."

"I should be a fool not to know that," answered the sad shepherd, "but the knowledge does me no good."

"You must repent," said Nathan, the youngest shepherd, in a friendly voice.

"How can a man repent," answered the sad shepherd, "unless he has hope? But I am sorry for everything, and most of all for living."

"Would you not live to kill the fox Herod?" cried Jotham fiercely.

"Why should I let him out of the trap," answered the sad shepherd. "Is he not dying more slowly than I could kill him?"

"You must have faith in God," said Zadok earnestly and gravely.

"He is too far away."

"Then you must have love to your neighbor."

"He is too near. My confidence in man was like a pool by the wayside. It was shallow, but there was water in it, and sometimes a star shone there. Now the feet of many beasts have trampled through it, and the jackals have drunken of it, and there is no more water. It is dry and the mire is caked at the bottom."

"Is there nothing good in the world?"

"There is pleasure, but I am sick of it, for it betrays its lovers. There is power, but I hate it, for it crushes its servants. There is wisdom, but I mistrust it, for it outwits the simple. Life is a game and every player is for his own hand. Mine is played. I have nothing to win or lose."

"You are young, you have many years to live."

"I am old, yet the days before me are too many."

"But you travel the road, you go forward. Do you hope for nothing?"

"I hope for nothing," said the sad shepherd, "yet if one thing should come to me it might be the beginning of hope. If I saw in man or woman a deed of kindness without a reason, and a proof of love gladly given for its own sake only, then might I turn my face toward that light. Till that comes, how can I have faith in God whom I have never seen? I have seen the world which he has made, and it brings me no faith. There is nothing in it."

"Ammiel-ben-Jochanan," said the old man sternly, "you are a son of Israel, and we have had compassion on you, according to the law. But you are an apostate, an unbeliever, and we can have no more fellowship with you, lest a curse come upon us. The company of the desperate brings misfortune. Go your way and depart from us, for our way is not yours."

So the sad shepherd thanked them for their entertainment, and took the little kid again in his arms, and went into the night, calling his flock. But the youngest shepherd Nathan followed him a few steps and said:

"There is a broken fold at the foot of the hill. It is old and small, but you may find a shelter there for your flock, where the wind will not shake you. Go your way with God, brother, and see better days."

Then Ammiel went a little way down the hill and sheltered his flock in a corner of the crumbling walls. He lay among the sheep and the goats with his face upon his folded arms, and whether the time passed slowly or swiftly he did not know, for he slept.

He waked as Nathan came running and stumbling among the scattered stones.

"We have seen a vision," he cried. "A wonderful vision of angels. Did you not hear them? They sang loudly of the Hope of Israel. We are going to Bethlehem to see this thing which is come to pass. Come you and keep watch over our sheep while we are gone."

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"Of angels I have seen and heard nothing," said Ammiel, "but I will guard your flocks with mine, since I am in debt to you for bread and fire."

So he brought the kid in his arms, and the weary flock straggling after him, to the south wall of the great fold again, and sat there by the embers at the foot of the tower, while the others were away.

The moon rested like a ball on the edge of the western hills and rolled behind them. The stars faded in the east and the fires went out on the Mountain of the Little Paradise. Over the hills of Moab a gray flood of dawn rose slowly, and arrows of red shot far up before the sunrise.

The shepherds returned full of joy and told what they had seen.

"It was even as the angels said unto us," said Shama, "and it must be true. The King of Israel has come. The faithful shall be blessed."

"Herod shall fall," cried Jotham, lifting his clenched fist toward the dark peaked mountain. "Burn, black Idumean, in the bottomless pit, where the fire is not quenched."

Zadok spoke more quietly. "We found the new-born child of whom the angels told us wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger. The ways of God are wonderful. His salvation comes out of darkness, and we trust in the promised deliverance. But you, Ammiel-ben-Jochanan, except you believe, you shall not see it. Yet since you have kept our flocks faithfully, and because of the joy that has come to us, I give you this piece of silver to help you on your way."

But Nathan came close to the sad shepherd and touched him on the shoulder with a friendly hand. "Go you also to Bethlehem," he said in a low voice, "for it is good to see what we have seen, and we will keep your flock until you return."

"I will go," said Ammiel, looking into his face, "for I think you wish me well. But whether I shall see what you have seen, or whether I shall return, I know not. Farewell."

III

THE narrow streets of Bethlehem were waking to the first stir of life as the sad shepherd came into the town with the morning, and passed through them like one walking in his sleep.

The court-yard of the great khan and the open rooms around it were crowded with travellers, rousing from their night's rest and making ready for the day's journey. In front of the stables half hollowed in the rock beside the inn, men were saddling their horses and their beasts of burden, and there was much noise and confusion.

But beyond these, at the end of the line, there was a deeper grotto in the rock, which was used only when the nearer stalls were full. At the entrance of this an ass was tethered, and a man of middle age stood in the doorway.

The sad shepherd saluted him and told his name.

"I am Joseph the carpenter of Nazareth," replied the man. "Have you also seen the angels of whom your brother shepherds came to tell us?"

"I have seen no angels," answered Ammiel, nor have I any brothers among the shepherds. But I would fain see what they have seen."

"It is our first-born son," said Joseph, "and the Most High has sent him to us. He is a marvellous child: great things are foretold of him. You may go in, but quietly, for the child and his mother Mary are asleep."

So the sad shepherd went in quietly. His long shadow entered before him, for the sunrise was flowing into the door of the grotto. It was made clean and put in order, and a bed of straw was laid in the corner on the ground.

The child was asleep, but the mother was waking, for she had taken him from the manger into her lap, where her maiden veil of white was spread to receive him. And she was singing very softly as she bent over him in happiness and wonder.

Ammiel saluted her and kneeled down to look at the child. He saw nothing different from other young children. The mother waited for him to speak of angels, as the other shepherds had done. The sad shepherd said nothing, but only looked, and as he looked his face changed.

"You have had great pain and danger and sorrow for his sake," he said gently.

"They are past," she answered, "and for his sake I have suffered them gladly."

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"He is very little and helpless; you must bear many troubles for his sake."

"To care for him is my joy, and to bear him lightens my burden."

"He does not know you, he can do nothing for you."

"But I know him. I have carried him under my heart, he is my son and my king."

"Why do you love him?"

The mother looked up at the sad shepherd with a great reproach in her soft eyes. Then her look grew pitiful as it rested on his face.

"You are a sorrowful man," she said.

"I am a wicked man," he answered.

She shook her head gently.

"I know nothing of that," she said, "but you must be very sorrowful, since you are born of a woman and yet you ask a mother why she loves her child. I love him for love's sake, because God has given him to me."

So the mother Mary leaned over her little son again as if she were alone with him; and Ammiel went out very quietly.

Joseph was waiting outside the door.

"How was it that you did not see the angels?" he asked. "Were you not with the other shepherds?"

"No," answered Ammiel, "I was asleep. But I have seen the mother and the child. Blessed be the house that holds them."

"You are strangely clothed, for a shepherd," said Joseph. "Where do you come from?"

"From very far away," replied Ammiel; "from a country that you have never visited."

"Where are you going?" asked Joseph.

"I am going home," answered Ammiel, "to my mother's and my father's house in Galilee. It is a long journey. Will you not wish me a safe home-coming?"

"Go in peace, friend," said Joseph.

And the sad shepherd took up his battered staff, and went on his way rejoicing.

WINSLOW HOMER

By Christian Brinton

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM HOMER'S PAINTINGS

THE austere and solitary spirit who has lately left that lonely spit of land on the Maine coast where he could ceaselessly hear the sound of the sea which he knew so well and pictured with such indisputable mastery, occupies a unique position in the annals of his country's art. From the outset he was a law unto himself. Possessing a heritage of virile, sturdy Americanism, he never swerved in his desire to give convincing expression to native type and scene. The art of Winslow Homer, like the man himself, is generic and indigenous. Its roots lie deep in that fundamental nationalism which is the most precious legacy his countrymen can boast, and nothing has ever diminished its initial force and veracity. From first to last the work of this discerning eye and sure, steady hand was the result of direct and wholesome response to local environment. Homer's tastes were specific. He painted only that which he saw and with which he could claim life-long familiarity. In its early phases this art depicted with patient fidelity the homely provincialism of the day. In its final expression it rises to heights of abstract grandeur unapproached by any othe American painter, yet always and everywhere it sounds the note of race and country. The achievement, during those long years of struggle and isolation, of an utterance wellnigh universal, was unattended by any sacrifice of that simple birthright which had been his chief source of strength and inspiration.

It was not without the favoring touch of circumstance, as well as through his own unity of aim and purpose, that Winslow Homer was enabled to conquer a distinctive

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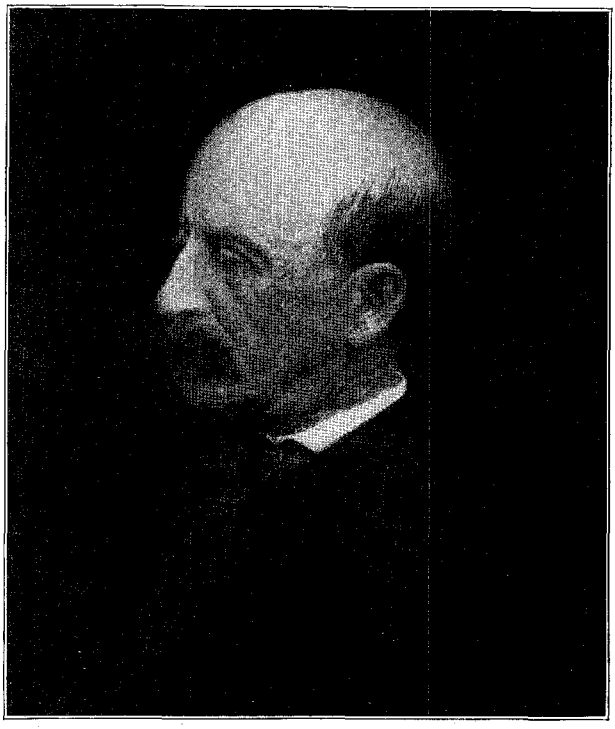
position in the field of contemporary artistic endeavor. He was fortunate from the beginning. He came upon the scene at the most auspicious moment possible for the fostering of independent effort, and he had best is supposed to typify. Crude and angular it sometimes is, awkward and unlovely if you will, it never lacks the stamp of downright truth. It is robust and confident. Often prosaic or frankly ugly, it



Winslow Homer, 1896.
By courtesy of the New England Magazine.

within him the ability to live and labor in seclusion, unmindful of the dissolution of an older order or the ascendency of newer tastes and tendencies. Attaining his majority and maturing his impressions amid the stirring episodes of the Civil War, there always seemed to cling to him something of that quickening of national consciousness which few who lived through those stressful days have ever lost. Self-taught and unacademic, he blazed his predestined pathway guided by that same innate sagacity, that ready adaptation of means to end, which proved the mainstay of those about him who were obliged to confront issues far more momentous. You cannot glance at this art so rich in rugged sincerity, so disdainful of mere æsthetic amenity, without being brought face to face with certain of those qualities which Americanism at its evinces no hint of timidity or hesitation. Above and beyond all it displays that fidelity to the essential aspect of things without which painting becomes a futile pastime or a senseless prevarication. There is no escaping the fact that Homer was a thorough product of his age and hour. His manner recalls the terse lucidity of Lincoln or the stark trenchancy of Walt Whitman. In countless ways he suggests the steadfast and single-minded figures of reconstruction days.

There are few more stimulating pages in the history of modern painting than that upon which is written in such decisive characters the life-story and the artistic development of Winslow Homer. Born in Boston, February 24, 1836, of pure New England stock, he passed his boyhood in nearby Cambridge, then but a country vil-

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A Voice from the Cliff.
By courtesy of Dr. Alexander C. Humphreys.

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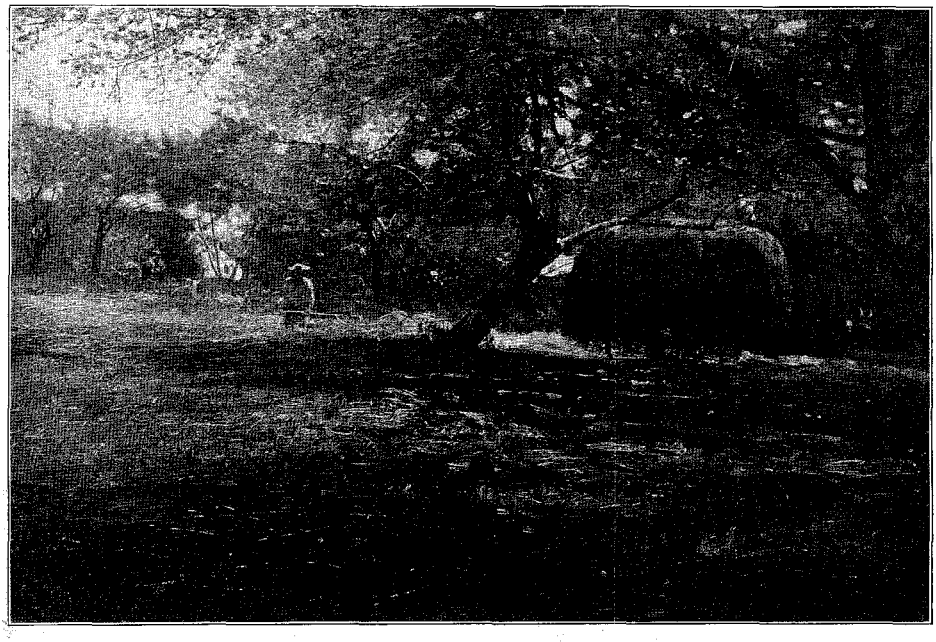
lage, and, like the wholesome lad he was, spent most of his time fishing, birds'-nesting, and tramping about the woods and fields. The zest for out-door life thus acquired never left him. At heart he remained to the last natural, genuine, and utterly free from sophistication. Yet all was not play, for even during those early years he drew assiduously, and by the age of twelve had accumulated a substantial portfolio of crayon sketches and studies. Encouraged by his father, and desiring to make a career for himself, he entered at nineteen the employ of Bufford, a Boston lithographer, and so rapidly did he master the technic of his craft that he was shortly entrusted with the execution of fancy title-pages for sheet music, and later completed a full series of portrait heads of the Massachusetts Senate. Finding the mechanical drudgery of the work uncongenial, and craving independent scope for his talents, he left Bufford at twenty-one, taking a studio of his own and drawing chiefly for *Ballou's Monthly* and the wood-engravers of Harper and Brothers. At the instance of Harpers, though declining a proffered contract to work exclusively for them, he came to New York in 1859, attending the night classes of the National Academy of Design and laboring industriously by day in a primitive little room in Nassau Street. They were busy, anxious times for the struggling novice, yet he made his way bravely, and friends as well, for he soon moved farther uptown to more congenial quarters in the old University Building.

It is difficult to recall any one who so quickly assimilated the elements of his art or displayed a more ready grasp of its essentials than was the case with Winslow Homer. He arrived by instinct at the root of the matter, wasting no time upon subtleties, and seeking always the most characteristic attitude or expression. Saving his few lessons at the Academy, and certain generous advice and counsel from Frederic Rondel, who taught him how to set his palette and handle his brushes, he was totally without formal instruction. He passed from lithography to original composition, and just as confidently from draughtsmanship to the use of oils, and when, in 1861, he was appointed artist-correspondent to report the Lincoln inauguration at Washington for *Harper's Weekly* he bade farewell to prentice days and became, at a bound, a full-fledged professional. The move from the capital to the front was inevitable, and



Harvest Scene.

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The Wreck.

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he was in all three separate times with the Army of the Potomac, once officially for Harpers, and, ever restive under restraint of any sort, twice on his own account.

It was amid the shock of actual conflict, or surrounded by the picturesque incidents of camp life, that the young man's powers matured as though by magic. So varied and spirited were the scenes about him, that he shortly forsook the limited possibilities of black and white for the broader appeal of color. Almost before he realized it, he had placed to his credit numerous canvases replete with fresh, first-hand observation. Though rigid in outline and restricted in tone, they were astir with graphic interest and racy, wholesome character. The majority illustrate the more diverting aspects of army existence, but with "Prisoners from the Front" he sounded a note of pathetic fortitude which found sympathetic response in countless hearts throughout the shattered and disrupted land. There is no little satisfaction in recalling that Winslow Homer, unlike so many of his colleagues, was not compelled to wait despairingly for recognition. His work instantly enlisted popular appreciation as well as attaining the requisite professional endorsement. Already an associate of the National Academy, he was made a full member in 1865. He furthermore took an active interest in art matters in the city of his adoption, being one of the founders, the following year, of the American Water Color Society.

High Cliff—Coast of Maine.

In the W. T. Evans Collection, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

The war drawing to its close, he made a brief trip abroad in 1867, and on his return devoted himself to the interpretation of plantation and farm life; the negro shanty and cotton fields of the South, or the sterner prospect of New England home, hillside, and pasture, becoming his favorite themes. He had brought back with him from overseas no tinge of foreign influence, and approached his new task with that same untrammelled technic which had distinguished his work from the outset. Just as his Civil War pictures had won their generous measure of success, so this subsequent series met with corresponding approval. At the

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Marine

Possession of Emerson McMillin, Esq.

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Philadelphia Centennial of 1876, and two years afterward at the Paris Exposition, his art was heartily praised for its vigorous American atmosphere and frank honesty of presentation. There should be no difficulty in accounting for the early vogue of Winslow Homer, nor for his continued hold upon the public. His choice of subject and setting were thoroughly native, and his treatment without pretence or affectation. Historically he stands shoulder to shoulder with those disciples of domestic and out-door genre whose original exponents were Mount and Edmonds, and whose foremost product was Eastman Johnson. It is they who unquestionably were, and their successors who should strive to be, the true backbone of American painting.

The Light on the Sea.

Possession of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

Genre as it was conventionally understood proved, however, but a phase of Homer's development. He soon passed onward toward a broader application of its principles, yet none of his contemporaries had been so inherently pictorial as he nor so free from alloy literary or sentimental. Though his themes were often identical with theirs he was always more original in conception and design and less apt to descend to pitfalls either patriotic or anecdotic. The records he has left of that struggling, post-bellum period when the spirit of the country was still largely rustic, and unashamed of its rusticity, are unique in their sincere and unpretentious verity. No one has given us that same local savor; no one has placed before the eye with such unflinching accent the expansive humor of the negro, or the gaunt, spare outline of the Yankee farmer in straw hat, shirt-sleeves, and rough cowhide boots. The watermelon patch, the tangled apple orchard, the tiny cross-roads school-house, and the rambling barn and outbuildings furnish the background for types which his clear vision and concise statement have rendered permanent. The very titles of these pictures conjure up innumerable boyhood memories and help to fix in the mind an epoch when the farmer and the farmer's family were the most characteristic figures of the day.

Individual as this work was, it is distinctly less so than that which followed. From sunny cotton field and sparse hillside he pressed northward into solitary stretches of virgin forest where the chief, and indeed the only, human notes were the guide, the trapper, and the lumberman. There was something in the remote and isolated magic of these pine-covered and lake-dotted regions which appealed with irresistible force to such a temperament as Homer's, nor was his art slow to reflect this further affirmation of a personality never lacking in masculine vigor and independence. The

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The Fox Hunt.

From a copyrighted photograph of the painting, reproduced by the courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

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canvases of this date exhale the pungent, balsam-laden redolence of those distant wilds where the air is ever crisp and rarefied and the foot of man has seldom fallen. It would be difficult to conceive a closer identity between subject and surroundings than these pictures illustrate. The sinewy, agile dwellers of woodland and mountain who stalk the deer, or push their slender canoes along lonely streams shadowed by tall tree-tops, are the direct descendants of Leather-stocking, and, save for Winslow Homer, would have forever passed out of visual existence. It was he and he alone who saw and disclosed their artistic possibilities. True pathfinders and pioneers of a future civilization, they live for us again in these starkly original and graphic compositions. It required no small courage and hardihood to translate such episodes into pictorial language. Yet Homer proved equal to the task, and its accomplishment marked a phase of his progress in which the basic qualities of his being disclosed themselves more emphatically than ever before. He was in his true element. For the first time he found himself face to face with nature, reading her secrets with earnest penetration and learning how to reveal her changing semblance with increasing depth and certitude.

The thirst for new types and scenes still upon him, he also visited the Bermudas and the coast of Gloucester, and later spent several months near Newcastle-on-Tyne, England. He seemed to feel the need of fresh stimulus, and wherever he went added something to his fast-ripening powers. Never an instinctive or in any degree opulent colorist, he eagerly absorbed the rich, subtropical tints of sky and sea during several sojourns in the West Indies. Yet nothing perhaps in his entire career was of more value to him than the days at Tynemouth which he passed drawing the comely fisher girls of Cullercoats and near-by villages. If the starved and meagre palette reacted promptly to the radiant sparkle of southern sun and wave, so his feeling for form which had thus far lain dormant found its awakening in the rhythmic poise of fisher lassie carrying her basket or net along silver sweep of sand. There had hitherto been a certain asperity, and almost gratuitous lack of grace, in much of his work, but this was delicately, almost tenderly, veiled over in view of river or harbor bathed in the soft atmospheric enchantment of the British coast. Though it need not be assumed that eye and hand had lost any of their initial clarity or vigor, none the less there were henceforth few lapses into the earlier harshness of texture and angularity of contour. Like the Bermuda sketches, the English suite was almost wholly executed in water-color, a medium in which many of his finest qualities have been displayed. They were exhibited as a group at the Academy of 1883 and the mingled plastic dignity and poetic appeal of such compositions as "A Voice from the Cliff" and "Inside the Bar" is as potent to-day as a generation ago.

Judging from this already considerable output, there is no question that Homer had achieved much. He moreover enjoyed reputation and success. He was nearing fifty, and many another man would have been content to go along repeating past triumphs and accepting the suffrage of a friendly public. But not so Winslow Homer. In his eyes that which lay behind was merely preparatory, and on regaining his native shores he began with riper and more flexible equipment his real life task. The theatre of his activities was the Maine coast, and it is there that he saw enacted innumerable times the eternal drama of man and the elements which was to play such an important part in the work of the future. Renouncing the distractions of the city, alone and undisturbed by the commendation or criticism of the outside world, Homer lived and labored year after year with an absorption rare in any field of activity. During this voluntary exile, which was wholly dedicated to the practice of his art, he never once lost courage, nor did he slip into the sterile mannerisms of the isolated worker. He continued to develop step by step, with each canvas approaching nearer and nearer that ideal toward which he was so resolutely striving.

With scant exceptions, among which may be mentioned the crisp and decoratively conceived "Fox Hunt," the work of this last and final phase of Homer's career was devoted to themes wherein the sea plays either an incidental or a primary rôle. In the preliminary canvases the human note predominates; in the latter that ocean which has waged such relentless war upon man is depicted in all its sinister majesty. It is scarcely necessary to recall these pictures in detail. Like their predecessors of

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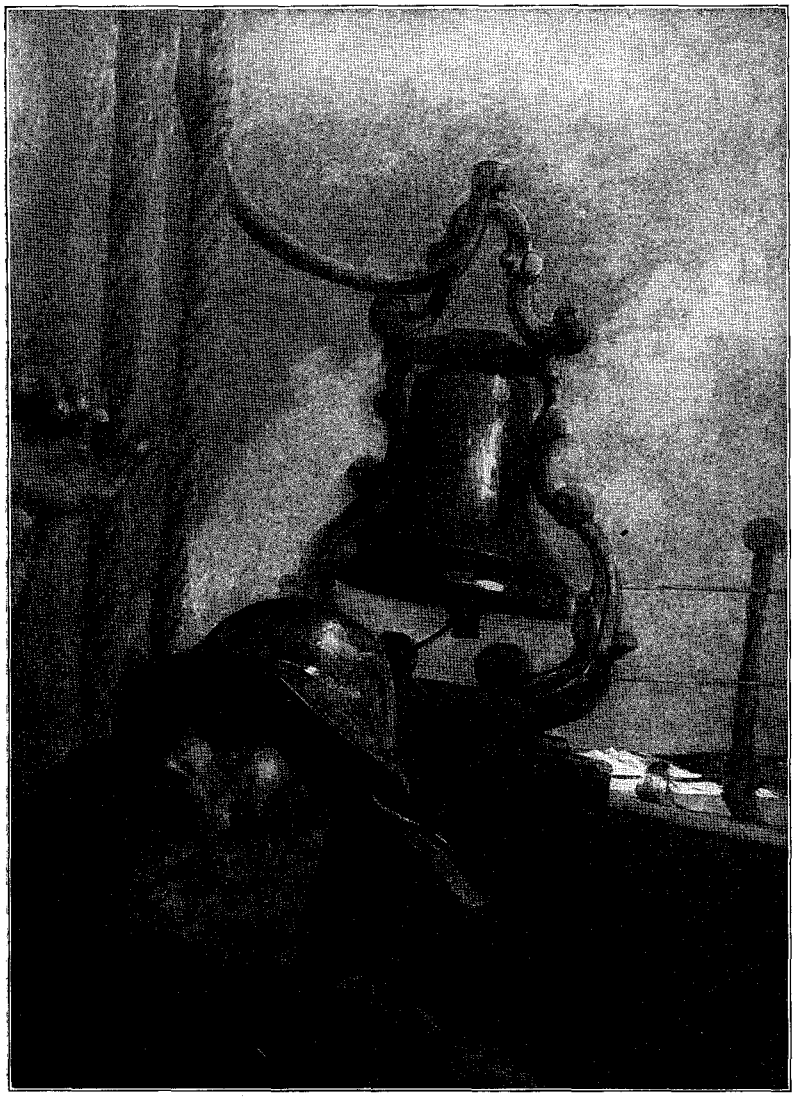

All's Well.
Property of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

war-time and post-bellum days they, too, have passed into the consciousness of the community at large. Such subjects as "The Life Line," "The Undertow," and "The Signal of Distress" are notable for their striking yet entirely legitimate dramatic action. In "Eight Bells," "The Look-out—All's Well," and "The Fog Warning" we are offered a less graphic view-point and heightened powers of suggestion. While there seem to linger, in "A Light on the Sea" and also in Mr. Freer's recently acquired "Early Evening," memories of the fisher maidens of Tynemouth, we have as a rule little that is not exclusively American and Down East in flavor. The marks of specific observation are indeed everywhere apparent in these records of sailor life on the New England coast. The air is charged with salt, you can hear the distant boom of the surf, great banks of fog sweep inward from the sea, and heavy figures clad in dripping oilskins do their duty in the teeth of the gale with all the unconscious heroism of the stanch souls they are. Considering the manifest temptations such material affords, there is a welcome absence of pose or attitude. The treatment is convincingly

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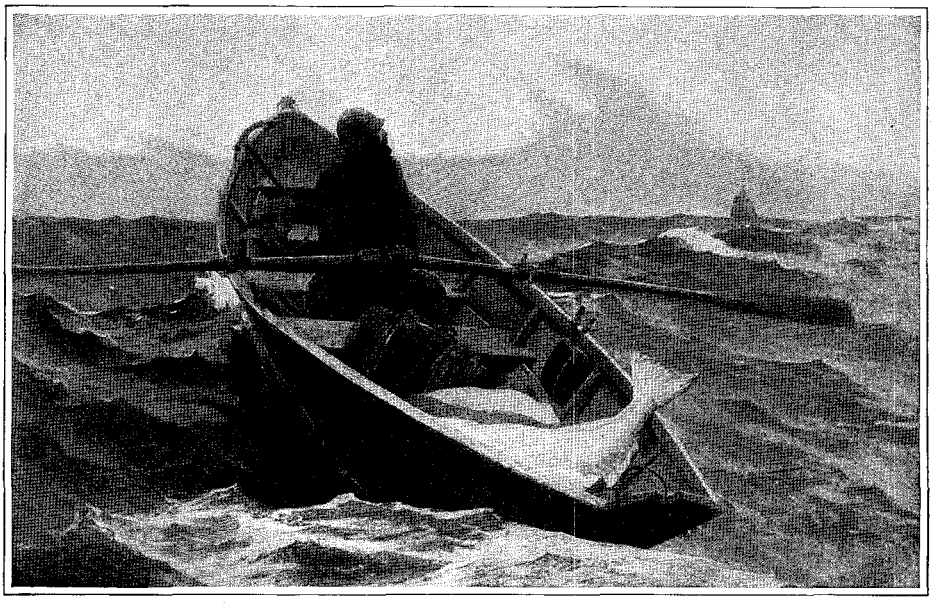
realistic; the composition devoid of conventionality. It was truth that Homer was after, not mere momentary effectiveness. Though he had an inborn taste for the expressive, it never got the better of that fidelity to fact which formed the basis of his every brush-stroke.

Replete with incident as such scenes are, they nevertheless lack the dynamic energy of those marines which constitute Homer's chief title to greatness. It is to "High Cliff—Coast of Maine," "The Northeaster," "The Maine Coast," and "Cannon Rock" that one must turn for the culminative vindication of his art and personality. Man has been banished or reduced to insignificance. We are alone with the sky, the sea, the wind, and that impregnable bulwark which defends the land from imminent invasion. It is an age-old antagonism which is here depicted. It is that same conflict between rock and water which has been waged for centuries, yet it has never been portrayed with like power or stern simplicity of statement. Technically these canvases show a rapidity of stroke unapproached by anything Homer has placed to his credit, saving, of course, the aquarelles. Temperamentally they demonstrate to the full his ability to confront nature in her mightiest moods and extract from her the highest measure of pictorial possibility. Continued study and practice taught him how to convey an incomparable sense of the rhythm of wave and the exact impact and buoyancy of great masses of water, while profound contemplation and close intimacy with his subject gave him in the end the magic secret of elevating the merely local to the plane of universality.

Even a casual survey of the life work of Winslow Homer is sufficient to establish clearly in the mind its leading characteris-



The Fog Warning.
Property of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.

tics. It is an essentially naturalistic art, which, after marked transitions and many years of unremitting effort, he finally left behind. At the outset he was a frankly provincial product. As time went on he broadened wonderfully in scope and power, in vision and handling. The early rigidity of touch gradually acquired more fluency, his color grew richer and more varied, and his feeling for form disclosed at moments an almost statuesque grandeur. Nevertheless, the fundamental qualities of his style, as of the man himself, remained unchanged. Æsthetically as well as philosophically there exists always the same perpetual dualism, the same conflict between the relative claims of the subjective and objective points of view, and it is squarely upon the foundations of the latter

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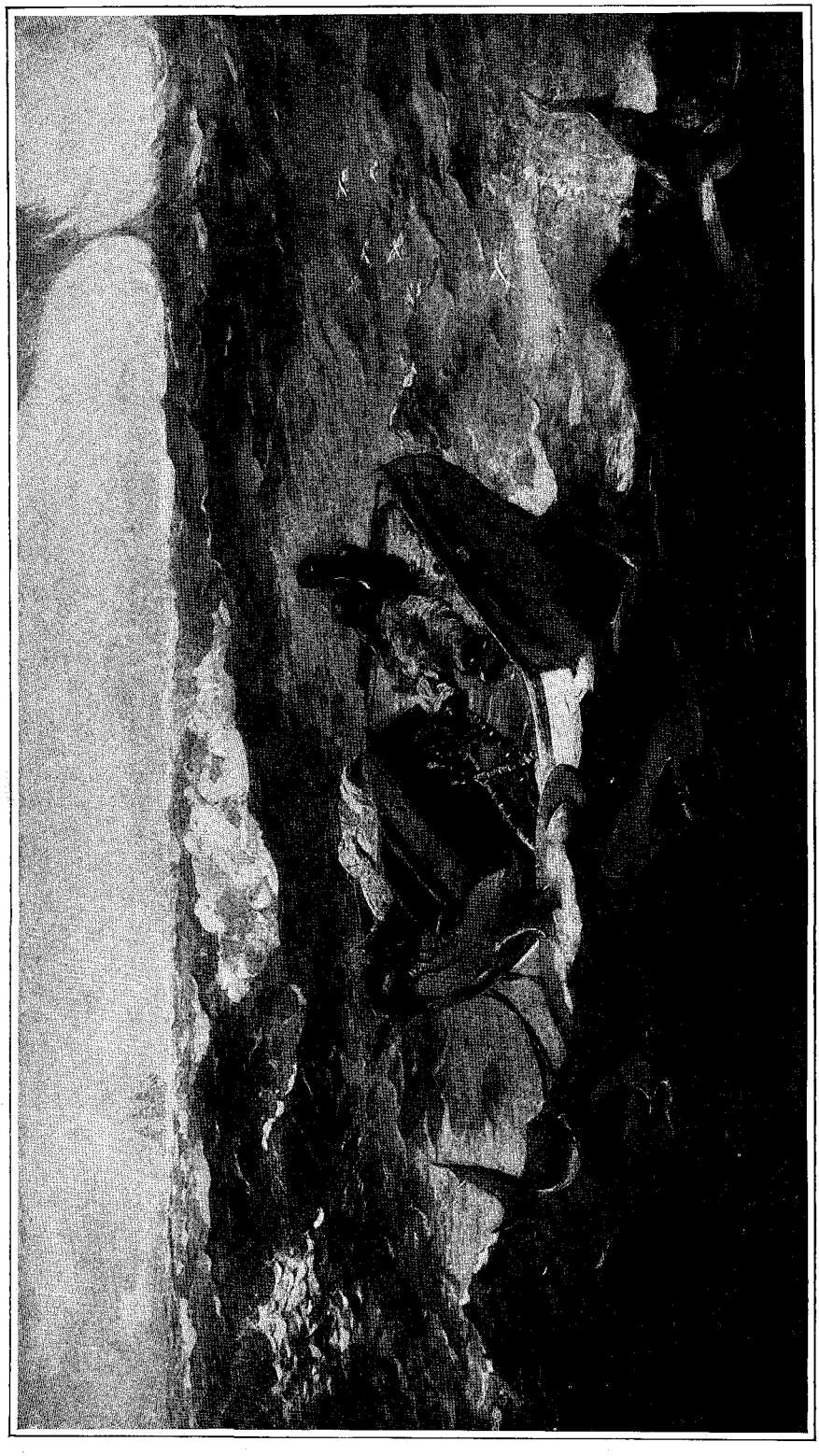

The Gulf Stream.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

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Cannon Rock.

Property of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

that the work of Homer rests. Just as Whistler stands in the annals of his country's art as the foremost apostle of subjectivity, so that which is purely objective finds its leading exponent in Winslow Homer. They are antithetical and irreconcilable in their respective positions, and each in his special province towers far above his fellows. The one is exclusive and aristocratic, the other defiant in his whole-souled democracy. Flaunting the superiority of foreign training and the efficacy of a refined eclecticism in matters of taste, Whistler captured the artistic sensibilities of his generation. Autogenous and relying solely upon his innate capacity for seeing and doing as he saw fit, Homer remained a solitary figure, removed from the conflicting currents of the hour. Firm as a rock, the sun-flecked waves of impressionism and the faint ripples of that lyric effeminacy so popular with certain younger painters have alike broken unheeded at his feet.

It would be injudicious to claim for this art qualities it obviously does not possess. Save in the always memorable water-colors it is lacking in manipulative dexterity and charm. Though the values are correct, there is scant attempt at suggesting that subtle illusion of light and atmosphere which is the cherished triumph of the contemporary palette. Singularly devoid of mystery or sensuous seduction, it likewise makes but slender appeal to the imaginative faculty. And finally, while there are those whose enthusiasm leads them to divine,

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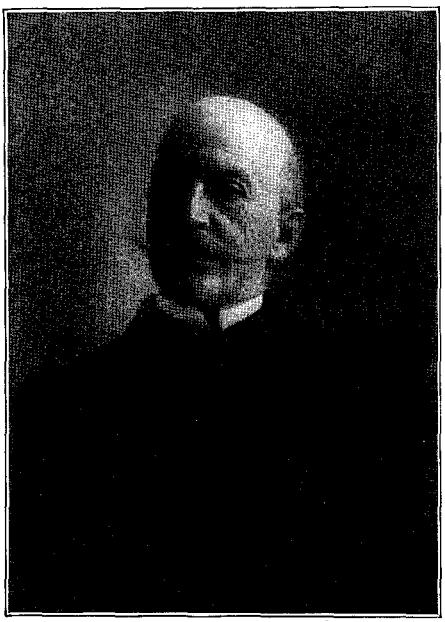
notably in the marines, a high degree of synthetic power, such fancies seem based upon a misconception of what actually constitutes æsthetic synthesis. In compensation, the work of Homer affords conclusive proof of the supremacy of matter over method. It is an invigorating, explicit portrait of actuality, set down with directness and force, the grasp of character always keen and sure, and the spirit of place unmistakable. Possessing distinct graphic eloquence, this art in its less ambitious moods is expressive and veracious, rising, in its more exalted moments, to a pitch of compelling power and conviction. It is always reality that Homer offers us, but a reality which, by the simplest devices, has been given unlooked-for significance. With Winslow Homer one seems to be in the veritable presence of man and nature. And so modestly has this been accomplished, and so severely economic the means employed, that all contributory considerations have disappeared.



Winslow Homer.
By Courtesy of John W. Beatty, Esq.

Thus it is that Homer has pictured his country and countrymen. Bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, he has been faithful to his trust down to the faintest particular, never shirking fact however unpoetic and never seeking to cast over the rugged countenance of truth a veil of effete or foreign falsity. This art is not only soundly objective but splendidly optimistic. It betrays no misgivings as to the future. The spirit of a young, stout-hearted race looks from these canvases. They speak, one and all, of wider hopes and ampler opportunity. Beyond question their essence lies firmly implanted in those sturdier ideals of life and conduct which seem to have been swept aside by developments more recent and more complex. One of the last products of those earnest, spacious days, Winslow Homer was the only one to give the period consistent and enduring artistic expression.

The end came at his home at Prout's Neck, Maine, on September 29, last, after several weeks of failing health. He had not done much latterly beside diverting himself with water-colors, the exertion of grouping models and executing compositions in oils being beyond his strength. He realized that his task was finished, recently remarking with characteristic pith that "as there were so many young fellows around who were doing better things than he, there was little use of his keeping on." He nevertheless enjoyed undiminished mental vigor, and also delighted in strolling along the sea-front and pointing out the spots where he had painted his favorite pictures. Few artists have met with more cordial appreciation during their lifetime. He was the recipient of numerous distinctions at home and abroad, the awarding, in 1896, of the First Chronological Medal of the Carnegie Institute and the collective exhibition of his work held in the same galleries two years ago occupying conspicuous place among the fitting tributes to his fame. The most productive epoch of his career was the decade between 1890 and 1900 when he produced that superb succession of marine masterpieces by which he will doubtless be remembered longest. "The Gulf Stream," the last of the series, stirring as it is, already displays a certain diffusion of interest seldom seen in the canvases of his best manner. There can remain, however, little save admiration for this art as a whole. Through its singleness of purpose and sterling integrity both moral and æsthetic, it rightfully takes rank among the imperishable achievements of the national genius.

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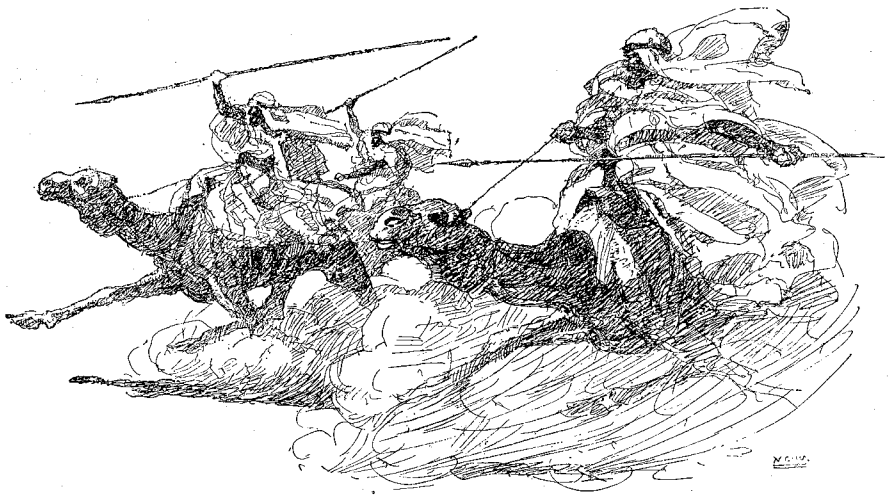

THROUGH THE MISTS

III

THE RED STAR

By Arthur Conan Doyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY N. C. WYETH

THE house of Theodosius, the famous Eastern merchant, was in the best part of Constantinople at the Sea Point which is near the church of Saint Demetrius. Here he would entertain in so princely a fashion that even the Emperor Maurice had been known to come privately from the neighboring Bucoleon palace in order to join in the revelry. On the night in question, however, which was the 4th of November in the year of Our Lord 630, his numerous guests had retired early, and there remained only two intimates, both of them successful merchants like himself, who sat with him over their wine on the marble veranda of his house, whence on the one side they could see the lights of the shipping in the Sea of Marmora, and on the other the beacons which marked out the course of the Bosphorus. Immediately at their feet lay a narrow strait of water, with the low, dark loom of the Asiatic hills beyond. A thin haze hid the heavens, but away to the south a single great red star burned sullenly in the darkness.

The night was cool, the light was soothing, and the three men talked freely, letting their minds drift back into the earlier days when they had staked their capital, and often their lives, on the ventures which had built up their present fortunes. The host spoke of his long journeys in North Africa, the land of the Moors; how he had travelled, keeping the blue sea ever upon his right, until he had passed the ruins of Carthage, and so on and ever on until a great tidal ocean beat upon a yellow strand before him, while on the right he could see the high rock across the waves which marked the Pillars of Hercules. His talk was of dark-skinned, bearded men, of lions, and of monstrous serpents. Then Demetrius, the Cilician, an austere man of sixty, told how he also had built up his mighty wealth. He spoke of a journey over the

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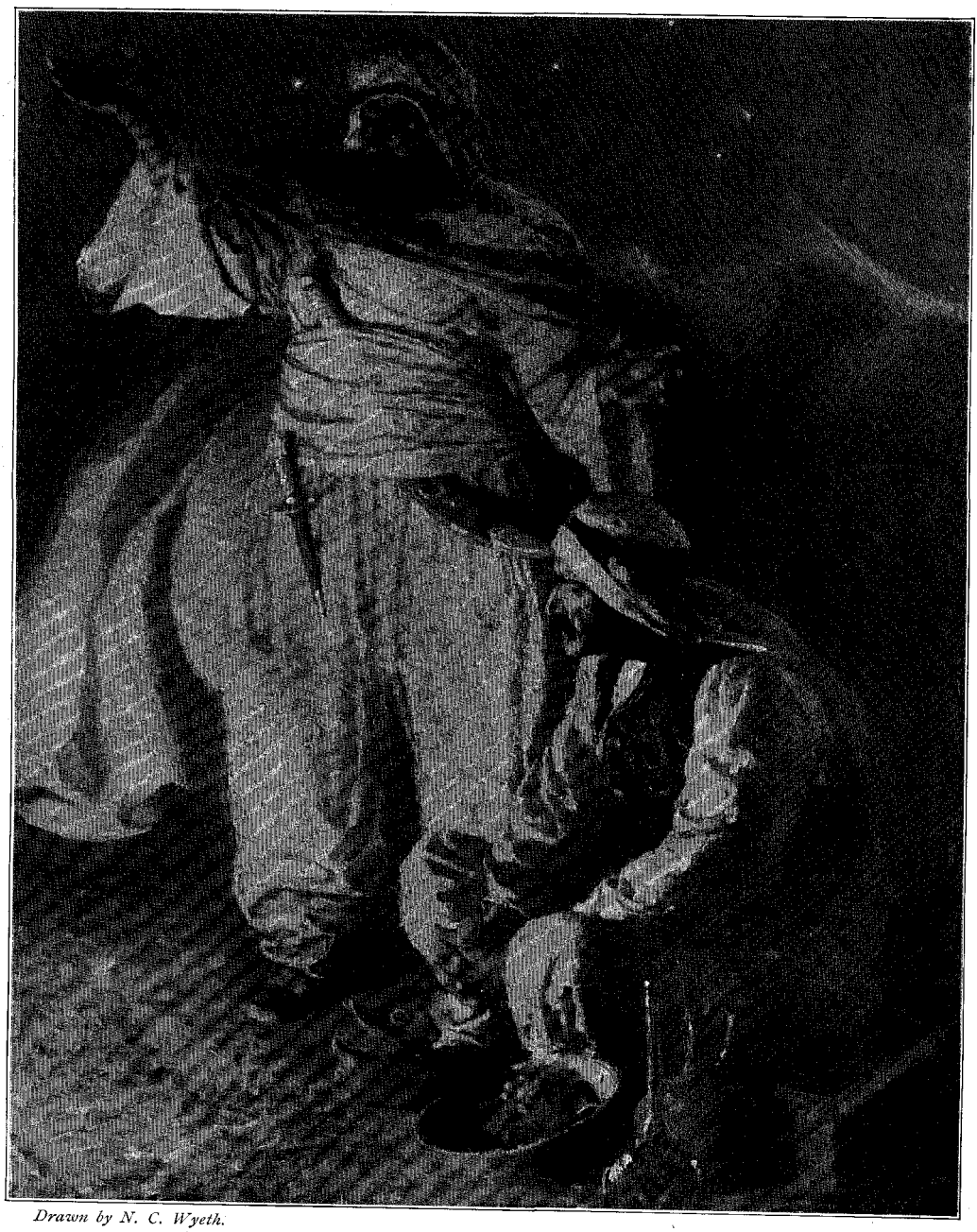

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

It was hard to remember that he was only the wandering leader of an Arab caravan.—Page 28.

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Danube and through the country of the fierce Huns, until he and his friends had found themselves in the mighty forest of Germany, on the shores of the great river which is called the Elbe. His stories were of huge men, sluggish of mind but murderous in their cups, of sudden midnight broils and nocturnal flights, of villages buried in dense woods, of bloody heathen sacrifices, and of the bears and wolves who haunted the forest paths. So the two elder men capped each other's stories and awoke each other's memories, while Manuel Ducas, the young merchant of gold and ostrich feathers, whose name was already known over all the Levant, sat in silence and listened to their talk. At last, however, they called upon him also for an anecdote, and leaning his cheek upon his elbow, with his eyes fixed upon the great red star which burned in the south, the younger man began to speak.

"It is the sight of that star which brings a story into my mind," said he. "I do not know its name. Old Lascaris the astronomer would tell me if I asked, but I have no desire to know. Yet at this time of the year I always look out for it, and I never fail to see it burning in the same place. But it seems to me that it is redder and larger than it was.

"It was some ten years ago that I made an expedition into Abyssinia, where I traded to such good effect that I set forth on my return with more than a hundred camel loads of skins, ivory, gold, spices, and other African produce. I brought them to the sea-coast at Arsinoe, and carried them up the Arabian Gulf in five of the small boats of the country. Finally I landed near Saba, which is a starting-point for caravans, and, having assembled my camels and hired a guard of forty men from the wandering Arabs, I set forth for Macoraba. From this point, which is the sacred city of the idolaters of those parts, one can always join on to the large caravans which go north twice a year to Jerusalem and the sea-coast of Syria.

"Our route was a long and weary one. On our left hand was the Arabian Gulf lying like a pool of molten metal under the glare of day, but changing to blood-red as the sun sank each evening behind the distant African coast. On our right was a monstrous desert which extends, as far as I know, across the whole of Arabia and away to the distant kingdom of the Persians. For many days we saw no sign of life save our own long, straggling line of laden camels with their tattered, swarthy guardians. In these deserts the soft sand disguises the footfall of the animals, so that their silent progress day after day through a scene which never changes, and which is itself noiseless, becomes at last like a strange dream. Often as I rode behind my caravan, and gazed at the grotesque figures which bore my wares in front of me, I found it hard to believe that it was indeed reality, and that it was I, I, Manuel Ducas who lived near the Theodosian Gate of Constantinople, and shouted for the Green at the Hippodrome every Sunday afternoon, who was there in so strange a land and with such singular comrades.

"Now and then, far out at sea, we caught sight of the white, triangular sails of the boats which these people use, but as they are all pirates, we were very glad to be safely upon shore. Once or twice, too, by the water's edge we saw dwarfish creatures, one could scarcely say if they were men or monkeys, who burrow for homes among the sea-weed, drink the pools of brackish water, and eat what they can catch. These are the Fish-eaters, the Ichthyophagi, of whom old Herodotus talks, surely the lowest of all the human race. Our Arabs shrank from them with horror, for it is well known that should you die in the desert these little people will settle on you like carrion crows, and leave not a bone unpicked. They gibbered and croaked and waved their skinny arms at us as we passed, knowing well that they could swim far out to sea if we attempted to pursue them, for it is said that even the sharks turn with disgust from their foul bodies.

"We had travelled in this way for ten days, camping every evening at the vile wells which afford a small quantity of abominable water. It was our habit to rise very early and to travel very late, but to halt during the intolerable heat of the afternoon, when, for want of trees, we would crouch in the shadow of a sandhill, or, if that were wanting, behind our own

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camels and merchandise, in order to escape from the insufferable glare of the sun. On the seventh day we were near the point where one leaves the coast in order to strike inland to Macoraba. We had concluded our midday halt, and were just starting once more, the sun still being so hot that we could hardly bear it, when looking up I saw a remarkable sight. Standing on a hillock to our right there was a man about forty feet high, holding in his hand a spear which was the size of the mast of a large ship. You look surprised, my friends, and you can therefore imagine my feelings when I saw such a sight. But my reason soon told me that the object in front of me was really a wandering Arab, whose form had been enormously magnified by the strange, distorting effects which the hot air of the deserts is able to cause.

"However, the actual apparition caused more alarm to my companions than the imagined one had to me, for with a howl of dismay, they shrank together into a frightened group, all pointing and gesticulating, as they gazed at the distant figure. I then observed that the man was not alone, but that from all the sandhills round a line of turbaned heads were gazing down upon us. The chief of the escort came running to me and informed me of the cause of their terror, which was that they recognized, by some peculiarity in their head-gear, that these men belonged to the tribe of the Dilwas, the most ferocious and unscrupulous of the Bedouin, who had evidently laid an ambuscade for us at this point with the intention of seizing our caravan. When I thought of all my efforts in Abyssinia, of the length of my journey, and of the dangers and fatigues which I had endured, I could not bear to think of this total disaster coming upon me at the last instant and robbing me not only of my profits, but also of my original outlay. It was evident, however, that the robbers were too numerous for us to attempt to defend ourselves, and that we should be very fortunate if we escaped with our lives. Sitting upon a packet, therefore, I commended my soul to our Blessed Saint Helena, while I watched with despairing eyes the stealthy and menacing approach of the Arab robbers.

"It may have been our own good fortune or it may have been the handsome offering of beeswax candles, four to the pound which I had mentally vowed to the Blessed Helena, but at that instant I heard a great outcry of joy from among my own followers. Standing up on the packet that I might have a better view, I was overjoyed to see a long caravan, five hundred camels at least, with a numerous armed guard, coming along the route from Macoraba. It is, I need not tell you, the custom of all caravans to combine their forces against the robbers of the desert, and with the aid of these newcomers we had become the stronger party. The marauders recognized it at once, for they vanished as if their native sands had swallowed them. Running up to the summit of a sandhill, I was just able to catch a glimpse of a dust-cloud whirling away across the yellow plain, with the long necks of their camels, the flutter of their loose garments, and the gleam of their spears breaking out from the heart of it. So vanished the marauders.

"Presently I found, however, that I had only exchanged one danger for another. At first I had hoped that this new caravan might belong to some Roman citizen, or at least to some Syrian Christian, but I found that it was entirely Arab. The trading Arabs who are settled in the numerous towns of Arabia are, of course, very much more peaceable than the Bedouin of the wilderness, those sons of Ishmael of whom we read in Holy Writ. But the Arab blood is covetous and lawless, so that when I saw several hundred of them formed in a semicircle round our camels, looking with greedy eyes at my boxes of precious metals, and my packets of ostrich feathers, I feared the worst.

"The leader of the new caravan was a man of dignified bearing and remarkable appearance. His age I should judge to be about forty, with aquiline features, a noble black beard, and eyes so luminous, so searching, and so intense that I cannot remember in all my wanderings to have ever seen any which could be compared with them. To my thanks and salutations he returned a formal bow, and stood stroking his beard and looking in silence at the wealth which had suddenly fallen into his power. A murmur from his followers showed the eagerness with which they awaited the order to

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fall upon the plunder, and a young ruffian, who seemed to be on intimate terms with the leader, came to his elbow and put the desires of his companions into words:

"'Surely, O Revered One,' said he, 'these people and their treasure have been delivered into our hands. When we return with it to the holy place, who of all the Koraish will fail to see the finger of God which has led us?'

"But the leader shook his head.

"'Nay, Ali, it may not be,' he answered. 'This man is, as I judge, a Citizen of Rome, and we may not treat him as though he were an idolater.'

"'But he is an unbeliever,' cried the youth, fingering a great knife which hung in his belt. 'Were I to be the judge he would lose not only his merchandise, but his life also, if he did not accept the faith.'

"The older man smiled, and shook his head.

"'Nay, Ali, you are too hot-headed,' said he. 'Seeing that there are not as yet three hundred faithful in the world, our hands would indeed be full if we were to take the lives and property of all who are not with us. Forget not, dear lad, that charity and honesty are the very nose-ring and halter of the true faith.'

"'Among the faithful,' said the ferocious youth.

"'Nay, toward every one. It is the law of Allah. And yet'—here his countenance darkened, and his eyes shone with a most sinister light—'the day may soon come when the hour of grace is past, and woe then to those who have not hearkened! Then shall the sword of Allah be drawn, and it shall not be sheathed until the harvest is reaped. First it shall strike the idolaters on the day when my own people and kinsmen, the unbelieving Koraish, shall be scattered, and the three hundred and sixty idols of the Caaba thrust out upon the dung-heaps of the town. Then shall the Caaba be the home and temple of one God only, who brooks no rival on earth or in heaven.'

"The man's followers had gathered round him, their spears in their hands, their ardent eyes fixed upon his face, and their dark features convulsed with such fanatic enthusiasm as showed the hold which he had upon their love and respect.

"'We shall be patient,' said he, 'but some time, next year, the year after, the day may come when the great Angel Gabriel will bear me the message that the time of words has gone by, and that the hour of the sword has come. We are few and weak, but if it is His Will, who can stand against us? Are you of Jewish faith, stranger?' he asked.

"I answered that I was not.

"'The better for you,' he answered, with the same furious anger in his swarthy face. 'First shall the idolaters fall, and then the Jews, in that they have not known those very prophets whom they had themselves foretold. Then last will come the turn of the Christians, who follow indeed a true Prophet, greater than Moses or Abraham, but who have sinned in that they have confounded a creature with the Creator. To each in turn, idolater, Jew, and Christian, the day of reckoning will come.' The ragamuffins behind him all shook their spears as he spoke. There was no doubt about their earnestness, but when I looked at their tattered dresses and simple arms, I could not help smiling to think of their ambitious threats, and to picture what their fate would be upon the day of battle before the battle-axes of our Imperial Guards, or the spears of the heavy cavalry of the Armenian Themes. However, I need not say that I was discreet enough to keep my thoughts to myself, as I had no desire to be the first martyr in this fresh attack upon our blessed faith.

"It was now evening, and it was decided that the two caravans should camp together—an arrangement which was the more welcome as we were by no means sure that we had seen the last of the marauders. I had invited the leader of the Arabs to have supper with me, and, after a long exercise of prayer with his followers, he came to join me, but my attempt at hospitality was thrown away, for he would not touch the excellent wine which I had unpacked for him, nor would he eat any of my dainties, contenting himself with stale bread, dried dates, and water. After this meal we sat alone by the smouldering fire, the magnificent arch of the heavens above us of that deep, rich blue with those gleaming, clear-cut stars which can only be seen in that dry desert air. Our camp lay in silence before us, and no sound reached our ears

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save the dull murmur of the voices of our companions, and the occasional shrill cry of a jackal among the sandhills around us. Face to face I sat with this strange man, the glow of the fire beating upon his eager and imperious features and reflecting from his passionate eyes. It was the strangest vigil, and one which will never pass from my recollection. I have spoken with many wise and famous men upon my travels, but never with one who left the impression of this one.

"And yet much of his talk was unintelligible to me, though, as you are aware, I speak Arabian like an Arab. It rose and fell in the strangest way. Sometimes it was the babble of a child, sometimes the incoherent raving of a fanatic, sometimes the lofty dreams of a prophet and philosopher. There were times when his stories of demons, of miracles, of dreams, and of omens were such as an old woman might tell to please the children of an evening. There were others when, as he talked with shining face of his converse with angels, of the intentions of the Creator, and the end of the universe, I felt as if I were in the company of some one more than mortal, some one who was indeed the direct messenger of the Most High.

"There were good reasons why he should treat me with such confidence. He saw in me a messenger to Constantinople and to the Roman Empire. Even as St. Paul had brought Christianity to Europe, so he hoped that I might carry his doctrines to my native city. Alas, be the doctrines what they may, I fear that I am not the stuff of which Pauls are made! Yet he strove with all his heart during that long Arabian night to bring me over to his belief. He had with him a holy book, written, as he said, from the dictation of an angel, which he carried in tablets of bone in the nose-bag of a camel. Some chapters of this he read me, but, indeed, though the precepts were usually good, the language seemed wild and fanciful. There were times when I could scarce keep my countenance as I listened to him. He planned out his future movements and, indeed, as he spoke it was hard to remember that he was only the wandering leader of an Arab caravan, and not one of the great ones of the earth. 'When God has given me sufficient power, which will be within a few years,' said he, 'I will unite all Arabia under my banner. Then I will spread my doctrine over Syria and Egypt. When this has been done, I will turn to Persia, and give them the choice of the true Faith or the sword. Having taken Persia, it will be easy then to overrun Asia Minor, and so to make our way to Constantinople.'

"I bit my lip to keep from laughing.

"'And how long will it be before your victorious troops have reached the Bosphorus?' I asked.

"'Such things are in the hands of God, whose servants we are,' said he. 'It may be that I shall myself have passed away before these things are accomplished, but before the days of our children are completed, all that I have now told you will come to pass. Look at that star,' he added, pointing to a beautiful clear planet above our heads. 'That is the symbol of Christ. See how serene and peaceful it shines, like his own teaching, and the memory of his life. Now,' he added, turning his outstretched hand to a dusky red star upon the horizon—the very one on which we are gazing now—'that is my star, which tells of wrath, of war, of a scourge upon sinners. And yet both are indeed stars, and each does as Allah may ordain!'

"Well, that was the experience which was called to my mind by the sight of this star to-night. Red and angry it still broods over the south, even as I saw it that night in the desert. Somewhere down yonder that man is working and striving. He may be stabbed by some brother fanatic, or slain in a tribal skirmish. If so, that is the end. But if he lives, there was that in his eyes, and in his presence, which tells me that Mahomet, the son of Abdallah, for that was his name, will testify in some noteworthy fashion to the faith that is in him."

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THE WEST IN THE EAST

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

ON THE WAY TO INDIA

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View"

IT was less than a century ago that the sarcastic question, "Who reads an American book?" was posed in the *Edinburgh Review*. The *Review* was young, light-hearted, and careless of the feelings of others in those days. When it was about to be issued, Sydney Smith suggested as an appropriate motto the line from Virgil: *Tenui Musam meditamur avena*, translating it: "We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal!"

Nor Sydney Smith, nor any other Englishman at that time, dreamed that well within the century two books at any rate, by American authors, dealing directly with the British Empire, would be given a prominent place in the library of every serious-minded Englishman. Captain Mahan of the United States Navy, and Mr. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard University, have written volumes that no Englishman cares to neglect.

What was playful condescension when the question, "Who reads an American book?" was asked, has become a criticism of English patriotism to-day, for no Englishman may pass by these two books when he studies his own empire.

This marks a great change, but it is a change that is often misunderstood. These books were not written to instruct, or to counsel, the Englishman about his own affairs, but to serve as commentaries for Americans, in the study of their own internal and external affairs. There is no suggestion of the smallest labial lapse in the grandmotherly method with eggs, on the contrary, it is a study of the old method, not a hint that there exists a better of which we are the inventors.

This newly awakened interest in the affairs of Great Britain is not an attempt on the part of the American to patronize the English. It is the direct result of our colossal wealth, of our new territorial responsibilities, and of our enforced interest in the policies, affairs, failures, and successes of the great empire. We can no longer avoid this concern in the empire's affairs if we would. It is not an impertinent nor an idle curiosity and criticism, it is a new burden.

It is no longer a question of whether or no it is an impertinence for an American to deal with the British Empire; let me be frank, since I have been guilty, and explain that I, at least, consider it a necessity. It is our business, nowadays, to know as much of the internal and external conditions of the British Empire as possible, and to study these conditions from an American point of view for our own benefit, even if for no other reason. Next to our own affairs, the affairs of Great Britain are of most importance to us.

Should Great Britain lose India, lose the Suez Canal, lose the supremacy of the sea, become another Venice, Spain, Holland, or Denmark, the one hundred million inhabitants of the United States would find themselves with new and far heavier burdens. We are no longer troubling ourselves as to whether an American book will be read, since it has become a patriotic duty for the American who is blessed with the opportunity, to study the social, moral, and economical conditions of the very people who, less than a century ago, good-naturedly laughed out the question: "Who reads an American book?" Times have changed; we have changed.

An intelligent public opinion about foreign affairs needs fostering in America, for the time is not far distant when America will need the backing of knowledge, experience, and of the travelled information of

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her wisest men, to meet the problems that are even now preparing for her.

As an example, I might add, if I were not the friend and admirer of both Mr. President Taft and Mr. Knox, that uninformed diplomacy has "dished" us in the East. The suggestion coming from Washington, that the six great powers should control together the railway situation in northern and southern Manchuria, was received coldly in St. Petersburg and in Tokio, and with amused condescension in London, Paris, and Berlin. I was in the East at the time, and at more than one ambassadorial table it was not easy to explain our motives. It is the sane and the fair solution of a ticklish problem if we are to have an open door in China, but as diplomacy, as a means to an end, it was a lamentable failure. It drove Russia and Japan together, and on the fourth of July, 1910, an agreement was signed between them, which provides for "friendly co-operation with a view to the improvement of their respective railway lines in Manchuria and the perfecting of the connecting services of the said lines, and to abstain from all competition prejudicial to the realization of this object."

In undiplomatic language this means hands off in Manchuria, a sign to other powers to keep off the grass.

The Japanese are building at great cost a railway bridge across the Yalu River, and a broad-guage railway from thence to Mukden. The Russians control the Trans-Siberian Railway, which has thus far been operated at a loss.

This great valley, stretching up from the Gulf of Pechili for hundreds of miles, only needs improved agricultural machinery and cheap labor, which is at hand, to develop into a grain-growing territory equal to the feeding of all Japan.

If Mr. Knox had been with me on my tortuous and tiresome journey through this fair land, he would not have dreamed of suggesting that Japan and Russia should share these Chinese spoils with other countries, or admit a participating influence in a land watered by their blood, and into which they were pouring money.

A suggestion to us from France and Russia on the fourth of July, 1776, that they should share in our hardly won opportunity, would have been considered as fantastical as was the proposal of Mr. Knox by Russia and Japan.

We have by this agreement between Russia and Japan not only closed the door on ourselves, but we have put England in a difficult position. We have done even more than that. We have made it still easier for Japan to gobble Korea*—though she is pledged not to do so—and to turn her attention to the consolidation of her recent conquests and to the Pacific. Japan need no longer be uneasy in the East, and both Russia and Japan may now turn their eyes to matters of more serious import to them. Russia becomes free again to study the situation in India and the Persian Gulf; and Japan may become less suave in contemplating the exclusion of her citizens from Australia, the Philippines, San Francisco, and Vancouver.

As a diplomatic move this affair was as ill-considered and as embarrassing in its consequences as can well be imagined. If Mr. Knox had been in the employ of the Japanese government he could not have aided them more successfully.

Our government was probably not kept in touch with the situation in the East. Our deplorable system of choosing men to act as our diplomatic and sensitive antennæ abroad, because they have been successful in the manipulation of ward, city, or state voters at home, will ere long, and fortunately, bankrupt itself. Whether the reward-seeking politician likes it or not, we must soon begin to appoint men who are travellers, linguists, and more or less socially accomplished, if we are to hold our own, or even to know what is going on in Europe and in the East.

Such commercial, industrial, and financial disturbances as are now our lot in America, are due to some extent to the fact that our productive powers along many lines are now greater than the demands of home consumption. Our agents abroad, whether ambassadors, ministers, or consuls, have the new burden of blazing the way for an increase of our foreign trade. The best men that we can get for such posts will find competitors from Germany, Belgium, England, France, and Japan, well worthy of their steel.

* This was written before the recent annexation of Korea by the Japanese. When I was in Tokio and in Seoul, I was told solemnly, by officials of high standing, that there was no intention of annexing Korea.

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I have not only spent a year in the Far East, but I have also been for a short visit to South America. I cannot say too much to my fellow-countrymen of the successful labors of the new type of men who are gradually, but too slowly, being tempted into our civil service. I have seen many of them now all over the world, men who are making this work their profession, men who speak and write the language of the country they are sent to, and men who can speak and write their own, men who represent the United States worthily. I regret that I must forbear to mention names, but if the people of the United States knew what I know of the mere dollars and cents gained for them, to mention nothing else, by the men of our new civil service, and by the men representing us these days in the great capitals, they would wreck the reputation of any man, or any party, which attempted to revert to the spoils system in the appointment of our civil servants abroad. I take it that the accomplished and scholarly Mr. Knox knows this already, and he could spare his fellow-countrymen unnecessary humiliation if he would act upon it.

At the beginning of the last century the West Indies were responsible for one-fourth of all British commerce. The sugar of the West Indian Islands, and the colonies of Spain, were in those days what the valleys of Manchuria and the Eastern question are to-day. Great Britain was our rival at our own doors. To-day she has practically withdrawn her fleet from the Caribbean Sea.

It is acknowledged by everybody except, perhaps, Germany, that the Monroe doctrine is not a theory, but a fact, with a fleet behind it. We have undertaken to do justice, to keep the peace, and to safeguard property in South America, largely through the good will of the various states there. We do this, for their benefit and for our own, lest any nation should make it an excuse for the use of force in that region, that order is not preserved there, and that therefore their citizens and their property need protection. This method of opening the door to a foreign military power has been so successful along these same lines elsewhere, that we cannot afford to give the smallest excuse for such an argument.

That is the pith of the Monroe doctrine, and what foreign nation has not adopted it, and fought for it in some part of the world? The actual words of President Monroe were: "As a principle in which the rights and interest of the United States are involved . . . the American continents . . . are henceforth not to be considered as subject for future colonization by any European power. . . . We owe it, therefore, to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Americans must accept the responsibilities of the new situation whether they like them or not. They may not shirk the trust imposed upon them, whether for the present or for posterity. By our control in Cuba and Porto Rico, by the building of the canal, by the assertion that the whole of the South American continent is more or less within our sphere of influence, and by the taking over of the Philippines, we have made ourselves, to some extent, responsible for what goes on in the East. The Washington dictum of "no entangling alliances" is a thing of the past. We cannot play the game single-handed. We must have a partner or partners, and we must look on at the game of Eastern politics and policies, not only with interest, but with a keen desire to know which partner to choose when the time of choosing comes.

One of the best-informed students of Asian questions, Sir William Hunter, wrote, just before his death: "I hail the advent of the United States in the East as a new power for good, not alone for the island races that come under their care, but also in that great settlement of European spheres of influence in Asia, which, if we could see aright, forms the world problem of our day."

The inherited prejudices and quarrels of foreign-born, or of parent-foreign-born Americans, must be swept up in the dustpan of provincial national housewifery and thrown away, that America as a whole may profit. No man is truly naturalized as an American who persists in grafting his particular Old World enmities or prejudices upon his new citizenship. Now that we are taking part in the world game, no faction in the body politic can be permitted to impede our progress, to hamper our strength, or to confuse our judgment.

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Let Irishmen send funds to back a political party in Great Britain; let Germans make presents to the German emperor; let Italians send thousands in savings back to Italy; let Poles hate both Czar and Kaiser; but let none of these enmities have the slightest bearing upon our foreign relations or our foreign alliances, for then the Irish must cease to be Irish, the Germans to be Germans, the Italians to be Italians, and the Poles to be Poles, and all recognize their fundamental citizenship, which is American. America, with imperial tasks on her hands, can recognize no tribes within her own borders, among her own citizens.

It requires no long disquisition, and no arguments more convincing than the mere statement of the facts, to show America's changed position as regards the European and the Eastern powers. Manila is forty-eight hours' journey from Hongkong, and we have large sums invested in Eastern trade, in Japanese bonds, and we are preparing to assist in the building and in the control of a railway which will parallel a portion of Russia's Trans-Siberian, and Japan's Southern Manchurian railways. Seventy-five miles from Tokio, and at the extreme western point of Japan, is a wireless telegraphy station at Choshi. The steamer *Korea* when five hundred miles off Hawaii communicated with Choshi, and now in Japan they are planning to connect Choshi with Hawaii by wireless, by increasing the motor power at Choshi, which is now only fifty watts. This makes Japan indeed very much our neighbor. It may be added that Hawaii has, even now, three Japanese to one American. Our great wealth, our energy, and our policy of an open door in China, force us to a participation in imperial affairs, though there are those in America who, through geographical ignorance, or on account of parochial notions as to international amenities, imagine that these enterprises can be undertaken without ample provisions for a force on sea and land, to back up these pretensions.

The people of Oriental descent, and of Oriental customs of life, number between 800,000,000 and 900,000,000, or more than half the total population of the world. India and China alone furnish, India 300,000,000, and China 400,000,000, of this total population. Their imports are estimated at some $2,000,000,000 a year. The chief importers are:

India	$450,000,000
China	300,000,000
Japan	250,000,000
Hongkong	200,000,000
Straits Settlements	200,000,000
East Indian Islands	150,000,000

About one-third of this trade is between themselves, while roughly $1,400,000,000 comes chiefly from Europe and the United States. Sad to relate, the American share is only about six per cent, practically all the remaining ninety-four per cent being supplied by Europe.

The chief imports of the Orient are cotton goods to the value of $400,000,000, manufactures of iron and steel, meat and dairy products, medicine, drugs, and dyes, tobacco, leather, agricultural implements, vehicles for transportation, and articles of household and domestic use. The most important item is cotton goods, of which Europe supplies ninety-seven per cent, though it buys its raw material from the chief cotton-producer of the world, the United States.

It is not our intention to neglect this commercial opportunity. We have reminded both Europe and the East officially, on several occasions of late, that we must be considered as having a stake in the East, and that our claims and opinions must be respected. In certain quarters at home our assertion of claims and our assumption of responsibilities in the East are looked upon with dislike and with distrust. After many months of travel and study in Europe and in the East, an American looks upon this expansion of interest and responsibility, not only with complacency, but with the feeling that it is unavoidable. Even if we were not in control in the West Indies, and in the Philippine Islands, our position as guardians of the Panama Canal, and as sponsors for the safety from aggression of the South American republics, and our position on the Pacific Ocean, force us to play a part in the East.

A nation, like an individual, must grow or die. It is true that our first concern is with matters at home. How a man will run, how he will think even, depends not a little upon the condition of his heart.

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Our progress and prowess in the East depend, as is the case with England, upon our moral fibre at home.

There are two respectable and useful influences, of far-reaching importance in these days, both in England and America, falling under the general head of Social Reform, which are not without portents and promises of evil in this matter. One is a senseless and undiscriminating charity, whether backed by individuals or officially by the state; and the other is a weakening of the willingness to accept responsibility, to take charge, to govern, to work out along big lines the national destiny, the latter being in some sort a consequence of the former. The Little Englanders, and those who oppose the building of the canal, and a ship subsidy and a powerful navy, are types of those who hang back in England and in America. It is a symptom of the weakening of the very finest characteristics of the race.

The reader of the most elementary sketch of universal history can tell of the cessation of growth, and then of the decay, of Venice, of Bruges, of Spain, Portugal, and Holland. France is at the cross-roads now. Let the duties and responsibilities, and the wealth and its problems, come—problems by no means easy of solution—and the individual and the nation which stands up to them lives, or, shirking them for ease and safety, dies! In spite of all that is preached by the maudlin provinciality of the day, even by respectable men like Stead, recently engaged in the ghoulish pursuit of gramaphoning the dead for political purposes, or Carnegie, a fierce, and it is said unprincipled, fighter for his own hand in other days, nothing is more disastrous to civilization than Peace. War is the essential condition of all life, whether animal, vegetable, individual, or national. The cow and the lap-dog are fruits of peace, useful and ornamental if you like, but not sufficient, not ideal. The cow is sacred in India, the lap-dog an idol in certain houses, but they are not a protection worth considering.

"La guerre," wrote von Moltke, "est une institution de Dieu. En elle les plus nobles vertus trouvent leur épanouissement. Sans la guerre le monde se perdrait dans le materialisme." Joseph de Maistre writes: "Lorsque l'âme humaine a perdu son ressort par la mollesse, l'incredulité, et les vices grangreneux qui sont l'excés de la civilization, elle ne peut etre retrempée que dans le sang." I am not sure that both history and experience do not prove him to be right.

He travels with eyes and ears sealed, who does not become convinced that this century is not concerned as were the sixteenth and seventeenth with religious struggles, as was the eighteenth with the rights of man, as was the nineteenth with questions of nationality. The twentieth century even now is characterized by a struggle for existence in the field of commerce and industry. Peripatetic philosophers in caps and blouses, or in white chokers, or deputations of journalists, merchants, and members of Parliament, go and come, in the hope of deciding whether there is a German peril, or a Japanese peril. What could be more hopeless? The reason they are at sea is the simple one, that the German peril and the Japanese peril are just as much a fact as the law of gravitation.

The man who jumps out of a window falls to the ground. No man who lives in the three dimensions of space, with which we are familiar, can escape that law. No man who lives in England and America, can escape the vital necessity of Germany and Japan to expand or to go to the wall.

The trouble has been and is, that we are looking at the question as one of malice, of diplomacy, of choice. It is nothing of the kind. There is no blame, no right or wrong, in the matter. It is life or death. For Great Britain and the United States, two nations already enormously rich, it is simply a question of more wealth. For Germany, for all Europe indeed, and for Japan, it is a matter of life and death.

The phrase "Yellow peril," "German peril," "Japanese peril," is unfortunate, for the word "peril" implies something terrible and imminent. The situation exists, but, as I hope to show later on in these pages, neither the "Yellow peril" nor the "Japanese peril" is imminent, nor of war-threatening danger to us in America. I use the phrase because it is a familiar one, but I disassociate myself from any advocacy of nervous and self-conscious talk or action.

To talk of friendly Japan, or of friendly Germany however, is childish. No commercial rival armed to the teeth is friendly.

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Who knew in 1860 that Germany was soon to be the dominant power in Europe? Who knew that she would defeat Austria in 1866? Who dreamed in 1868 that in two years she would crown her emperor at Versailles? Who dreamed in 1888 that she was to be Great Britain's rival on the sea? Certainly no Englishman cried "Wolf" at the appropriate time. What Englishman to-day explains why Germany smashed Denmark, humiliated Austria, ruined France, defies England on the sea, squeezes Holland commercially, and backs Austria in tearing up a treaty in order to make a grab in the Balkans? What childish nonsense to call this crying "Wolf"! It is an insult to that great power not to admit that it is a very fine, full-grown wolf—and just now very much on the prowl. That is the fundamental factor to be remembered in any discussion of this much-discussed question. It is not to be wondered at that the nations whose lives are at stake consider the matter more seriously than nations which have only pounds or dollars at stake.

Germany has a territory smaller than the State of Texas, and a population of over 60,000,000, and Germany can no longer feed herself. She can feed herself for about two hundred and fifty days of the year. What about the other one hundred and fifteen days? That is the German peril, and that, on a smaller scale, is the Japanese peril, and to discuss the question as to whether it exists or not, is mere beating the air. It is not in the least an ethical problem, it is German policy, it is Japanese policy, and in both cases forced upon them, and war is sometimes an instrument of policy. You can no more wall in a nation, cramp it, confine it, threaten it with starvation, without a protest and a struggle, than you can do the same to an individual. Whether a man will fight for his life or not is not a question, it is a fact.

The reader will understand the situation better with these comparisons at hand. The United States has a population of about 28 persons per square mile, Japan has a population of 317 to the square mile, while Europe, with an area in square miles not much larger than the United States, has a population of 390,000,000, or a density of 101 to the square mile. Great Britain has a smaller area than Colorado and a density of 470, while England alone has a density of 605. Belgium is less than one and a half times as large as Massachusetts, and has a density of 616. Canada has a density of only 1.75. Italy is not much larger than Nevada, but Nevada has less than one person to the square mile, and Italy 293. Rhode Island, our most densely populated State, has a population of 407 to the square mile; next comes Massachusetts with 348.

Neither Germany nor Japan has created or fostered this situation. The mischief and the malice begin when they are accused of what they cannot help. But to say the situation does not exist is ignorant, silly, or sentimental, depending upon the person who speaks.

The interesting problem to put oneself is, how is the hydra-headed democracy in England and America, easy-going and money-making, to face Germany, goverened by its wise men, and Japan now, as much as a century ago, governed by a group of feudal nobles, with the mikado, who is not merely obeyed but worshipped by the great mass of the Japanese, at their back.

I made bold, not long ago, to publish a serious study of the internal and domestic situation in England; and the following pages attempt to deal with the external and imperial relations of Great Britain, because as Americans we are vitally interested to know how soon, and to what extent, we are to be involved in imperial matters in an even graver measure than now.

Great Britain, with its 11,500,000 square miles of territory to protect, with its 400,000,000 of people to govern, must necessarily invite the scrutiny of Americans interested in the welfare of their own country. One need hardly pay heed to those foolish or sensitive persons who look upon such scrutiny as an impertinence.

In 1907 the official figures show that the United Kingdom purchased $900,000,000 of food, drink, and tobacco in foreign countries; $850,000,000 of raw materials and partly manufactured articles; $650,000,000 of manufactured articles. Great Britain, with its population of some 45,000,000 odd, is supporting foreign industries, and enriching foreign nations, ourselves among the number, to the extent of $2,400,000,000 annually. Her self-governing colonies bought foreign goods to the

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amount of $500,000,000, and her crown colonies to the amount of $125,000,000. Here is a customer who buys over $3,000,000,000 worth of goods annually, and yet cannot find sufficient employment at home for her own people, who are emigrating to other countries. Here is a customer who persists in fooling himself with the belief that he is a free trader, when his net receipts from customs are $1,402,500,000 a year, and his net receipts from excise are $1,514,000,000, or a total taxation of food and drink amounting to $2,916,500,000. In addition to this he has the highest, the most costly, and the most pernicious tariff in the world in his trades-unions, which put a tax on every laborer's time and every laborer's hand and arm. Men are only allowed to work so many hours, and to produce so much. This is the tariff which is ruining England slowly but surely. America is really a free-trade country as compared with my delightfully dull friend John Bull, who goes to the extreme length of taxing time and taxing energy, thus adding enormously to the cost price of everything he sells, and thus building a tariff wall against his own workmen in their attempts to compete with the foreigner. It is the most cruel of all forms of taxation.

British railways also add to this burdensome tariff by declining to quote, as do German and American railways, low rates for goods destined for export. There is much criticism of American railway finance, but what should we think of such a situation as the following?—A German manufacturer can send goods from Hamburg to Birmingham *via* London at a much less rate than a London manufacturer can send goods direct to Birmingham. Goods can be delivered in Birmingham from New York at a less price than from Liverpool. The British manufacturer pays from twenty to thirty per cent higher freight rates on goods sent to West Africa, South Africa, Australia, and in many cases New Zealand, than do German or American shippers. At any rate, this was the case as late as April, 1909.

As I write, in June, 1910, the Chancellor of the Exchequer is presenting his year's budget in the House of Commons, and I have just heard that House cheering the statement that Great Britain's next year's expenses will amount to nearly $1,000,000,000, or £198,000,000; that between 1899 and 1909 the expenditure on the navy increased from $120,000,000 to $200,000,000; on the army from $100,000,000 to $140,000,000; on the civil service from $185,000,000 to the enormous sum of $330,000,000, or an increase of seventy-eight per cent. Great Britain's expenditures on army, navy, civil service, paupers, old-age pensioners, the insane, the feeble-minded, are a tribute to her wealth indeed.

No other country could drive her workingmen to emigrate, could tax her productive power by trades-unions regulations, see her birth-rate diminishing, and cheer her Chancellor of the Exchequer as he cracks jokes on the subject of these figures. Nothing is put back into the sinking fund, nothing is taken off the income tax, expenditure has almost exactly doubled between 1890 and 1910, and the national debt stands at $3,800,000,000, or $86 per head of the population. I may add that the gross national debt of the United States in the same year stood at $2,735,815,000, or $32 per head of the population; the national debt of Germany at $1,078,375,000, or $16.50 per head of the population; the national debt of Japan at $1,162,074,850, or $25 per head of the population; the colossal national debt of France at $6,032,344,000, or $153 per head of the population.

As an admirer of John Bull, I wish to call attention to the good health and good spirits, to the cheery, damn-the-consequences optimism, which this situation illustrates.

Other countries are being taxed; we in the United States are being taxed, but we are borrowing on our motor-cars, our aeroplanes, our pianos, our jewelry, our luxuries in short. To phrase it differently, and perhaps to some people more cogently, we are merely pawning our easily done-without toys; but Great Britain, with her income tax at war figures, and her wine and spirits tax larger than ever, is pawning John Bull's coat and shoes! In the United States we have not even scratched the surface of our taxable possibilities, while in Great Britain, it looks as if Mrs. Bull's shawl will have to go next, and they have dreary weather for coatless men and shawlless women in Great Britain.

To the American who has heard overmuch of the extravagance of America, and

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of Americans of late years, it is a relief to hear Great Britain's present Chancellor of the Exchequer expounding jauntily an expenditure of a thousand million dollars. He and his followers evidently regard thrift as a dreary virtue.

If an American returns from nearly a year's journey through the Far East, where Germany, Russia, Japan, China, India, Egypt, and America are all keenly interested in this condition of the British Empire, and finds the Imperial Parliament apparently oblivious of these matters, but engrossed in playing a game on the steps of the throne, with a handful of Irishmen who represent four million people only, he may be pardoned for thinking it is business to tell his countrymen what he can of the situation. If your neighbor's house is on fire, it would be silly indeed not to study the way the chimneys were built, discover if possible how the fire started, and who was careless or who mischievous. He would be a sensitive householder indeed if he considered such an investigation impertinent. If the British Empire is not on fire, no one will deny that there is much smoke and smouldering both at home and in India, in Egypt, in South Africa, and elsewhere.

Oh, we have heard this cry of "Wolf" so often! reply a certain class of Englishmen. Yes, they heard it in Spain, in Holland, they heard it in France shortly before 1870, and heeded it not. That fable of the cry of "Wolf" has done much harm, because it is misinterpreted. He who cries "Wolf" continually may be silly, but what of him who does not listen, when the real wolf appears? Better listen every time the cry is heard than lose all one's sheep.

Colonels Stöppel and Lewal cried "Wolf" about the French army before 1870, and were met with the reply from the Minister of War Le Boeuf: "Nous sommes archiprêt—jusqu' au dernier bouton!" and shortly after, Germany crowned her emperor in Paris.

There are several hungry wolves about now, and one can almost see the hungry grin when they hear those martial heroes, Stead, and Carnegie, and William Jennings Bryan, telling the sheep: "Oh, it is only the old cry of Wolf!" One is tempted at times to agree with Herbert Spencer that: "the ultimate result of shielding men from the effects of their folly is to fill the world with fools," but he lacks virility and patriotism who succumbs to that Capuan temptation. Sir Frederick Maurice writes that of the one hundred and seventeen wars fought by European nations, or the United States, against civilized powers from 1700 to 1870, there are only ten where hostilities were preceded by a declaration of war.

Three hundred millions of Great Britain's population are in India, let us go there and have a look at her biggest problem, and at the neighbors of India in China, Japan, Manchuria, Siberia, and Russia.

"The true fulcrum of Asiatic dominion seems to me increasingly to lie in the Empire of Hindustan. The secret of the mastery of the world is, if they only knew it, in the possession of the British people." So writes Lord Curzon. When one has travelled the length of the Mediterranean Sea, and then across it from Marseilles to Port Said, through the Suez Canal and across the Arabian Sea to Bombay from Aden, one needs no convincing and would listen to no arguments to the contrary that Great Britain, with India, is the greatest empire the world has seen, but that Great Britain without India, and the military and trade route to India, would soon be a negligible quantity, a Spain, or Portugal, or Holland.

To read through a geography is dull business, but to travel through your geography is enlightening indeed.

The first thing that excites one's curiosity is, that there seems to be little free trade in this journey to Bombay. The Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company practically monopolizes the passenger traffic. I was informed that there was some arrangement with other companies which left the P. and O. Company a monopoly. As a consequence of this, British gastronomics have full play.

I have eaten stewed dog with the Sioux Indians in our North-west; I have eaten indescribable stuff in Mexico; I have lived for weeks in the middle of summer on a war-ship off the coasts of Cuba and Porto Rico on canned food; I have, I believe, eaten rats in Manchuria; I have, alas! overeaten in Paris; I have labored with the stodgy, heavy food of English country inns, and no harm has resulted; but when I landed from that P. and O. steamer at Bombay my stomach was in tears. My fellow countrymen will find it hard to be-

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lieve, but it is a fact, that on that same steamer on her way to some of the hottest weather in the world, in the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, there was only one kind of mineral water to be had, and that only in pints! Can pig-headed stupidity go further? The linen on my breakfast tray in the morning was, for the first two mornings, so besmeared and spotted with egg and coffee stains that I threatened to go to the captain. Remember, too, that the fares on these steamers are high, and that we were travelling as comfortably as the accommodations of the ship permitted. No wonder they are losing their trade. But what business is it of mine? Why not go by some other line? I will be frank, also, in my admiration, and say that when I travel with my women folk on the water, I am happier to think that Americans or Englishmen are in command. Both they and I will have a fair chance, and the American or the English captain will not be found among the saved if their passengers are not saved too. But even then, if it is not my business, and perhaps it is not, to criticise, this is no answer to the hordes of houseless, hungry men that one sees any night on the Embankment in London, nor to the rapidly increasing hundreds of thousands supported by the state here, nor to the hundreds of thousands who are emigrating because there is no work for them. They have a right to question the muddling, unenterprising methods of those in control, whose sole gauge of food, drink, and dirt is a thirteen per cent dividend.

Even as we leave the quay at Marseilles the three races—the English, the Indian, and the French—are exploiting themselves. The Indians, three of them doing one man's work, and physically awkward, are loading and unloading under the governing finger of a silent English officer. Half a dozen French girls between the ages of seven and twelve are dancing the *can-can*, as though they were in the Jardin de Paris, and soliciting the pennies of the passengers.

A distinguished French physician has explained the attitude of France toward conscription and race suicide by saying that France is hundreds of years in advance of the rest of the world in civilization, and that the unruliness and selfishness and—as I should term it—their matured frivolity are marks of a higher civilization. Some of us call it Decadence. In India we are to see a civilization, old when the French were in skins. There too ambition is dead, and three hundred millions are powerless in the hands of a few Englishmen. Perhaps civilization always ends by giving up the problem of life as insoluble, and settles down to the studied frivolity of Paris, or to the calm despair of India.

Our fellow passengers are almost all English, with here and there a returning Parsee merchant, or a French, German, or American globe-trotter. There are also a number of women, some young, some of that uncertain, twilight age, who are going out to be married. It was one of the features of travel all through the East, I found. On almost every ship, under the wing of the captain, one met one or more of these women going out to marry men whose duties did not permit them to go in search of their brides. So far as I could see, the protection of the captain was altogether unnecessary. If one may judge of the loneliness of the bachelors in the East by the brides who go out to marry them, it must be distressing. There are more than a million more women than men in England alone; the women outnumber the men in Scotland also; only in Ireland is there anything like an equality of numbers. Such wealth of choice would lead, one would suppose, to a certain æsthetic discrimination, but apparently in these matters the East has the effect of hurrying the white man, though in turn the East is not hurried by him.

> "It is not good for the Christian race
> To worry the Aryan brown,
> For the white man riles
> And the brown man smiles,
> And it weareth the Christian down;
> And the end of the fight
> Is a tombstone white
> With the name of the late deceased,
> And the epitaph clear,
> 'A fool lies here
> Who tried to hurry the East.'"

So writes Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who easily surpasses any man of our breed, in his power of imaginative analysis.

Tell me no more of the American twang! It is distressing, if you please, but having travelled many days in the atmosphere of the English voice, I much prefer the rank infidelity of the American whining twang to the guttural, not to say catarrhal, sing-

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song of Anglican vocal conformity. Some of the more piercing English voices may be likened unto a diminutive steam-whistle suffering from bronchitis.

He is a fussy traveller indeed who pays much attention to such matters as these when he is sailing through the Mediterranean to the land of the Great Mogul for the first time. These are mere comments to put away in the card-catalogue of one's brain for possible future reference.

What an embroidered sea it is! Fringed by Spain, France, Italy, Greece, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, Arabia. We see the land of the Pharaohs, of Moses, Jesus, Muhammad, Alexander, Cæsar, Hannibal, Napoleon. We sail through the religions, the law, the literature, the art, the traditions that ruled, and rule, the world. Here are the Pentateuch, the Psalms, Job, the Gospels, the Greek drama and comedy, the Koran, the Epic of Antar, the literature and law of the Latins and the Italians, and the greatest of comedies, Don Quixote. If the Avon emptied into this sea, it could claim all the greatest names in literature. And what a literary gamut it is from Don Quixote to the thirteenth chapter of I Corinthians!

We sail past Rome, Athens, Carthage, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Mecca, and through that narrow blue ribbon of the Suez Canal, which binds together the greatest empire of them all, the British Empire. It is the sea of all the most poignant associations of the world. No one's memories are complete without it. Not to know the Mediterranean and its associations is not to be educated, is not to be a man of the real world, is not to know the history of the world, for the tides of this sea are the pulse-beats of the heart of history. We Americans are just mushrooms in a grove of palms and cedars, though we are mighty good eating these days.

At Port Said we are in the anteroom of the East. I do not intend to write a guide-book. Messrs. Murray and Baedeker have too many literary parasites already, but I must let the ink bubble occasionally with my personal delight, and perhaps to old travellers my *naïf* enjoyment of every day of those many months spent in the East. I gazed at those Arabs at Port Said, I studied their sensual, and in many cases diabolical, faces with awe and interest. In Europe other white men are different, to be sure, but it is possible to account for the differences, to analyze the differences in a superficially satisfactory way. But these human beings are not merely different, they are something else.

That tall, naked, black man, with his head shaven, sitting in this broiling sun, which would knock me over in half an hour were my head not covered with cork and linen, and protected besides by a white umbrella; this man, with his prognathic jaw, his shining teeth, his legs and shoulders looking as though they had been recently polished, his eyes with that clearness and sheen in them, as though they were swimming in some liquid, like a compass, he may be commonplace to these other travellers, but I lean over the side and gloat over him.

This is the blood that slashed through Europe and the East, crying that theirs was the one true God, and that Muhammad was his one true prophet; this is the fellow I looked at in my illustrated geography many, many years ago instead of committing the text that framed him to memory. I can see those vignettes now. I can see the Malay with his pagoda hat, the Indian prince with his bejewelled turban, the Japanese with his straw coat, the Burmese lady with her huge cigar, the Chinese with his shaven forehead, and his pigtail. Those baby lessons in ethnology, how I should have devoured the text had I dreamed that one day I was actually to eat, and talk, and shoot, and ride, and visit with these people, and even take photographs of them with a machine that was not even invented in those days.

I make no apology for gazing at that boat-load of Arabs, huddled together waiting to coal, or floating away having done their day's work. It is my first real sip of the East, and I am far more excited than when I played my first game of base-ball in a real uniform, made in the sewing-room; or when I marched up to take a painfully attenuated degree at Harvard; or when I made my first speech in public; or when the most distinguished Englishman now living hoped that I would not think it an impertinence if he thanked me for a certain volume I had written. These are all exciting episodes, but now I am voyaging into the world from whence we all came. I am actually getting near the country where they

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invented Adam, and Eve, and Noah. In a few hours I shall see the place where Moses made a reputation as an amphibious commissariat which, in my boyhood, impressed me far more than his unequalled ability as a law-giver. Moses, and Jesus, and Muhammad were all born in this region, in this climate, in this atmosphere—yes, I am bound to confess that it was exciting.

The best books on the East, as every one knows, are the Bible and the Arabian Nights, and yet I found most travellers were saturating themselves with snippity descriptions of monuments and places, with tabloids of history, with technical paragraphs on architecture and the ethnic religions, with figures about the height of this and the length of that, or condensed statistics of exports and imports, and the tonnage through the Suez Canal, and dates about the Pharaohs, and the Mughals. No wonder they see nothing, know nothing, enjoy nothing, and come home bringing a few expletives, adjectives, and photographs, which can be had for a small price in either New York or London.

The first thing to do in going to the East is to turn your education out on your desk so that you can get at the bottom of it, and there you will find the Bible, and the Arabian Nights, and the Odyssey, and Iliad, and Virgil, and Herodotus, and Xenophon, and you will realize what a fool you were not to have devoted more time to them when you were asked to do so. Guidebooks can get you to the East, but they do not get you inside. It is temperament, not trains, that counts.

It must be about as amusing to visit the East with a dimly informed courier as to be taken through the Louvre by a page-boy from the hotel, or to visit the British Museum with the driver of the cab whom you happen to hail to take you there. Having been in the East I can only say to other travellers that I would not waste even a week's time in all the East, with only the resources of the average tourist at my command. It was the unstinted, and instructed, and experienced hospitality of the English in India and China, and of the Japanese in Japan, Korea, and Manchuria, that made my visit profitable and immensely enjoyable. Through them, and the native princes of India, I was given a universal passport, and welcomed as a chartered and privileged guest, and the burden of my debt to them for that glorious year is beyond lightening by any poor words of mine.

Even these first Orientals out here on the fringe seem to say to me: Beware of the men who are ever itching to be doing something—who cannot wait. They must be cowards at bottom, afraid of themselves or of the world! And after these many months I realize that this is, to the Westerner, the disturbing message of the whole East, and I wonder if they are right. Perhaps there are two forms of fatalism, the fatalism of despair, and the fatalism of confidence, and there you have the East and the West, never to be reconciled.

The first thing one notices on going ashore for a few hours at Port Said, is an illustration of the methods of that British race, whose most notable and admirable characteristic is their ability in the governing of alien peoples. An English policeman, in the uniform of the Khedive, protects me from the yelping boatmen, with the same imperturbable good humor with which I am so familiar in Piccadilly or the Strand. His countenance changes slightly under different circumstances. When he marches alongside the ten thousand suffragettes on their way to the Albert Hall he wears the amused expression, as of one who feels that he impersonates there and then an unanswerable reply to all their shrillness, both physical and vocal. When he conveys thousands from the East End to Hyde Park he is more serious, but here again he looks, in his steady, patient manhood, an answer, even to them. On the boat-landing at Port Said he seems more bored, as of a man tired of brushing aside flies, but his behavior is ever the same.

The journey through the Suez Canal, a distance of about one hundred miles, is a slow one, as we may not wash away these banks, which cost eighty million dollars to build, with the swash of a too rapid progress. Watchmen, crouching about their small fires at night, dot the shores on both sides. For the first time I see camels actually at work, own brothers to those Barnum & Bailey loafers of my boyhood. In the glare of the searchlight, the sandy desert on both sides of the canal is so bright that every now and again one catches a glimpse of a fox, jackal, or hyena, and all through

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the night one hears their cries. The sunsets, the light, and the stillness, are all different, all new to me. The sunsets are sunsets of shade, rather than colors, and De Tocqueville is right when he says: "Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, non les couleurs." There is a kaleidoscope brilliancy about these cloudless sunsets, a stabbing at your eyes with vivid shafts and shades, with plenty of orange and purple and brown in them, that make me wish I were an artist, and which convert me at once to the truthfulness of many Eastern sketches, which I had disbelieved. The light seems to be something you are looking through; and the stillness makes you lonely even with some one sitting beside you. The darkness comes down all through the East with incredible quickness. You can read your book, and then of a sudden you need a lantern to see your way. The sun does not come up, or go down. It shoots up and down. These people live mentally in a perpetual twilight, but physically they are always in a blaze of light or in pitch-darkness. Perhaps they enjoy keeping their minds in a state of dawn, or twilight, as a protest.

After the Suez Canal comes the Red Sea, and on the Arabian coast, about eight hundred miles south, is Jiddah. I have no interest in Jiddah, but Jiddah is the seaport of Mecca, and somehow the word Mecca reverberates in my brain. I have been wont to mention Seringapatam, Kamchatka, Timbuctoo, and Mecca and Seoul, as far-away, fairy sort of places, that I was no more likely to be near, much less to visit, than, say, Mars. That comes of living in the West. But here I am, and I cannot get quite awake to the fact.

Jiddah, too, actually has the tomb of Eve. That impresses my imagination very much. Not that this first langour of the East devitalizes my rigid Unitarian upbringing, tempting me to a historical acceptance of Eve. My theology is unshattered, but I am bound to say I have a friendly feeling for the imaginative proficiency of the man who, perhaps, left his money to build a tomb for Eve! It is at least a good schooling in cosmopolitan charity, to be near people who repair to the tomb of Eve as to a sanctuary; people so calm and so unflurried by the welter of the world that they ignore the inextricable moral confusion, into which that lady is accused, by many, of having plunged us.

Later on I am to be the guest of a charming Eastern lady, Her Highness the Begum of Bhopal, and she is to present me with a volume of her travels. She is a Muhammadan, and has made the pilgrimage to Mecca. In this volume she writes of Jiddah, and mentions the tomb of Eve and writes: "Eve was the wife of Adam." It is paralyzing to Western orthodoxy and to Western conceit to realize that this lady feels called upon to tell her readers that Eve was the wife of Adam. It clears the mind of a lot of underbrush when one realizes that in the East, among the eight or nine hundred millions of people we are to visit, one must introduce Eve as the wife of Adam, and even then be asked, in all probability, Who was Adam? How different must the standards be in a country, and amongst peoples, where Eve is distant, dim, unknown! It is true that even among ourselves Eve wears but a scanty garment even of tradition, but now I am to travel in lands where she has not even a figment of the imagination to clothe her.

I begin to understand that all of us Occidentals are provincial, that we have overestimated our importance, our influence, and the effect of our impact upon the Orientals. I shall try to remember, as I study these people, that Eve is introduced, in this other world, as the wife of Adam. It is already becoming evident that many things that I have considered as of fundamental importance have no significance here at all. All the clocks, and yardsticks, and weights and measures are different, or do not exist at all. We are going into a world where the best of us, no matter what our education and experience, can only grope about. We may have conquered the Eastern world, but, apparently, we have changed it very little. Our much-vaunted civilization does not impress them, as we think it should. They look upon our civilization, apparently, as an attempt to make men comfortable, in a life which men ought not to love.

"The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd
And on her head was hurl'd.

"The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again."

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THE DRUM-MAJOR

By Molly Elliot Seawell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. M. BERGER

THE STREET OF THE BAD BOYS

NICOLE and Chartrand stood facing each other, red and furious, and within an inch of a fight. Nicole, ex-drum-major, had a wooden leg, but it was a very good one as wooden legs go, and he had the chest and arms of a blacksmith. Chartrand, the lion-tamer, was originally every whit as good as Nicole, but Nicole was a sober fellow, while Chartrand had danced so much to the devil's fiddling, that he was a trifle shaky in the legs, and bleary in the eyes. The quarrel took place in Nicole's room, which combined the advantages of a bedroom, a sitting-room, and an atelier. The loss of Nicole's left leg below the knee, in a fight with Algerian tribesmen, where he had no business to be, caused him to be retired on a pension. No longer could he march forward and backward before the music, twirling his baton, and looking like a major-general. He could teach drumming and bugling, however, which he did, and the rest of the time he spent gravely meditating on a mysterious law which he had discovered—that love and the devil rule the world. Chartrand never meditated on anything except meat and drink and women and keeping the lions in the circus quiet in their cages.

The cause of the quarrel was at that moment visible in the courtyard below. He was a small boy, lying flat on a cellar door, his heels in the air, and his round, black little head propped on his elbows, while he devoured a book—for Pierre, at seven years of age, was an expert at reading, and already knew the road to Arcady. Some hundreds of years before, the little street upon which the courtyard opened had been named the Street of the Bad Boys. For generations the dwellers in the street had clamored for a change of the name, saying it made them a laughing-stock, and the boys in the street were no worse than other boys; but still the name remained. Pierre, it may be said, was not only the leader of the literati of his age in the neighborhood, but also the captain-general in all pranks which involved dirt, dogs, danger, and discomfort.

"I say," bawled Pierre's father, "you let my boy alone. If he is to follow my trade it is time for him to begin."

"And I say," shouted Nicole back, twice as loud as Chartrand, "when it comes to taking a child seven years old into a cage full of lions along with a drunken brute like you, it is an outrage, and I will report it to the police. Look here, Chartrand, I have been a soldier, and I know the meaning of law."

Chartrand was just about to whack Nicole in the eye, but a glance at Nicole's powerful neck and shoulders induced him to change his mind. He only growled suspiciously:

"Do you know my wife?"

"No, I don't, because I have just come to this house to live, but I will."

"And probably be meddling with her too——"

Chartrand never finished the sentence. Nicole made a dash for him, caught him by the collar, dragged him to the door, and literally threw him down stairs. As Chartrand rolled bumping, and sliding, and cursing down the narrow stair a door on the lower landing opened and his wife appeared. She was a pale, pretty creature, and her apron, held up, contained a mass of artificial red roses at which she was working. She dropped the roses and ran to Chartrand, helping him up, even kissing a bruise on his face. Chartrand received these attentions cavalierly, and went with her into their apartment, closing the door after them.

Nicole stood still, his soul in a tumult. It was Rosine. She was eight years older, and paler and thinner, than in the days when he was stationed at Rheims, and had loved her so well. In the twinkling of an

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eye, the gloomy passage, the rickety stair faded away. Once more, it was an August afternoon in the garden of the little tavern. On the grass were small tables, where soldiers, respectable men, were sitting and drinking cheap wines. Presently came timidly down the garden path Rosine, the tavern keeper's daughter, her mother and father watching her with hawks' eyes. Behind her a waiter carried a tray of long-necked bottles, in which was a special product of the little vineyard behind the garden. At sight of her with the wine the soldiers had a pretty ceremony; they rose, and turning first toward the vineyard saluted it, and then saluted the tavern keeper's blushing daughter, who poured out the wine. To Nicole, a big, bashful man in a showy uniform, Rosine seemed like a tall sister of the white roses that bloomed in the tavern garden. When six o'clock came, and the great bells of the cathedral began thundering majestically their message to the children of earth and flooding the purple and golden air with their mighty music, lovely, yet solemnly glorious, it seemed as if the world stopped a moment, in its toiling and laughing and weeping and fighting, to listen to the bells. At that sound, the soldiers, decent fellows for the most part, ceased their drinking and talking; Nicole and some others crossed themselves. Rosine stood still, her usually downcast face uplifted—Nicole thought she looked then like the pictures of Jeanne d'Arc in the orchard at Domrémi. And it was her boy who had put a friendly little hand in his, and her husband whom he had pitched down stairs!

While these thoughts were surging through Nicole's brain the door on the lower landing opened, and Rosine came running lightly up the stairs, a red spot of anger burning in her thin cheeks.

"How dare you?" she cried, her voice vibrating. "You might have killed my husband! Pierre shall have nothing more to do with you, you wicked creature!"

"Rosine," said Nicole, and stopped.

Madame Chartrand looked into Nicole's face, turned white, and held on to the baluster for support. Nicole opened the door of his room.

"Come in here," he said. "We can't have it out for all the house to hear."

Madame Chartrand entered the large, low-ceiled room, decent and orderly like Nicole himself.

"When the boy began coming to my room," he said, "I did not know he was your child. I never even knew the name of the man you married. But I loved your boy the first time I saw him, and I wanted to save him from—well, you don't want to have a seven-year-old boy fooling with lions, even if they are drugged."

"What do you mean?" asked Madame Chartrand.

"I mean, the boy came in here this morning, and told me his father meant to take him in the wild beasts' cages to-night at the circus."

Madame Chartrand swayed gently and Nicole caught her in his arms to keep her from falling. She closed her eyes and her head fell on Nicole's shoulder. How sweet were the cathedral bells, far away in dreamland, and how like Rosine was to one of those drooping white roses that hung upon the trellis!

Rosine suddenly burst into a passion of tears. Nicole, taking from his pocket a clean, coarse handkerchief, wiped the poor soul's eyes, and said nothing until she had stopped crying a little.

"I am afraid, Rosine," he said, "you have a hard time with Chartrand."

"I would not have," she stammered, "but for another woman—a bare-back rider in the circus. She leads my husband off."

"Leads your husband off!" cried Nicole, in open scepticism.

"But I love him, I love him, I love him!" answered poor Rosine.

"You love your boy too, don't you?"

Madame Chartrand looked up, with the glorified eyes of a mother.

"Yes," she said, "I almost paid with my life for my child, but—it was nothing. I did not mind the price, when he was laid in my arms."

"Well, then," said Nicole grimly, "I shall save the boy for you, from Chartrand, the——"

Nicole had meant to call Chartrand a drunken brute, a ruffian, a black-hearted scoundrel, and a few other things. But Madame Chartrand lifted her hand.

"Don't," she said. "He is my husband, and I love him—I can't help it."

Yes, she could not help it, any more than

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Nicole could help treasuring that memory of her for all those years. Love is an outlaw. Nicole knew that as well as anybody.

"But I want you to save my boy," cried Madame Chartrand.

Pierre, like most boys, objected violently to being saved, and roared and kicked and tried to overpower Nicole, but failed. Nicole kept him prisoner until eight o'clock, when Chartrand was well out of the way. Then Pierre was taken back to his mother. The boy soon tumbled into his little pallet bed, and Nicole sat down for a talk with Madame Chartrand.

From Madame Chartrand Nicole heard the whole piteous story of her marriage. Ever it was the lady in the pink tights, who rode bare back, that was to blame —and such lies as Rosine, the pious Rosine, told in excuse of Chartrand. They were white, not black, and made the angels smile. Nicole was not in the least deceived; he had often heard that love makes liars of everybody.

In the midst of their quiet talk the door suddenly opened and Chartrand appeared. He said angrily to his wife:

"I know all about that fellow Nicole; he was your lover before you married me. If ever I hear of anything between——"

At this Chartrand was seized suddenly from behind, and whirled around facing Nicole.

"It would not surprise me," said Nicole, "if one of us must die for this woman; for if I hear of your making light of your wife's name with me or any other man, I will certainly kill you. She will probably break her heart for you, you miserable dog, but it is better for a woman to break her heart than to be smirched in her reputation."

"Just wait until I come back, later, tonight, and we will settle this," blustered Chartrand.

But Chartrand did not come back to settle it that night or any other night. At the same time, the lady in the pink tights, who rode bare back, disappeared also.

II

THE MYSTERY OF A WOMAN'S LOVE

MADAME CHARTRAND was of that class which is moved by the elemental passions. Life to her meant love, work, and prayer. That was all. With love, vanished work and prayer. She would sit for hours before her work-table, not working, but living, after the manner of women, in a hell of her own making. In her pale despair, she became the mausoleum of a dead passion. But one thing could rouse her; this was the mention of the lady bare-back rider. Then, Madame Chartrand, the softest, gentlest, most patient of creatures, would palpitate with fury, and would cry to Nicole:

"But he shall not marry her—I will never agree to a divorce! He shall not give her the name he gave me and my child. He may come here and kill me, and kill my child before my eyes, but he shall not marry her!"

Madame Chartrand no longer went to church, and when the bells of a neighboring steeple sounded, sweet and pleading, she would close the window and refuse to listen to them.

Nicole, going to the drill hall and bugling and drumming dolefully, was ever casting about to find a means of stopping Rosine's grieving herself to death for a worthless dog like Chartrand. The means he took would have moved to laughter, if it had not been nearer akin to tears. Since Chartrand levanted the rent had been secretly paid by Nicole, and Pierre was given, once a day, a good meal at the drum-major's expense, and another meal by the landlady, the excellent Madame Duval, a lady with warm red hair, and a warm red temper to match. Both of these were stopped for a couple of days. When Madame Duval called to dinner her own two boys from the coal cellar by the wall, and they came crawling out with Pierre, all three looking like young devils, so grimy were they, she did not ask Pierre to come in with the other two. The little lad sat still and silent on the cellar door. He was watching the blue pigeons picking up crumbs thrown to them under the tall, luxuriant, cheerful-looking horse-chestnut tree that throve in the sunny courtyard. Even the pigeons were provided with a dinner, but there was no dinner for a poor little boy, whose father had run away, and whose mother seemed to live on her tears. Madame Duval watching Pierre, suddenly burst into tears, and on the Duval boys asking her why she wept, she slapped

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them both for asking, and cried incoherently that it was an outrage and she would not keep her word, no, not for a million francs, and Monsieur Nicole might call her a liar if he wanted to. Then she dashed into the courtyard. But Pierre was gone—gone up to his mother's room, where she gave him a crust, without herself tasting a morsel. When Nicole came back that evening, Madame Duval waylaid him on the stairs, and accused him of trying to starve a helpless child, and inducing her to join the wicked covenant.

"Wait," said Nicole. "She—" he always spoke of Madame Chartrand as "She"—"She doesn't mind starving herself; let us see if she minds starving her boy."

In Madame Chartrand's room Pierre sat, huddled in a dark corner. His heart swelled when he thought nobody—neither his mother nor Nicole nor Madame Duval—had seemed to care whether he went hungry or not. Suddenly a cry came from his little, tormented heart.

"Mother!" he cried, "I am so hungry—and you don't care!"

Madame Chartrand, sitting at the window, staring blankly at the dark street below, turned mechanically in her chair.

"But I have no money," she said, her mind feeling its way tremulously back from the wretched past to the miserable present.

"You have that silver watch—I can take it out now, to the pawn-shop."

"That watch!" cried Madame Chartrand, still possessed by the devil of Chartrand's memory; "that was your father's gift to me the day we were married!"

"And you love that watch better than you love me," answered Pierre.

Madame Chartrand rose, and stood in the attitude of a criminal before her own child. The whole conversation had been heard by Nicole, passing the ill-hung door. He walked in unannounced, followed by Madame Duval.

"You come here," cried Madame Duval, seizing Pierre with much violence. "If your own mother sits by and sees you starve, I won't—that's flat."

But Pierre held his ground firmly, although Madame Duval was crying over him in an ostentatious manner.

"No," he said, "my mother ought to be crying over me; she isn't crying a bit."

All at once the cloud was lifted from Rosine Chartrand's soul. She ran to the bureau and took out the watch.

"Take it," she cried, "sell it and forgive your mother! From this moment I will work for you as no mother ever worked before, and you shall never be hungry again."

She covered Pierre's little, bright, dirty face with kisses, and Pierre hugged her and forgave her from his heart. Madame Duval, after liberally abusing Rosine, carried Pierre off, and gave him a good supper, so he did not have to pawn the watch that night or any other night. Nicole's stern accusing eyes brought Madame Chartrand to penitent tears. From that hour she acted naturally, tenderly, and sensibly toward her child.

Now, there is almost as much gossip in a lodging house as in a magnificent apartment house, and Nicole, who was nothing if not respectable made a clean breast of everything to Madame Duval. Madame Duval had seen with half an eye all that Nicole told her, and only replied:

"I have seen these love affairs that go on forever and never arrive anywhere, and I have read about them too, in the novels they publish in the newspapers. They are just like chewing on a cork; but if you won't marry some nice woman with a tidy shop, or a comfortable widow, why—you will go on chewing the cork."

"How could I marry any other woman, and still look after Rosine and Pierre?" cried Nicole desperately. "How long do you think it would take my wife to find it out, and comb my head with a kitchen chair? You talk like a f—like a woman, I mean."

Madame Duval, however, was a good friend to Madame Chartrand and Nicole, and promised to raise the rent on any lodger who dared wag a tongue about them.

Then began a life, strange yet extraordinarily peaceful to Rosine and Nicole. Nicole decided that when Pierre was ten years old, he would become a postulant in the profession of a drummer, and should also learn the bugle. In the meantime he went to a day school, and rapidly developed the brilliant and heroic characteristics which always appertain to the only sons of adoring mothers. In spite of Pierre's extraordinary virtues, Nicole

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found it well occasionally to give him a sound whipping, and Madame Duval, herself a widow, was so well pleased with the results of the occasional bastings that she engaged Nicole to do the same office by her own two boys—so that there were really three excellent boys, as boys go, in the Street of the Bad Boys. Thus for three years went on a peaceful life in the tall old lodging house with the big courtyard. Madame Chartrand's eyes lost their tragic look, but there was one of expectancy; she secretly hoped for Chartrand's return. Nevertheless, she was not ungrateful to Nicole. In the evening, when he came home from the drill hall where he taught drumming and bugling, and he and Pierre had had their supper together, they would go afterward to Madame Chartrand's room. The door on the landing was always wide open, and Pierre played chaperon. Madame Chartrand would do her sewing, while Nicole read a cheap newspaper, and explained how everything in the army was going to the dogs, and the last batch of recruits were the worst he had ever seen, and that it was impossible to hope there could ever be as good men in the future as in the past. On Sundays the two, always with Pierre as watch dog, would go to some cheap restaurant, and dine magnificently at two francs the head. In summer time, they went to some place outside Paris, and dined out of doors. Sometimes Madame Duval and her two boys would be of the party, and then it was very merry, and smiles once more visited Rosine's pale face. It was on one of these parties, at St. Germains, that a crisis came in the lives of Rosine Chartrand and Nicole.

Pierre, it may be said, was the leader of the literati of his age in the neighborhood.—Page 41.

The August sun was shining with a veiled brilliance at six o'clock on a Sunday afternoon, when Nicole and Madame Chartrand stood on the glorious terrace, a mile long, and watched the splendid Sunday show. The terrace was a riot of color and a merry Babel of talk and laughter. Suddenly there appeared amid the string of carriages a showy victoria, and in it sat Chartrand, flashily dressed. By his side was the lady who was once known to fame as a bare-back rider. She was a handsome creature dressed in flaring hues, and her face was raddled with paint.

The sudden turning of a carriage in front brought the victoria to a dead stop not three feet away from Madame Chartrand. Chartrand turned to the woman beside him, and said, with a loud laugh:

"That white-faced, washed-out woman is my wife. Do you wonder that I grew sick of her?"

The woman laughed too, and then, taking a ten-franc piece from a showy porte-monnaie, threw the money at Madame Chartrand. It struck her full on the cheek.

The insult was seen by a dozen men and women, all of whom were instantly on the side of the woman without paint on her face as against the painted woman. Madame Chartrand's slim figure grew taller, her eyes glittered with amusement, and a delicate smile of contempt showed her pretty teeth. Nicole had started for-

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ward to drag Chartrand from the carriage, and belabor him for his companion's sake.

"Don't trouble them," said Madame Chartrand, in a clear, sweet voice; "they are not worthy of the attention of honest people. They are adulterers."

A round of hand-clapping broke from the listening group, who followed it up with hisses and jeers for the couple in the open carriage. To Madame Chartrand, moving off with Nicole, every hat was raised, and the women bowed and made way for the insulted wife. All knew instinctively that Nicole was her brother or her friend, and not her accepted lover. Women who look like Rosine Chartrand are acquitted on their own faces.

Madame Chartrand, now as pale as death, but walking firmly and with dignity, passed through the crowd with Nicole. He was himself so agitated, in such a passion of rage, that he scarcely knew where he was going. Presently, they found themselves in the forest, where the terrace turns abruptly into the trees. Madame Chartrand stopped under a great, thick cedar, and looking at Nicole full in the dim green gloom, said:

"Now, do I know the difference between a good man and a bad one. Oh, what joy it must be to respect as well as love one's husband! Nicole, I am still that man's wife, so I cannot be yours; but I would marry you if I could."

"That is enough for me," replied poor Nicole.

On the way back to Paris, up the winding river in the odorous moonlit night, Madame Chartrand sat alone in a corner of the deck watching the glittering wake made by the churning paddles. Nicole would have remained with her, but having the heart of a gentleman under his drum-major's blouse, he took charge of the three boys, with whom Madame Duval had struggled all the afternoon. They found him very cross, and were compelled to sit the three in a row, painfully quiet, while Nicole smoked savagely. Rosine had told him she would marry him if she could. Of course she could not, but that was merely an incident to Nicole; a man may be a drum-major and an idealist too. Nicole watched the expression in Rosine's eyes when she spoke those fateful words under the cedar tree. They had in them the innocence of a girl and the dignity of a married woman. His own eyes were of a light and commonplace blue, but they also had an expression of dignity and nobility. He resolved to be more resolutely prudent than ever with Madame Chartrand—and Nicole was already the soul of prudence and the model of military decorum. But he loved Rosine Chartrand so well that there were but two places in the world for him—the place where Rosine was, and the place where she was not.

III

THE TEMPEST OF THE HEART

FROM that day at St. Germains, Madame Chartrand recovered her balance, and maintained it too, in the midst of what would have unsettled a woman less strong. For she began to love Nicole, as he loved her, and they talked about it openly to each other, like frank, primitive creatures as they were.

"I hate Chartrand now because I am human," said Madame Chartrand the next night while Nicole and herself were talking, and Pierre, the chaperon, dazed with sleep, had tumbled off his chair and lay peacefully snoozing on the floor. "But we must never forget I am still his wife."

"I won't forget," answered Nicole, ruefully. "If only I had not been so bashful when I was at Rheims!"

"Foolish Nicole," replied Madame Chartrand. "Well, it is over. I have heard it said there is not much in life for women except a little love when we are young."

"Don't believe that, Rosine," cried Nicole with energy. "We are not young any more, but——"

"Hush!" said Madame Chartrand sharply.

Then began for Nicole and Madame Chartrand a singular life, full of peace and joy because each had a stern and simple integrity which stood guard, like air around man, over them. So it went on until Peirre was ten years old and it was decided that his academic course was finished and he must now begin the serious business of life, which was beating the drum. Pierre still had literary tastes, which he gratified in the evenings, when Nicole was discussing with Madame Chartrand the price of potatoes, or

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A door on the lower landing opened and his wife appeared.—Page 41.

the advisability of having Pierre's shoes half soled. These problems did not vex Pierre who was a merry little soul, and grinned cheerfully into the sombre face of Life, and kicked up his heels at frowning destiny.

When Pierre was standing, one in a row of twenty drummer boys in the vast, dim drill hall, receiving instructions on the drum, he showed himself very apt except in one thing: he could not or would not learn to beat the retreat.

"Pay attention, you," shouted Nicole, with his drumstick tapping Pierre on the head.

"I don't want to learn the retreat," answered Pierre sullenly.

"But you must learn it, it is in the book," snapped Nicole.

"I won't learn it," bawled Pierre. "When they order me to beat the retreat I will beat the charge, see if I don't!"

This was such rank insubordination that Nicole felt obliged to haul Pierre out of the line and dust his jacket smartly for him with a drumstick, at which Pierre shrieked. This episode being over, the class resumed its lesson. Pierre handled his drumsticks as actively as any other drummer boy, but

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Nicole heard no sound from Pierre's drum. When Nicole and Pierre were in Nicole's room, Pierre, standing very straight at attention as he had been taught, burst out:

"I tell you this, Nicole: I don't care if you kill me, I will never beat the retreat for soldiers to run away, not I! When they order me to beat the retreat, I will beat the charge, the charge, the charge!"

Nicole caught the boy in his arms, and kissed him all over his little angry face.

"You deserved the licking I gave you," he said, "but I would not take a million francs for such a spirit. Here, take this five-franc piece and go to the cake shop and buy five francs' worth of any sort of sticky stuff you like, for you and the Duval boys. It will make you all ill, but that's no matter. Come with me first, however, to your mother."

Then, with Pierre clasping Nicole's wooden leg, the two went into Madame Chartrand's room, where she sat working away at her heaps of roses. When Nicole told the story of Pierre's glorious insubordination his mother opened her arms wide and wept with delight. Both she and Madame Duval violently disapproved of the five francs' worth of sticky stuff. Nicole's system often clashed with that of the two mothers, but he always said:

"You are only women, to teach the boys their prayers and their manners. The rest must be taught by men."

Then, in the midst of peace, came the earthquake and hurricane of war. Paris became a great camp, and everybody made ready to march to Berlin as quickly as they could get there. Nicole promised to take Pierre and the Duval boys to see the King of Prussia brought, a prisoner, through the Arc de Triomphe. Nicole thought this would not be later than September, but in September something totally different happened. The universe fell into chaos. Glory, hope, government, order, all that keeps men's minds from despair, tumbled into a great black abyss of wretchedness. Every day it grew worse, and when the winter came Paris entered upon a period of misery greater than any city in the world has ever known since the world knew cities.

How Madame Chartrand and Nicole and Pierre lived through that winter and spring, they could not themselves have told. They all grew gaunt and thin, even Pierre's round little face. In the spring, when the cold released its icy clutch upon them, a new horror came, the Commune, that great Dance of Death, which has been described as a yell from the lower man. Murder, sacrilege, robbery, and arson strangled and submerged the great and miserable city. The forces of order rallied and overcame the devil's hordes. But the death struggle of anarchy lasted twenty-nine days. Eight days before the last frightful throes came there could be seen, above the smoke and flames, the floating tricolor. Then Nicole, who was one of Plutarch's men, calmly said good-by to Madame Chartrand, and went off to join his old comrades.

"I can at least beat the drum as I did when I was a boy," he said, "and then, a drummer, with two good legs, can help fight those wretches who march under the red flag."

Madame Chartrand bade him farewell quietly enough, while Pierre bellowed with grief. But there was something in Madame Chartrand's eyes—those dove-like eyes—that told Nicole all he wished to know.

Two hours after Nicole left Madame Chartrand, opening her door, saw a scrap of paper on the floor. On it was scrawled by Pierre these words, very well spelled:

"Mother, I am going to be with Nicole. You see, my honor requires it, because I can beat a drum too. I have my silver watch, so don't look for it in the bureau. I am sorry now that I was ever a bad boy, but when I come back, a victor, I will be so good you will not know your Pierre. Adieu, adieu, my mother."

Madame Chartrand neither wept nor shrieked when she read this and realized that Pierre, at ten years old, was as likely to die for his country as Nicole.

In these national cataclysms, the minds of men and women are exalted.

Madame Chartrand knew there was nothing left but prayer. No longer the church bells rang out their call to prayer. The bells that spoke rang the tocsin, and the beating of the rappel sounded even amid the dull roar of the great guns and the steady cracking of the mitrailleuses. In the church close by drunken men and devilish women were dancing upon the desecrated altar, and the painted saints and angels in the windows were smashed by bullets. Over the great city for four days hung a vast ring of smoke, miles in breadth

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The sudden turning of a carriage in front brought the victoria to a dead stop not three feet away from Madame Chartrand.—Page 45.

and thickness, pierced by leaping flames that seemed to lick the sullen sky. For four days and nights a hundred thousand men made in Paris a great battle, while the Commune, like a wild beast lashing and biting in its death agony, murdered and destroyed to the last.

It was on the Saturday evening, when Paris was still burning and fighting and shrieking, that Nicole and Pierre came once more into the Street of the Bad Boys, even into the courtyard on which Madame Chartrand's window looked. They were dragged along by wild creatures, men and women drunk with blood and crime, who yelled and cursed and laughed and promised them death against the courtyard wall. At the head of the mob of shrieking women and cursing men marched a big, unwieldy creature, with a dirty beard and a dirtier National Guard uniform. This was the husband of Madame Chartrand, and the father of Pierre.

Nicole had no suspicion that the big, bearded, dirty man was Chartrand. Formerly, Chartrand had been a vulgar dandy, a mustached man, with fine teeth and a good figure. This man was fat and bearded, and the loss of some of his teeth gave him the appearance of having fangs.

Nicole, however, paid little heed to this fellow, swaggering about and trying to act the officer. There were more serious things for Nicole to consider, who, being a man of sober mind, made ready calmly to mount the pale charger awaiting him. He glanced down at Pierre. The little lad slipped his hand into that of Nicole, who noticed that it was warm, and gave no sign of fear. Nicole himself was awaiting his summons into the far country as coolly as

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ever he awaited the order from his commanding officers to make the drumsticks fly.

Once inside the courtyard, Chartrand stood Nicole and the boy against the wall and called for a firing squad. There was neither order nor discipline. Some of the wretches, with one dim spark of humanity remaining, refused to kill a wooden-legged soldier and a child. Others were superstitious, and said to one another, "You do it." "No, you do it."

Chartrand, at last, pulled out a handful of money, for the Communards were thieves as well as murderers.

"Here," he cried, "fifty francs each for ten men to execute these traitors and enemies of the Commune."

The grotesqueness of calling the ten-year-old Pierre a traitor and an enemy of the Commune, caused a strange, hysteric outburst of laughter from some of the dazed and drunken crew. The women stopped yelling, sobered for a moment by the sight of a little boy in so great a strait. It even staggered and confused Chartrand. Suddenly, Pierre's soft, piping treble was heard.

"Please, sir," he said to Chartrand, "my

"Pay attention, you," shouted Nicole, with his drumstick tapping Pierre on the head.—Page 47.

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And he scrawled on the top of the shelf.—Page 53.

mother lives up-stairs in this house, on the third floor. Before I am shot I want to give her my father's silver watch. If you will let me go, I will come back to be shot."

Chartrand burst into a great, nervous laugh.

"Oho!" he said; "you are a little coward, and want to hide behind your mother's petticoats."

"But I will come back!" bawled Pierre, stamping his foot. "I am not a coward, or a liar either."

The drunken, disorderly, unkempt crew of National Guards, demoniac women and outlaws of all sorts, surged around the boy and man.

No glimmer of Pierre's identity had pierced Chartrand's darkened soul. Even the locale had faded out of Chartrand's blurred mind. Then, Pierre, still furious, pulled out of his ragged jacket the silver watch. It was growing so dark by that time that neither Chartrand nor anybody else could see much; but into Chartrand's stupid mind came a wandering recollection, a reverberation of memory, something that made him say to the boy:

"Go along with you, then."

And he gave Pierre a kick that sent him spinning on his way.

"Bring a lantern," shouted Chartrand.

There was a confused scurrying, and it

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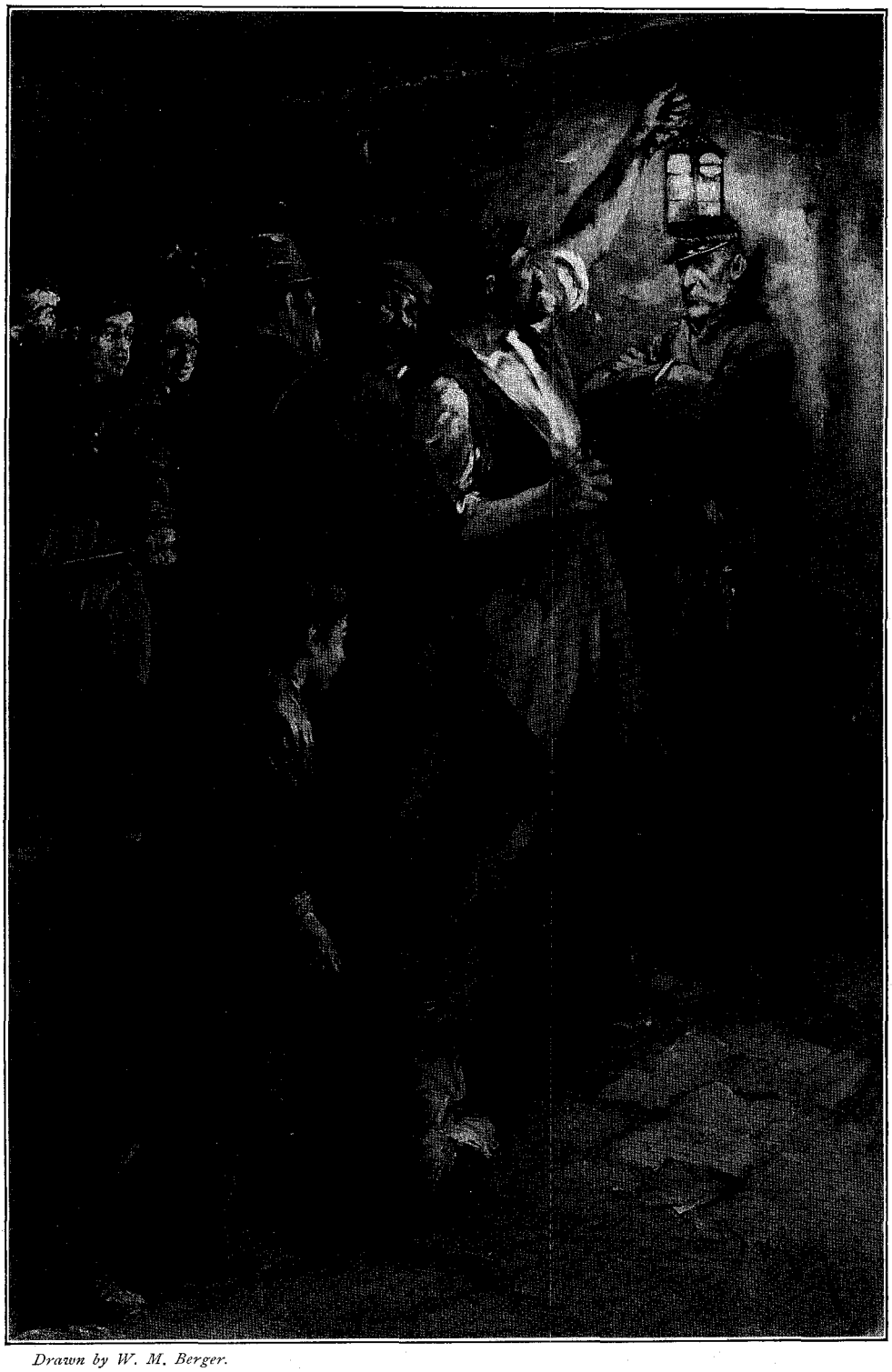

Drawn by W. M. Berger.

And Chartrand himself was hanging it up on a nail over Nicole's head.—Page 53.

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took a long time to fetch a lantern. The only really composed person in the courtyard was Nicole, standing with arms folded and his back to the wall. The only sensible remark that was made was his.

"What a gang of infernal fools!" he said, aloud. "They don't even know how to execute a man properly."

Pierre was creeping quickly but softly up the stairs. As he passed the cellar door, a sudden gush of warm tears came; never more would he play in the coal cellar with the Duval boys; there was no more play in this world. He was so ashamed of his unexpected tears, that he concluded it would be better not to see his mother, but to lay the watch outside the door, then knock and run away; besides, his mother might object to his going back to be shot. He reached the door of his mother's room, and crawled into a dark corner, under the low, broad shelf where the baker left the bread every morning—a function which had been omitted for several months. The door was ajar, and in the mellow gloom Pierre could see his mother kneeling by his little bed, kissing his pillow. The window was closed, but afar off, like the distant roar of a volcano, could be heard the storm of battle. It all seemed to be in another world to Pierre. How quiet, how still it was under the shelf! But it would not last long. Pierre's heart, which had been beating wildly, suddenly grew quiet and beat as softly and as steadily as a baby's. He must not tarry long; if he had a pencil, or a piece of chalk—Pierre remembered a lump of chalk he had hidden in a cranny of the shelf a long time ago, meaning to play a prank on the baker. His small hand, feeling under the shelf, found the chalk, and he scrawled on the top of the shelf:

"Mother I am to be shot, with Nicole, but I am not afraid. I did not beat the retreat once. Look under the shelf far back, and you will find my silver watch. Adieu, my mother."

Then he added as an afterthought:

"Nicole does not mind being shot any more than I do."

Pierre gave three sharp knocks on the shelf, to draw his mother's attention, and then ran breakneck down the stairs.

In the courtyard a lantern had been brought at last, and Chartrand himself was hanging it up on a nail over Nicole's head. As the yellow light fell full upon the faces of the two men, there was at last recognition. Chartrand's shaky hand shook more as he hung the lantern; then he said to Nicole:

"I know who you are now."

"And I know you," replied Nicole, "though you are considerably worse looking than you were."

"You will look worse in a few minutes than I do," was Chartrand's response.

Then there was a commotion, a loud murmuring and surging among the mob in the courtyard, and Pierre, pushing his way through, marched up to Chartrand and said:

"Here I am. I did not hide behind my mother's petticoats, you old *pékin!*"

Pékin is the opprobrious name which the soldiers, Pierre's comrades for eight days, applied to all who were not of the military profession. Pierre had picked up a good deal of soldiers' slang during his eight days as a campaigner.

The crowd, blustering, frightened, half drunk and wholly agitated, laughed at this. Chartrand did not laugh. The lowest minds have sometimes a moment of illumination. Suddenly, Chartrand saw that this boy was his child—and at the same moment he saw himself as he was: an incarnation of the devil, a monster of iniquity, a scoundrel from his skin inward. He fixed his madman's eyes on Pierre, and raising both arms above his head, uttered a horrible shriek, like the wild beasts he had once tamed. It was, indeed, the shriek of a beast who has become conscious that he is a beast. Then, having but little power of expression, he began cursing and swearing hysterically.

"You stole my wife and child," he yelled to Nicole.

For answer, Nicole reached up, seized the lantern over his head, and smashed it full in Chartrand's face, who dropped like a stone. The next minute Nicole had caught Pierre and, dashing to the corner, disappeared, and was, indeed, swallowed up in the earth. He lay with Pierre's hand in his, in the coal cellar, and heard the mob tramping in the darkness over the door, running and yelling and screaming, and Chartrand shouting orders that nobody obeyed. In the midst of the uproar came another sound—the sound of marching feet,

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of soldiers regularly commanded and overwhelming a mob. They made short work of Chartrand and his gang. Ten minutes' sharp fighting and the crackling of a mitrailleuse settled it, and the courtyard was held by soldiers. Nicole, lifting up the cellar door, found an obstruction. It was Chartrand's body lying stark upon it, which was soon carted off with other carrion.

Before Nicole asked for a drum, he led Pierre up the dark stairs to Madame Chartrand's room. Nicole's heart was joyful. He was a primitive man, and made no bones of saying to himself that Chartrand was well out of the world he had disgraced. When he reached Madame Chartrand's door, it was wide open. She was standing in the middle of the floor, in that attitude which, to Nicole's simple mind, always recalled Jeanne d'Arc in the orchard. Madame Chartrand held in her hand the silver watch. In her exaltation, the entrance of Pierre and Nicole seemed to her the most natural thing in the world. She wound one arm around Pierre and laid the other hand on Nicole's arm.

"I understand," she said, "I knew I had a brave boy—but I did not know how brave he was. And I, his mother, shed not one tear for him, for the mothers of heroes should not weep. And I knew that you too were to be shot, Nicole—and yet my eyes were dry."

"Chartrand is dead," said Nicole. "It is he who would have shot Pierre and me, but I think God was good to Chartrand and would not let him commit any more crimes."

. . . . . .

Madame Chartrand, the most rigid of women, remained a year unmarried after the death of the worst of husbands. One day in June, Nicole and Madame Chartrand were married. They were so solemn that Pierre concluded marrying to be a melancholy and afflicting business. Nicole, in particular, looked exactly as he did the night he was stood up against the wall to be shot. Both of them being very humble and simple, they were inarticulate and had no words to express the joy they felt. But, then, there is a certain glory of love which is no respecter of persons, and establishes a splendid court of his own, sometimes in a hut, or a third floor lodging, and at once the place becomes royal.

THE CAUSE OF POLITICAL CORRUPTION

By Henry Jones Ford
Professor of Politics at Princeton University

"THE government of the United States was constructed upon the Whig theory of political dynamics, which was a sort of unconscious copy of the Newtonian theory of the universe. In our own day, whenever we discuss the structure or development of anything, whether in nature or in society, we consciously or unconsciously follow Mr. Darwin."—*President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University.*

The above quotation, taken from President Wilson's work on "Constitutional Government in the United States," notes a change of mental attitude that is now revolutionizing political science. It so happens that this process of change is particularly hard upon a doctrine which our older manuals of civics treat as fundamental in the American constitutional system, namely, the separation of the powers. A conclusion at which political science is now arriving, as a result of its new method, is that this doctrine, long esteemed as a maxim of constitutional government, is really incompatible with it, and is the prime cause of the corruption of American politics.

The old method of political science was deductive. It took for its premises traditional assumptions as to the nature of constitutional government, which were treated as axioms. Logic was then employed to unfold their implications and thus reach

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conclusions as to constitutional propriety. This method still controls current discussion of public affairs, and it imparts to literary criticism of the behavior of our public men its characteristic quality. They are judged not according to the circumstances in which they act, but according to ideals deduced from the plan and purpose of the organic law.

The new method is inductive. Political phenomena are observed and classified, and generalizations are made from data thus collected. In the instruction now given in our universities much use is made of documentary apparatus. Instead of considering first what ought to be, the aim is to consider first what is. As a result treatises on government are appearing that are not doctrinal in character, like our older manuals on civics and politics, but are descriptive and expository, telling simply and plainly how the public authority under consideration is organized, how it works and with what results. They are studies of political structure and function, conceived in the same scientific spirit as that of a zoologist examining the fauna of a particular region.

When this method is brought to bear upon the doctrine of the separation of the powers it is found to be not a truth, but a fiction, whose spread forms a curious chapter of history. The doctrine was first promulgated in Book XI of Montesquieu's "Spirit of the Laws," published in 1748. In considering the Constitution of England, and in viewing the distribution of the executive, legislative, and judicial functions in the organization of public authority, he described them as separate powers, going so far as to say that the executive power had no share in legislation. This is a false account of the English Constitution, no matter at what stage of its development it may be considered. That the executive is a branch of the legislature, and that it habitually proposes legislation for the concurrence of the other branches, was as true when Montesquieu wrote as it is now, despite all changes in the method of their cooperation. The enacting clause of every law passed by Parliament refutes Montesquieu's statement: "Be it enacted by the King's Most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by authority of the same."

There has been much speculation as to the cause of Montesquieu's manifest blunder, and even his good faith has been impugned, on the assumption that he distorted the facts to score a point against royal absolutism in his own country; but examination of the documentary evidence accessible to him shows that he had grounds for his opinion. Montesquieu erred, just as innumerable students of politics have erred since, by taking constitutional documents at their face value, which is never a safe thing to do. They are operative only so far as they affect the actual distribution of political force, and the working constitution of a country can never be accurately inferred from its written documents alone. Usage and not the legal form determines the actual character of a constitution, and usage takes its shape from the conditions that arise, quite irrespective of the ideas and intentions with which the conditions are brought about.

Ideas are germs whose chance of survival and growth depends upon accidents of mental soil and climate. Montesquieu's chapters on the English Constitution were favored by a combination of circumstances, the lack of any one of which might have caused results to be far other than what they were. His treatise appeared at a time when issues relating to the organization of public authority were acute in England, and books dealing with such questions were assured of a market. Thomas Nugent, one of the industrious workmen engaged in furnishing supplies to the book trade of the period, brought out a translation of the "Spirit of the Laws" in 1752. In 1753 William Blackstone, an Oxford doctor of civil law, fellow of All Souls College, conceived the idea of writing a philosophical treatise on the law of England, and in collecting material he consulted Nugent's translation. And about that time it so happened that Charles Viner, a wealthy jurist, conceived the idea of founding a chair in English law in Oxford. He died in 1756, and in 1758 Blackstone was appointed first Vinerian professor of law. Professor Blackstone's lectures formed the basis of his "Commentaries on the Laws of England," the first volume of which appeared in 1765. Blackstone mentions Montesquieu as an authority, refers to his work, and derives from him the check and balance theory of government. Besides

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establishing for their author an illustrious career as a jurist, the commentaries were enormously successful as literature. They passed through eight editions in his lifetime, bringing him in copyright fees amounting to about $70,000. The secret of their success was given by Jeremy Bentham when he said that Blackstone, "first of all institutional writers, taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman." Until the criticism of Bentham and Austin brought Blackstone's views on the nature of law and sovereignty into discredit, to read the commentaries was considered an essential part of a liberal education. It was so regarded in the American colonies, where the commentaries had a large sale. And as the commentaries passed into the New World they carried Montesquieu's doctrine, like the birds of passage whom Darwin describes as carrying germs from one country to another. It sometimes happens in such cases that the germs reach a soil more propitious than that in which they originated, and they spread in new regions while dying out in old. So it has been with Montesquieu's doctrine. It is now extinct, except in the countries of the American continent south of the Dominion of Canada. Everywhere else in the world the principle upon which constitutional government is founded is the connection of the powers and not the separation of the powers.

Blackstone was, of course, too well advised of actual practice in England to regard the executive branch as separate and distinct from the legislative branch of government. He remarks that "it is highly necessary for preserving the balance of the constitution, that the executive power should be a branch, though not the whole, of the legislature." The point on which he laid stress was that the law could not be altered unless all branches of the legislature—crown, lords, and commons—should agree to alter it. "Herein indeed," he remarks, "consists the true excellence of the English Government, that all the parts of it form a mutual check upon each other"; but he adds that "the whole is prevented from separation, and artificially connected together by the mixed nature of the crown, which is a part of the legislative, and the sole executive magistrate." Blackstone then employs a metaphor which is a typical example of what President Wilson describes as "the Whig theory of political dynamics." Referring to the crown, the lords, and the commons, Blackstone says: "Like three distinct powers in mechanics, they jointly impel the machine of government in a direction different from what either, acting by itself, would have done; but at the same time in a direction partaking of each and formed out of all; a direction which constitutes the true line of the liberty and happiness of the community."

Both Montesquieu's theory and Blackstone's adaptation of it are now discarded by political science. Nowhere is it now treated with such scant respect as in England itself, whose constitution the theory purported to expound. In the account of English political thought in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, given in the sixth volume of the "Cambridge Modern History," the doctrine of the separation of the powers is referred to as a "hallucination" and as "an illusory theory" whose influence has been signally mischievous.

The causes of the discredit in which the doctrine now stands are soon stated. It is found that forms of government which are constructed on that principle always experience derangement of constitutional function, and it is found that forms of government displaying constitutional vigor and efficiency are organized on the directly contrary principle of the connection of the powers. This latter principle was set up in antagonism to Montesquieu's doctrine early in its career. In his "Thoughts on the Present Discontents," published in 1770, Edmund Burke attributed the constitutional disease then manifest in the English Government to a lack of proper connection of the powers. He declared: "Nothing, indeed, will appear more certain, on any tolerable consideration of this matter, than that *every sort of government ought to have its administration correspondent to its legislature.* If it should be otherwise, things must fall into a hideous disorder." The italics are Burke's own, emphasizing his dissent from the doctrine of the separation of the powers. Although he does not expressly mention that doctrine, the antagonism of his attitude was promptly noted, and it subjected him to attack from the reformers of the period, whose theory was that the source of political corruption was partisan disturbance of the checks and balances of the constitution. Burke never

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wavered in his conception of constitutional government as being essentially an affair of administration, subject to control in behalf of the people expressed through Parliament, which for the discharge of that function had to be connected with the administration. When a section of the Whig party was inclined to favor the French Revolution he broke with it and wrote his "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs," in which he censured "those who have coined to themselves Whig principles from a French die, unknown to the impress of our fathers in the constitution."

The radical reformer Thomas Paine admired the French die as patterned by Rousseau, but not as by Montesquieu, and he defended it against Burke's strictures. Incidentally he condemned the theory of government by division of power and partition of sovereignty. In the first part of his "Rights of Man" he characterized such government as "a government of this, that, and t'other," and declared that "the moving power in this species of government is of necessity corruption."

Here are affirmations directly antagonistic to Montesquieu's doctrine. He alleges that the separation of the powers makes for political liberty. Burke alleges that it makes for hideous disorder; Paine, that it makes for corruption. The inductive method asks what history has to say on the point, and it finds that the evidence agrees with the ideas of Burke and Paine, but does not agree with the ideas of Montesquieu. The record shows that the invariable result of the admission of the principle of the separation of the powers into the constitution of a state has been disease, characterized in some cases by an acute phase soon fatal, in other cases by derangement of function lasting until the cause has been removed.

The case of revolutionary France is typical of the acute phase. A series of constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers promptly broke down, and when Napoleon Bonaparte got control of constitution-making it was replaced by the principle of the connection of the powers. The Constitution of 1791 expressly denied to the administration any power to propose laws; the Constitution of 1799, under which Bonaparte assumed the office of first consul, expressly provided that the laws shall be proposed by the administration as the first stage in the process of enactment. With the adoption of that constitution Montesquieu's doctrine disappears from French forms of government. The Constitution of 1875, under which the present French Republic was established, expressly connects the executive and legislative powers and confers upon the President of the republic an initiative of the laws. It is significant that this constitution has lived, whereas the constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers all perished.

The experience of France extinguished the influence of Montesquieu's doctrine in Europe, not so much by exhibiting its error as by introducing conditions in which abstract ideals could not live. While the Napoleonic wars were sweeping over Europe nations had enough to do to maintain their existence, and questions as to forms of government had to be postponed to quieter times. When political development was resumed after the settlements of national territory made by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the constitutional scheme that dominated the thought of reformers was no abstract model of government, but the concrete example afforded by the English parliamentary system, the most salient characteristic of which is the connection of the powers. One curious exception is to be noted. As one of the consequences of the Napoleonic wars, Norway was detached from Denmark, and she seized the occasion to adopt the Constitution of 1814. It was founded on the principle of the separation of the powers, so rigorously applied that the councillors of state forming the executive department were prohibited from even entering the legislative halls. The expectation was that this would secure the dignity and power of the representative assembly, but it was found to work just the other way, and the democratic party, that had originally labored to shut the councillors out, now labored to compel them to come in, while the court party opposed the demand. The struggle disturbed the country for many years, and had reached the verge of civil war when, in 1884, the king yielded and the connection of the powers was established, making the national representative assembly the organ of the sovereignty of the people, and virtually converting Norway into a democratic republic.

Thus went out the last flicker of Montesquieu's theory in Europe. It was so obso-

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lete by 1827 when Hallam published his standard "Constitutional History of England" that he does not even refer to a theory of the English Constitution once so famous and influential; and throughout his treatise he expounds the English Constitution as being based on the connection of the powers. Referring to the attempts made immediately after the Revolution of 1688 to shut ministers of the crown out of the House of Commons, he declared that the consequences would have been deadly. "Such a separation and want of intelligence between the crown and Parliament must either have destroyed the one or degraded the other." It is this degradation of the legislative branch that is the chief mark of the chronic phase of constitutional disease from the separation of the powers.

The state forms appearing in the American continents exhibit many instances both of the acute and of the chronic phase of constitutional malady from the theory of the separation of the powers. The Spanish-American countries framed their constitutions on this principle, and the world has never seen a more unstable and turbulent group of states. When Darwin visited South America in the course of his voyage in the *Beagle*, he notes in one place that the country had experienced fifteen revolutions in nine months. It is a fair logical inference from such results that fundamental defect exists in the organization of public authority, but instead of making this inference it is a common practice to advance the queer explanation that the defect is in the character of the people, making them unable to live up to a beautiful constitutional theory. As a matter of fact, sound constitutional arrangements react upon the character of the people in such a way as to achieve good results with inferior material. A remarkable instance of this is incidentally supplied by Darwin. In the course of the *Beagle's* voyage, he visited the Australian colony of New South Wales, arriving in 1836. He found much that shocked him in the state of society. "The whole community is rancorously divided into parties on almost every subject." The large convict element was a source of demoralizing influence, and Darwin feared that the tone of society "can hardly fail to deteriorate." At the present day no one would deny that New South Wales possesses strong, orderly, and efficient institutions of government, and they are founded in violation of Montesquieu's theory. The contrast between Australian and South American history as regards political order is certainly very striking, and it becomes still more significant when it is considered that progress toward orderly and efficient government in South America is accompanied by rejection of the principle of the separation of the powers. The very country (now known as Argentina) whose unstable politics were noted by Darwin has since attained settled government and is experiencing great industrial development, under a constitution which explicitly connects the executive and legislative departments. The process of constitutional development in South America has tended away from the original type borrowed from the United States, and has moved toward the type exhibited by the present Constitution of France. Most of the existing constitutions of South American States now conform to the present French Constitution and, like it, expressly provide for the connection of the powers. It was a fortunate circumstance for South America that, in framing municipal institutions, the model that guided action was the French municipal system, founded by Napoleon Bonaparte, when he set about extricating local government in France from the horrible confusion that had ensued from attempts to apply the doctrine of the separation of the powers. He swept away the complicated system of elections, primary assemblies, colleges of notables, and co-ordinate authorities provided by the legislation of the revolutionary period, and substituted a simple form of representative government. Elections are confined to the choice of representatives; the representatives elect a mayor who presides at their meetings, fills by his own appointment all offices created by the council and prepares the municipal budget. The essential feature of the system is the connection of the powers, and its elasticity is such that it suffices for every urban community, small or large, a village or a city, as the mayor and council have power to organize all administrative details as local needs may require. This simple but efficient form of municipal government is probably the most successful of all Napoleon Bonaparte's feats of statesmanship. It has spread to Italy, Belgium, Spain, Greece, Japan, and the South American republics.

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The brilliancy of achievement displayed in the administration of the great cities growing up in South America is largely attributable to the fact that municipal institutions there escaped the doctrine of the separation of the powers.

A disposition to discard that principle, after much bitter experience of its results, is now strongly manifested in the field of municipal government in the United States. This is the constitutional significance of the commission plan of government now spreading rapidly through the country. In effect, although not consciously, it adopts the principle of the connection of the powers, but arrives at it by such an attenuation of the principle of representation, that it affords no guidance to efforts for the improvement of the character of State government. Although they must be connected, the executive and legislative functions must be differently organized, in constitutional arrangements suitable for any community covering an extensive area with diversified interests. Inability to establish representative government on a sound constitutional basis is now inciting efforts to introduce substitutes for representative government which will be apt to aggravate the constitutional disease that now afflicts all the States of the Union. There is not one that displays the sound and healthful operation of governmental functions. All constitutions founded on the principle of the separation of the powers are weak and ailing. The class includes some as remote in place as those of Pennsylvania and Nicaragua, Oklahoma and Venezuela, but they have a family likeness. A characteristic of the type is addiction to bills of right and declarations of abstract principle, which are the hall-marks of constitutional imperfection and political immaturity.

The special aid rendered to the study of political pathology by the States belonging to our Federal system comes from the fact that they are the finest specimens that have yet appeared of the chronic phase of constitutional disease from French infection. The marks of legislative degradation appear far more plainly in them than in any other state forms of this type. Even past growths in South America afford no specimens comparable with our own products in that respect. Any one of our State constitutions will do as a satisfactory specimen as to this. It will be found that complicated restraints are imposed upon the legislature, implying that it does not really discharge its proper function of representing the people. The Constitution of the State of Maryland makes a curious record of change in this respect. The constitution adopted in 1776 declared that "for redress of grievances, and for amending, strengthening, and preserving the laws, the legislature ought to be frequently convened." That was a sound precept derived from English experience. It was also declared that "the legislative, executive, and judicial powers of government ought to be forever separate and distinct from each other." That was a false precept derived from French philosophy. Experience under its influence has been such that at present the Constitution of Maryland does not permit the legislature to meet oftener than once in two years, or sit longer than ninety days. Other State constitutions present still more striking evidence of the degradation of the legislative function, and of the odious light in which legislative bodies are commonly regarded. This is a situation peculiar to constitutions framed on the principle of the separation of the powers. In Switzerland legislative assemblies meet as often as several times a year, without occasioning more excitement than the monthly meeting of any board of directors.

The inductive method is not merely a study of historic sequences of cause and effect. In addition to discrediting Montesquieu's doctrine by consideration of practical consequences, political science is now able to expose its fallacy by analysis, revealing the causes of its failure. Hence it is now possible to detect as pathological results certain striking phenomena of American politics, the connection of which with Montesquieu's doctrine is not apparent. One of the more important of these is the large transfer of the law-making function and of the control of public policy from representative assemblies to the judiciary. Among the obscure consequences of the doctrine are also the multiplicity of elective offices and the growth of an enormous mass of statute law in regard to nominations to office and party procedure, the like of which exists nowhere else in the world. There is, however, one consequence now beginning to attract public attention, the

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connection of which with the terms of the doctrine is almost obvious.

A government of separated powers is plainly incapable of responding to demands for greater efficiency of administration. In fact, as soon as attention is turned to business efficiency, separation of powers seems out of place. Any one who should suggest that in the organization of a private business corporation the president should not take part in the meetings of the board of directors, would be stared at as being out of plumb mentally. There is really no difference between public business and private business as to the principles of successful management, nor is any such difference supposed to exist except where people's minds are clouded by eighteenth century superstitions. As soon as Montesquieu's doctrine is examined, it is found that by its terms it does not make for efficiency. It was not meant to assist action, but to arrest action in the interest of privileged orders and classes. The question how the public business may be carried on was raised and briefly considered by Montesquieu. He remarked: "These three powers should naturally form a state of repose or inaction. But as there is a necessity for movement in the course of human affairs, they are forced to move, but still in concert." In the acute phase of constitutional disease from this principle the separate powers are forced to move by violence, making the true constitution a military oligarchy. In the chronic phase they are forced to move by corruption, making the true constitution a plutocratic oligarchy. Means do not exist for action in the sole interest of the general welfare, for the essential characteristic of the scheme is that all action shall be subject to the consent of privileged interests distinctly represented in the government. The scheme was not made for democratic use and is not susceptible of conversion to democratic use. This is the secret of the disharmony between American society and American politics. The rule of the people cannot be made effective for lack of appropriate institutions. Their sovereignty cannot become concrete and practical without an organ in which it can reside. Wherever the rule of the people is effective, it will be found that there is such an organ, formed by the connection of the executive and legislative branches. In Switzerland the connection is so complete that the representative assembly does not consider any project of law until it has been first examined and formulated by the executive department.

It is the inherent defect of the Montesquieu scheme on the point of efficiency that first prompted the departure from it known as the Galveston Commission plan, the influence of which is fast expelling the doctrine from municipal constitutions. There are portents of a similar departure in State constitutions. The movement now taking place in Oregon for substituting one business manager for the forty-seven boards and commissions now managing the public business in that State, is a sign of the times. The pamphlet put in circulation to explain the objects of the movement says that it is "designed to provide a system by which the conduct of State and county government may be made as efficient and economical as the management by the citizens of their private business." Approaching the subject from that point of view, the Montesquieu scheme does not come within the range of practical consideration. But having efficiency in mind, this recommendation follows as a matter of natural order: "The governor and his cabinet are given seats on the floor of both houses with the right to speak and introduce measures, and especially general appropriation bills for the maintenance of State government and existing institutions." Just such powers are exercised by the executive department in Switzerland, where the efficiency and economy of government is proverbial.

As soon as the break begins anywhere it will spread rapidly everywhere in forms of State government, just as it is now doing in forms of municipal government. The United States is now the only part of the world in which Montesquieu's doctrine still clogs the democratic movement of the age, and it is doomed to succumb to the insistent demand now made everywhere for efficiency of government. Already it is so discredited scientifically that the debates in Congress on constitutional questions have a quaint, paleozoic quality. They sound like echoes from a remote past. Those noisy panics over encroachments by the executive on the legislative department are grotesque anachronisms, interesting as survivals of eighteenth century ideas now quite without influence upon the spirit of the age. The men

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now going out of our universities, the generations soon to take over the management of affairs, have escaped from the eighteenth century and its shallow philosophy in politics and ethics, and with their gradual advent to power the Montesquieu doctrine will be excluded from our State forms. Not until its career is finished and it can be viewed in its entirety as an episode in constitutional history, can it be fully appreciated. At present its mischiefs are too apparent to allow of a just valuation. Its propagation over so great an area is evidence that, fallacious as it is as a theory, it was not without utility as a fiction. Just as ethnologists find that an apparently absurd fetich system, eventually a burden upon the lives and thought of people, may have, in its time, supplied to them a principle of social coherence, so it may well be that the spread of the principle of the separation of the powers has been attended by some political advantage. It has lingered longest in the United States owing to the intense political conservatism which marks the national character and which is on the whole a salutary instinct; and that instinct may be trusted to make the impending reconstruction of our forms of government gradual and safe.

THE ARCTIC PRAIRIES

BY ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

III.—THE LAND OF THE CARIBOU.—(*Continued.*)

XVI.—CARIBOU-LAND AT LAST

ON the morning of August 1, we launched on Artillery Lake, feeling, for the tenth time, that now we really were on the crowning stretch of our journey, that at last we were entering the land of the caribou.

Over the deep, tranquil waters of the lake we went, scanning the painted shores with their dwindling remnant of forest. There is something inspiring about the profundity of transparency in these lakes. When fifteen feet deep, their bottoms are no more obscured than in an ordinary eastern brook at six inches. On looking down into the far below world, one gets the sensation of flight, as one skims overhead in the swift canoe. As we spun along the southeast coast of the lake, the country grew less rugged; the continuous steep granite hills were replaced by lower buttes with long grassy plains between; and, as I took them in, I marvelled at their name—*the Barren Grounds;* bare of trees, yes, but the plains were covered with rich, rank grass, more like New England meadows. There were stretches where the herbage was rank as on the Indiana prairies, and the average pasture of the bleaker parts was better than the best of central Wyoming. A cattleman of the west would think himself made if he could be sure of such pastures on his range, yet these are the *Barren Grounds*.

At three we passed the splendid landmark of Beaver Lodge mountain. Its rosy-red granite cliffs contrast wonderfully with its emerald cap of verdant grass and mosses that cover it in tropical luxuriance, and its rippling lake about it was of Mediterranean hues.

We covered the last nine miles in one hour and fifty-three minutes, passed the deserted Indian Village, and landed at Last Woods at 8.30 P. M.

The edge of the timber is the dividing line between the Hudsonian and the Arctic regions. It is the beginning of the country we had come to see. We were now in the land of caribou.

At this point we were prepared to spend several days, leave a cache, gather a bundle of choice firewood, then enter on the treeless plains.

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An ancient dwarf about 250 years old.—Billy ready for action.

That night it stormed, all were tired, there was no reason to bestir ourselves; it was ten when we arose. Half an hour later Billy came to my tent and said, "Mr. Seton, here's some deer." I rushed to the door, and there, with my own eyes, I saw on a ridge a mile away 4 great caribou standing against the sky.

We made for a near hill and met Preble returning, he also had seen them. From a higher viewpoint the 4 proved part of a band of 20.

Then other bands came in view, 16, 61, 3, 299, and so on, each valley had a scattering few, all travelling slowly southward, or standing to enjoy the cool breeze that ended the torment of the flies. About 1,000 were in sight. These were my first caribou, the first fruits of three thousand miles of travel.

Weeso got greatly excited; "these were the forerunners of the great herd"; he said, "Plenty caribou now," and grinned like a happy child.

I went in one direction, taking only my camera. At least 20 caribou trotted within fifty feet of me.

Billy and Weeso took their rifles, intent on venison, but the caribou avoided them, and six or eight shots were heard before they got a young buck.

All that day I revelled in caribou, no enormous herds, but always a few in sight.

The next day Weeso and I went to the top ridge, eastward. He with rifle, I with camera. He has a vague idea of the camera's use, but told Billy privately that "the rifle was much better for caribou." He couldn't understand why I should restrain him from blazing away as long as the ammunition held out. "What in the world did we come for?" But he was amenable to discipline and did as I wished when he understood.

Now on the top of that windy ridge I sat with this copper-colored child of the spruce woods to watch these cattle of the plains.

The caribou is a travelsome beast, always in a hurry, going against the wind. When the wind is west, all travel west, when it veers they veer. Now the wind was northerly and all were going north, not walking, not galloping—the caribou rarely gallops, and then only for a moment or two; his fast gait is a steady trot, a ten-mile gait, making with stops about six miles an hour. But they are ever on the move; when you see a caribou that doesn't move, you know at once it isn't a caribou—it's a rock.

We sat down on the hill at 3 P.M.; in a few minutes a cow caribou came trotting from the south, caught the wind at fifty yards, and dashed away.

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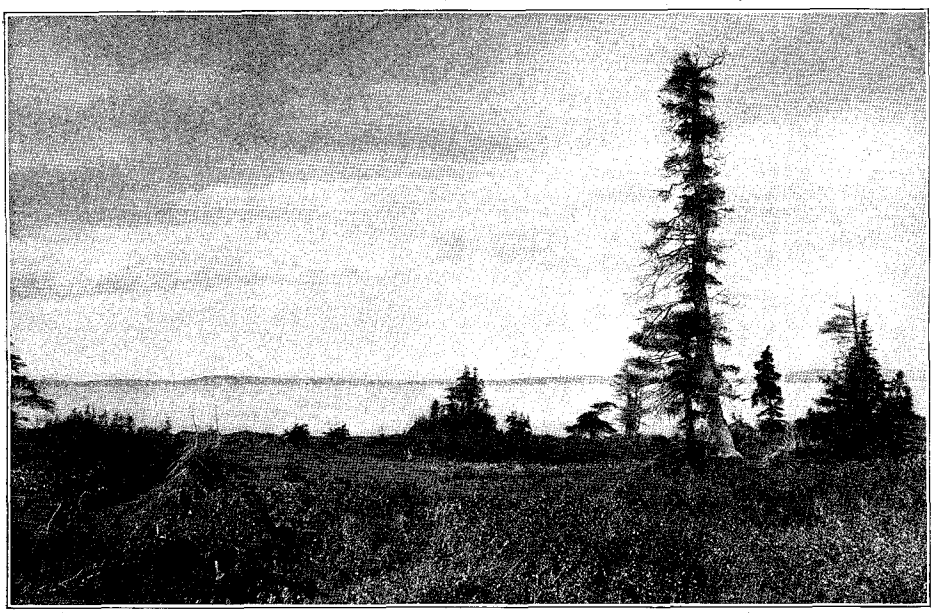

The giants on the edge of the forest.

In five minutes another, in twenty minutes a young buck, in twenty minutes more a big buck, in ten minutes a great herd of about five hundred appeared in the south. They came along at full trot, lined to pass us on the southeast. At half a mile they struck our scent and all recoiled as though we were among them. They scattered in alarm, rushed south again, then gathered in solid body, came on once more, again to spring back and scatter, as they caught the taint of man. After much and various running, scattering and massing, they once more charged the fearsome odor and went right through it. Now they passed at five hundred yards and gave the chance for a fair camera shot.

The sound of their trampling was heard a long way off, half a mile, but at three hundred yards I could not distinguish the clicking of the feet, whereas, this clicking was very plainly to be heard from the band that passed within fifty yards of me this morning.

They snort a good deal and grunt a little, and, notwithstanding their continual haste, I noticed that, from time to time, one or two would lie down, but at once jump up and rush on when they found they were being left behind.

Many more single deer came that day, but no more large herds.

About 4.30, a fawn of this year (two and one-half or three months) came rushing along from the north, all alone. It charged up a hill for two hundred yards, then changed its mind, and charged down again, then raced to a bunch of tempting herbage, cropped it hastily, dashed to a knoll, left at an angle, darted toward us, till within forty yards, then dropped into a thick bed of grass, where it lay as though it had unlimited time.

I took one photograph, and as I crawled to get one nearer, a shot passed over my head, and the merry cackle told me that Weeso had yielded to temptation and had collected that fawn.

A young buck now came trotting and grunting toward us, till within sixteen paces, which proved too much for Weeso, who, then and there, in spite of repeated, recent orders, started him on the first step toward the museum collection.

I scolded him angrily, and he looked glum and unhappy, like a naughty little boy caught in some indiscretion which he cannot understand. He said nothing to me, but later complained to Billy, and asked, "What did we come for?"

The south wind had blown for some days before we arrived, and the result was to fill the country with caribou coming from the

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north. The day after we came, the north wind set in and continued for three days, so that soon there was not a caribou to be found in the region.

XVII.—GOOD-BY TO THE WOODS

THE last woods is a wonderfully interesting biological point or line, this final arm of the forest does not die away gradually with uncertain edges and in steadily dwindling trees. The latter have sent their stoutest champions to the front, or produced, as by a final effort, some giants for the line of battle. And that line, with its sentinels, is so marked that one can stand with one foot on the territory of each, or, as scientists call them, the Arctic region and the cold temperate.

And each of the embattled kings, Jack Frost and Sombre Pine, has his children in abundance to possess the land as he wins it. Right up to the skirmish line are they.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

The low thickets of the woods were swarming with tree sparrows, redpolls, robins, hooded sparrows, and the bare plains a few yards away were peopled and vocal with birds to whom a bush is an abomination. Lapland longspur, snowbird, shorelarks, and pipits were here, soaring and singing, or among the barren rocks were ptärmigan in garments that are painted in the pattern of their rocks.

There is one sombre fowl of ample wing that knows no line, is at home on the open or in the woods. His sonorous voice has a human sound that is uncanny; his form is visible afar in the desert and sinister as a gibbet, his plumage fits in with nothing but the night which he does not love. This evil genius of the land is the raven of the north. Its numbers increased as we reached the barrens and, the morning after the first caribou was killed, no less than twenty-eight were assembled at its offal.

The strange forms of these last trees are very characteristic and suggestive of a Dutch garden. Although seemingly whimsical and vagrant, there is, however, an evident harmony. The individual history of each is in three stages.

First as a low, thick, creeping bush sometimes ten feet across but only a foot high. In this stage it continues until rooted enough and with capital enough to send up a long central shoot; which is stage number 2. This central shoot is like a Noah's Ark pine. In time it becomes the tree, and finally the basal thicket dies away, leaving the specimen in stage number 3.

A stem of one of the low creepers was cut for examination; it was 1½ inches through and 25 years old. Some of those low mats of spruce have stems 5 inches through; these must be fully 100 years old.

A tall, dead-white spruce at the camp was 30 feet high and 11 inches in diameter at 4 feet from the ground. Its 190 rings were hard to count, they were so thin. The central ones were widest, there being 16 to the inmost inch of radius, on the outside to the north 50 rings made only ½ an inch, and 86 made 1 inch.

Numbers 42 and 43, counting from the outside, were two or three times as thick as those outside of them, and much thicker than the next within; they must have repre-

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

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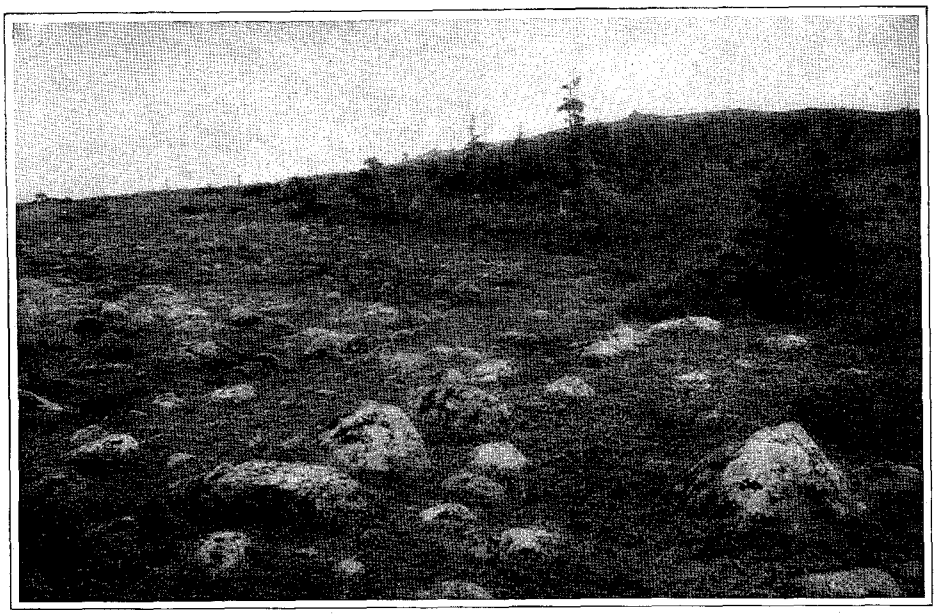


Tyrrell's monument at Last Woods.
The monument is seen on the sky-line at the right of the large tree.

sented years of unusual summers. Number 99 also was of great size. What years these corresponded with, one could only guess, as the tree was a long time dead.

Another dwarf, but 8 feet high, was 12 inches through. It had 205 rings plus a 5-inch hollow which we reckoned at about 100 rings of growth. Sixty-four rings made only $1\frac{3}{8}$ inches, the outmost of the 64 was 2 inches in from the outside of the wood. Those on the outer 2 inches were even smaller, so as to be exceedingly difficult to count. This tree was at least 300 years old, our estimates according to the data varied from 300 to 325 years.

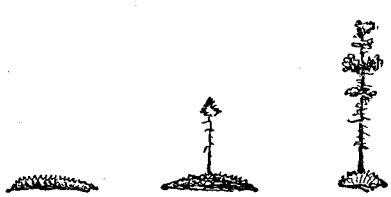
XVIII.—THE TREELESS PLAINS

On August 7 we left Camp Last Woods. Our various specimens with a stock of food were secured as usual in a cache, high in two trees, those already used by Tyrrell years before, and guarded each by the magic necklace of cod-hooks.

This morning the wind turned and blew from the south. At 2 P.M. we saw a band of some sixty caribou travelling southward, these were the first seen for two or three days. After this, we saw many odd ones, and about three, a band of four hundred or five hundred. At night we camped on Casba River, having covered thirty-six miles in seven hours and forty-five minutes.

The place we had selected for camp proved to be a caribou-crossing.

As we drew near, a dozen of them came from the east and swam across. A second band of eight now appeared. We gave chase. They spurted; so did we. Our canoe was going over six miles an hour, and yet was but slowly overtaking them. They made the water foam around them. Their heads, necks, shoulders, backs, rumps, and tails were out. I never before saw land animals move so fast in the water. A fawn in danger of being left behind reared up on its mother's back and hung on with fore feet. The leader was a doe or a young buck, I couldn't be sure; the last was a big buck. They soon struck bottom and bounded along on the shore. It was too dark for a picture.



The three ages of the spruce.
From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

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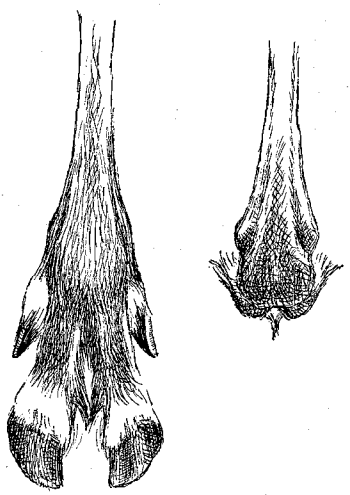
As we were turning in for the night, thirty caribou came trotting and snorting through the camp. Half of them crossed the water, but the rest turned back when Billy shouted.

Later, a band of two hundred passed through and around our tents.

In the morning Billy complained that he could not sleep all night for caribou travelling by his tent and stumbling over the guy ropes. From this time on we were nearly always in sight of caribou, small bands or scattering groups; one had the feeling that the whole land is like this, on and on and on, unlimited space with unlimited wild herds.



Front left foot of caribou showing position of backward and forward stroke when swimming.

From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

A year afterward as I travelled in the fair State of Illinois, famous for its cattle, I was struck by the idea that one sees far more caribou in the north than cattle in Illinois. This State has about fifty-six thousand square miles of land and three million cattle, the Arctic Plains have over a million square miles of prairie; which, allowing for the fact that I saw the best of the range, would set the caribou numbers at over thirty million. There is a good deal of evidence that this is not far from the truth.

The reader may recollect the original postulate of my plan. Other travellers have gone on relying on the abundant caribou and seen none, so starved. I relied on no caribou, I took plenty of groceries, and because I was independent, the caribou walked into camp nearly every day, and we lived largely on their meat, saving our groceries for an emergency which came in an unexpected form. One morning when we were grown accustomed to this condition, I said to Billy:

"How is the meat?"

"Nearly gone; we'll need another caribou about Thursday."

"You better get one now, to be ready Thursday. I don't like it so steaming fresh; see, there's a nice little buck on that hillside."

"No, not him. Why, he is nearly half a mile off! I'd have to pack him in. Let's wait till one comes in camp."

Which we did, and usually got our meat delivered near the door.

Thus we were living on the fat of many lands, and on the choicest fat of this.

And what a land it is for pasture! At this place it reminds one of Texas. Open, grassy plains, sparser reaches of sand, long slopes of mesquite mesas dotted with cedars and stretches of chaparral and soapweed. Only these vegetations here are willow, dwarf-birch, tiny spruce, and ledum, and the country, as a whole, is far too green and rich. The emerald verdure of the shore in not a few places carried me back to the west coast of Ireland.

The daily observations of route and landmark I can best leave for record only on my maps. I had one great grievance against previous explorers (except Tyrrell), that is, they left no monuments. Aiming to give no ground of complaint against us, we made mementos at all important points. On the night of August 8 we camped at Cairn Bay, on the west side of Casba Lake, so named because of the five remarkable glacial cairns or conical stone piles about it; on the top of one of these I left my monument, a six-foot pillar of large stones.

XIX.—THE UNKNOWN

On the afternoon of August 9 we passed the important headland that I have called Tyrrell Point; here we jumped off his map into the unknown. I had, of course, the small chart made by Sir George Back in 1834, but it was hastily made, under great difficulties, and, with a few exceptions, it seemed impossible to recognize his landscape features. Next day I explored the east arm of Clinton-Colden and discovered the tributary river that I have called Laurier River, and near its mouth made a cairn enclosing a caribou antler,

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From a photograph taken by and used with the kind permission of J. B. Tyrrell.

Spring migration of caribou.

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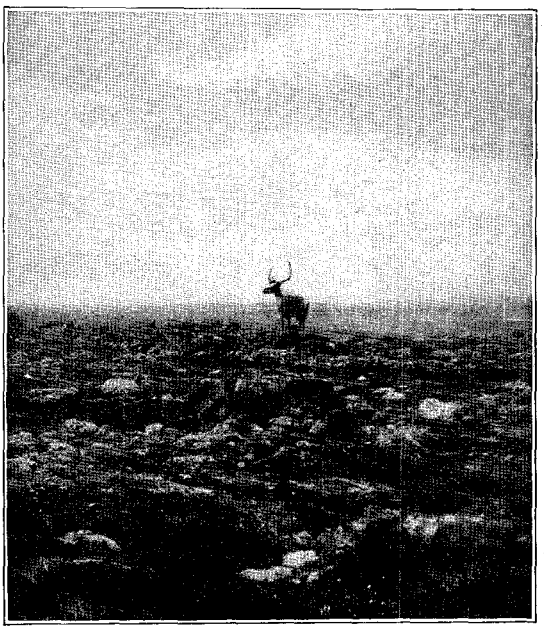
with inscription (E. T. Seton, 10 August, 1907).

Future travellers on this lake will find, as I did, that the conical butte in eastern part is an important landmark. It is a glacial dump about fifty feet above the general level, which again is a hundred feet above the water; visible and recognizable from nearly all parts of the lake.



A young buck.

Thus we went on, day by day, sometimes detained by head or heavy winds, but making great progress in the calm, which nearly always came in the evening; thirty and thirty-five miles a day we went, led on and stimulated by the thirst to see and know. "I must see what is over that ridge," "I must make sure that this is an island," or, "Maybe from that lookout I shall see Lake Aylmer," or "A band of caribou, yes, or even a band of muskox." Always there was some reward, and nearly always it was a surprise.

From time to time we came on snowbirds with their young broods, evidently at home. Ptärmigan abounded. Parry's ground-squirrel was found at nearly all points, including the large islands. The Lap longspur swarmed everywhere; their loud *chee chups* were the first sounds to greet us each time we neared the land. And out over all the lake were loons, loons, loons. Four species abound here; they caterwaul and yodel all day and all night. Each in its own particular speech. From time to time a wild hyena chorus from the tranquil water on the purple sunset haze suggested that a pack of goblin hounds were chevying a goblin buck, but it turned out always to be a family of red-throated loons, yodelling their inspiring march song.

One day, when at Gravel Mountain, old Weeso came to camp in evident fear—far off he had seen a man. In this country a man must mean an Esquimau; with them the Indian has a long feud; of them he is in terror. We never learned the truth; I think he was mistaken.

Every day we saw a few caribou, and yet I never failed to get a thrill at each fresh one. "There's a caribou," one says with perennial intensity that is evidence of perennial pleasure in the sight. Once or twice the long howl of the white wolf sounded from the shore.

A great many of the single caribou were on the small islands. In six cases that came under close observation, the animal in question had a broken leg. A broken leg generally evidences recent inroads by hunters, but the nearest Indians were two hundred miles to the south, and the nearest Esquimaux three hundred miles to the north. There was every reason to believe that we were the only human beings in the vast region, and certainly we had broken no legs. Every caribou fired at (eight) had been secured and used. There is only one dangerous large enemy common in this country; that is the white wolf. And the more I pondered it, the more sure it seemed that the wolves had broken the caribous' legs.

How? This is the history of each case: The caribou is so much swifter than the wolves that the latter have no chance in open chase; they therefore adopt the stratagem of a sneaking surround and a drive over the rocks or a precipice, where the caribou, if not actually killed, is more or

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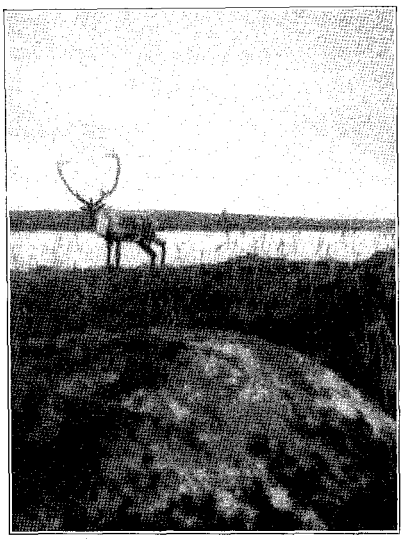
less disabled. In some cases, only a leg is broken, and then that caribou knows his only chance is to make the water. Here his wonderful powers of swimming make him easily safe, so much so that the wolves make no attempt to follow. The crippled deer makes for some island sanctuary, where he rests in peace till his leg is healed, or, it may be in some cases, till the freezing of the lake brings him again into power of his foe.

These six, then, were the cripples in hospital. I need hardly say they suffered no harm from us.



Caribou with broken leg in sanctuary.

Same caribou (another photo.).

In this country when you see a tree, you know perfectly well it isn't a tree; it's the horns of a caribou lying down. An unusually large affair of branches appeared on an island in the channel to Aylmer. I landed, camera in hand; there was a tuft of herbage thirty yards from him; another twenty yards. I crawled to the first and made a snapshot; then, flat as a rug, sneaked my way to the one I estimated at twenty yards. The click of the camera alarmed the buck; he rose, tried the wind, then lay down again, giving me another glance. Having used all the films, I now stood up. The caribou dashed away, and by a slight limp showed that he was in sanctuary. The twenty-yard estimate proved too long; it was only sixteen yards, which put my picture a little out of focus.

There never was a day, and rarely an hour of each day, that we did not see several caribou, and there never was a caribou sighted that did not give us a thrill of pleasure and a general happy sense of satisfaction—the thought: "This is what we came for."

XX.—GOOD-BY TO THE CARIBOU

On the home journey, in the early part of September, as we coursed along the shore of Artillery Lake, we saw small groups of caribou. They were now in fine coat; the manes on the males were long and white, and we saw two with cleaned antlers; on one of these the horns were of a brilliant red, which I suppose meant that they were cleaned that day and still bloody.

We arrived at the south end of Artillery Lake the night of September 8, and were now again in the continuous woods—what spindly little stuff it looked when we left it; what superb forest it looked now—and here we bade good-by to the prairies and caribou.

Here, therefore, I shall briefly summarize the information I gained about this notable creature. The species ranges over all the treeless plains and islands of Arctic America. While the great body is migratory, there are scattered individuals in all parts at all seasons. The main body winters in the sheltered southern third of the range to avoid the storms, and moves north in the late spring to avoid the plagues of deer-flies and mosquitoes. The former are found

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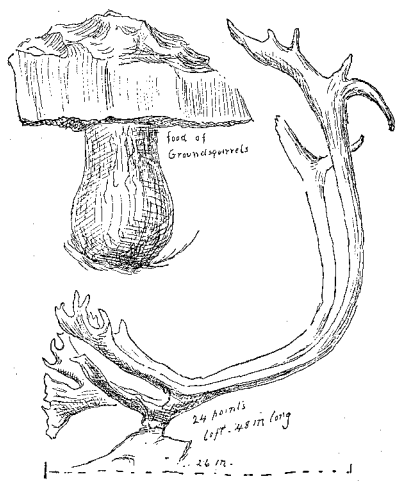
chiefly in the woods, the latter are bad everywhere; by travelling against the wind, a certain measure of relief is secured; northerly winds prevail, so the caribou are kept travelling northward.

When there is no wind, the instinctive habit of migration doubtless directs the general movement.

How are we to form an idea of their numbers? The only way seems to be by watching the great herd when it comes to its winter range. For the reasons already given, this was impossible; therefore I array some of the known facts that will evidence the size of the herd.



From Mr. Seton's sketch-book.

Warburton Pike, who saw them at Mackay Lake, October 20, 1889, says: "I cannot believe that the herds (of buffalo) on the prairie ever surpassed in size *la Foule* (the throng) of the caribou. *La Foule* had really come, and during its passage of six days, I was able to realize what an extraordinary number of these animals still roam the Barren Ground."

From figures and facts given me by H. T. Munn, of Brandon, Manitoba, I reckon that in the three weeks following July 25, 1892, he saw at Artillery Lake (latitude 62½°, longitude 112°) not less than 2,000,000 caribou travelling southward; he calls this merely the advance guard of the great herd. Colonel Jones (Buffalo Jones) who saw the herd in October at Clinton-Colden, has given me personally a description that furnishes the basis for an interesting calculation of their numbers.

He stood on a hill in the middle of the passing throng, with a clear view ten miles each way, and it was one army of caribou. How much farther they would spread he did not know. Sometimes they were bunched so that a hundred were on a space one hundred feet square, but often there would be open spaces equally large, without any. They averaged at least one hundred caribou to the acre; and they passed him at the rate of about three miles an hour. He did not know how long they were in passing this point, but at another place, they were four days, and travelled day and night. The whole world seemed a moving mass of caribou. He got the impression at last that they were standing still and he was on a rock hill that was rapidly running through their hosts.

Even halving these figures, to keep on the safe side, we find that the number of caribou in this army was over 25,000,000, yet it is possible that there are several such armies, in which case they must, indeed, far outnumber the buffalo in their palmiest epoch. —So much for the numbers to-day.

To what extent are they being destroyed? I was careful to get all available information on this point.

First, of the Indian destruction. In 1812 the Chipewyan population, according to Kennicott, was 7,500. Thomas Anderson of Fort Smith showed me a census of the Mackenzie River Indians which puts them at 3,961 in 1884. Official returns of the Canadian government give them in 1905 at 3,411, as follows:

Peel	400
Arctic Red River	100
Good Hope	500
Norman	300
Wrigley	100
Simpson	300
Rae	800
Liard & Nelson	400
Yellowknives	151
Dogribs	123
Chipewyans	123
Hay River	114
	3,411

River and Liard Indians, numbering about 400, can scarcely be considered caribou eaters, so that the Indian population feeding on caribou to-day is about 3,000, less than half what it was one hundred years ago.

Of these, not more than 600 are hunters. The traders generally agree that the average

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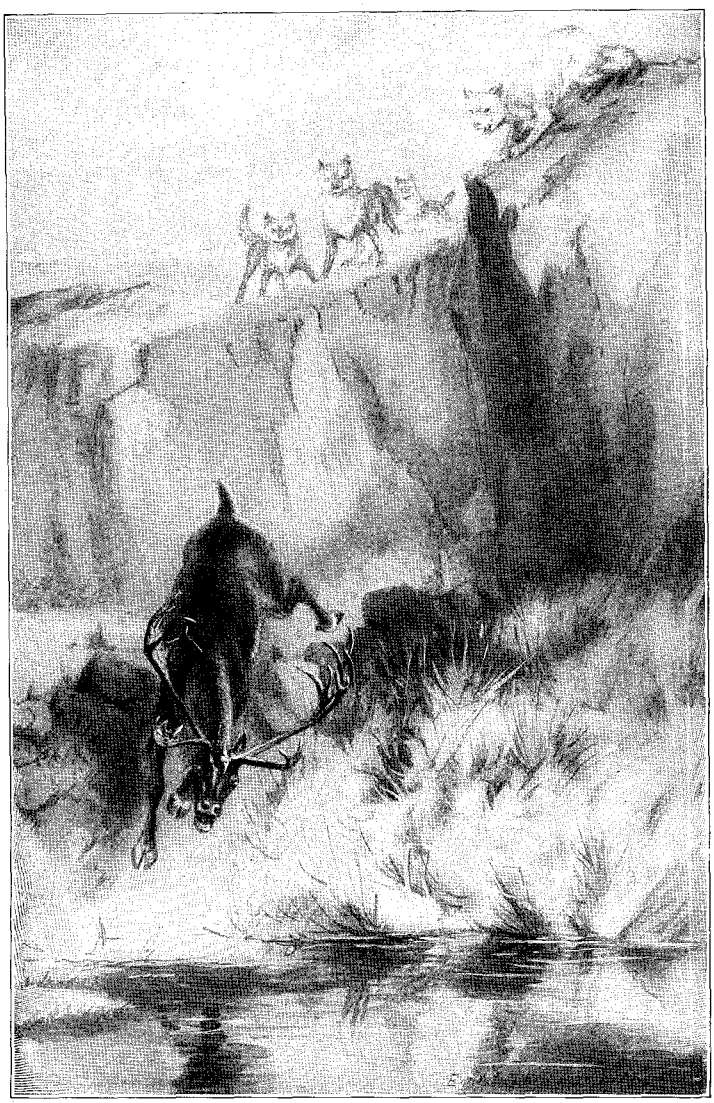

The leap for life.—Page 68.

annual kill of caribou is about 15 or 20 per man, not more. When George Sanderson, of Fort Resolution, got 75 one year, it was the talk of the country; many got none. Thus, 20,000 per annum, killed by the Indians, is a liberal estimate to-day.

There has been so much talk about distruction by whalers, that I was careful to gather all information. Several travellers who had wintered at Herschel Island told me that 4 is the usual number of whalers that winter on the north coast east of Point Barrow. Sometimes, but rarely, the number is increased to 8 or 10, never more. They buy what caribou they can from the Esquimaux, sometimes aggregating 300 or 400 carcasses in a winter, and would use more if they could get them, but they cannot, as the caribou herds are then far south. This, E. Sprake Jones, William Hay, and others, are sure represents fairly the total annual destruction by whalers on the north coast. Only one or two vessels of traffic go into Hudson's Bay, and these, with those of Herschel Island, are all that touch caribou country, so that the total

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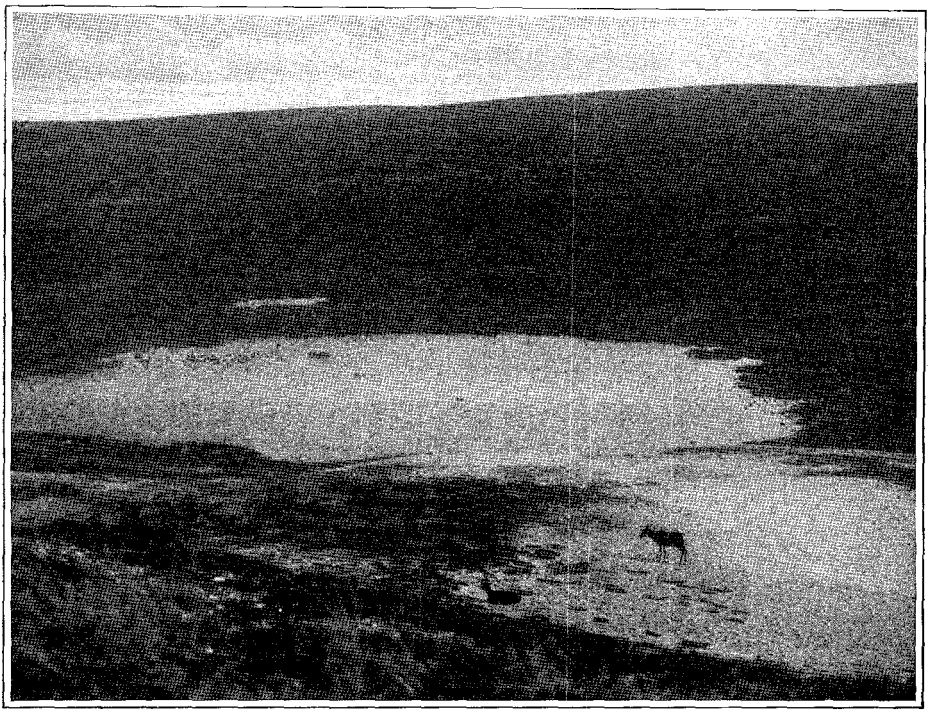

Caribou enjoying a breeze.

destruction by whalers must be under 1,000 head per annum.

The Esquimaux kill for their own use. Franz Boas ("Handbook of American Indians") gives the number of Esquimaux in the central region at 1,100. Of these, not more than 300 are hunters. If we allow their destruction to equal that of the 600 Indians, it is liberal, giving a total of 40,000 caribou killed by native hunters. As the whites rarely enter the region, this is practically all the destruction by man. The annual increase of 30,000,000 caribou must be several millions and would so far overbalance the hunter toll that the latter cannot make any permanent difference.

There is, moreover, good evidence that the native destruction has diminished. As already seen, the tribes which hunt the Barren Ground caribou number less than one-half of what they did one hundred years ago.

During this time they have learned to use the rifle, and this I am assured of by all the traders has lessened the destruction. By the old method with the spear in the water, or in the pound trap, one native might kill 100 caribou in one day, during the migrations; but these methods called for woodcraft and were very laborious. The rifle being much easier has displaced the spear, but there is a limit to its destruction, especially with cartridges at five to seven cents each, and, as already seen, the hunters do not average 20 caribou each in a year. Thus, all the known facts point to the greatly diminished slaughter to-day, when compared with that of one hundred years ago. This, then, is my summary of the Barren Ground caribou between the Mackenzie River and Hudson's Bay. They number over 30,000,000 and may be double of that. They are in primitive conditions and probably never more numerous than now. The native destruction is less now than formerly and never did make any perceptible difference.

Finally, the matter has by no means escaped the attention of the wide-awake Canadian government, represented by the Minister of the Interior and the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. It could not be in better hands, and there is no reason or fear in any degree of a repetition of the buffalo slaughter that disgraced the plains of the United States.

(To be concluded.)

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KENNEDY SQUARE

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

VI

THE wounded man lay on a lounge in the office room which was dimly lighted by the dying glow of the outside torches and an oil lamp hurriedly brought in. No one was present except St. George, Harry, the doctor, and a negro woman who had brought in some pillows and hot water. All that could be done for him had been done; he was unconscious and his life hung by a thread. Harry, now that the mysterious thing called his "honor" had been satisfied, was helping Teackle wash the wound prior to an attempt to probe for the ball.

The boy was crying quietly—the tears streaming unbidden down his cheeks—it was his first experience at this sort of thing. He had been brought up to know that some day it might come and that he must then face it, but he had never before realized the horror of what might follow. And yet he had not reached the stage of regret; he was sorry for the wounded man and for his suffering, but he was not sorry for his own share in causing it. He had only done his duty, and but for a stroke of good luck he and Willits might have exchanged places. Uncle George had expressed his feelings exactly when he said that only a bit of cold lead could settle some insults, and what insult could have been greater than the one for which he had shot Willits? What was a gentleman to do? Go around meeting his antagonist every day?—the two ignoring each other? Or was he to turn stable boy, and pound him with his fists?—or more ridiculous still—have him bound over to keep the peace, or bring an action for—— Bah!—for what?—Yes—for what? Willits hadn't struck him, or wounded him, or robbed him. It had been his life or mine. No—there was no other way—couldn't be any other way. Willits knew it when he tore up Kate's card—knew what would follow. There was no deception—nothing underhand. And he had got precisely what he deserved, sorry as he felt for his sufferings.

Then Kate's face rose before him—haunted him, in fact. Why hadn't she seen it this way? Why had she refused to look at him—refused to answer him—driven him away from her side, in fact?—he who had risked his life to save her from insult! Why wouldn't she allow him to even touch her hand? Why did she treat Willits—drunken vulgarian as he was—differently from the way she had treated him? She had broken off her engagement with him because he was drunk at Mrs. Cheston's ball where nobody had been hurt but himself, and here she was sympathizing with another drunken man who had not only outraged all sense of decency toward her, but had jeopardized the life of her affianced husband who defended her against his insults; none of which would have happened had the man been sober. All this staggered him.

More astounding still was her indifference. She had not even asked if he had escaped unhurt, but had concentrated all her interest upon the man who had insulted her. As to his own father's wrath—that he had expected. It was his way to break out, and this he knew would continue until he realized the enormity of the insult to Kate and heard how he and St. George had tried to ward off the catastrophe. Then he would not only change his opinion, but would commend him for his courage.

Outside the sick-room such guests as could be trusted were gathered together in the colonel's den where they talked in whispers. All agreed that the ladies and the older men must be sent home as soon as possible, and in complete ignorance of what had occurred. If Willits lived—of which there was little hope—his home would be at the colonel's until he fully recovered, the colonel adding that neither expense nor care would be spared to hasten his recovery. If he died, the body would be sent to his father's house later on.

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With this object in view the dance was adroitly shortened, the supper hurried through, and within an hour after midnight the last carriage and carryall of those kept in ignorance of the duel had departed, the only change in the programme being the non-opening of the rare old bottle and the announcement of Harry's and Kate's engagement—an omission which provoked little comment as it had been known but to few.

Kate remained. She had tottered upstairs holding on to the hand-rail and had thrown herself on a bed in the room leading out of the dressing-room, where she lay in her mud-stained dress, the silken petticoat torn and bedraggled with her leap from the window. She was weeping bitterly, her old black mammy sitting beside her trying to comfort her as best she could.

With the departure of the last guest—Mr. Seymour among them; the colonel doing the honors; standing bare-headed on the porch, his face all smiles as he bade them good-by—the head of the house of Rutter turned quickly on his heel, passed down the corridor, made his way along the long narrow hall, and entered his office where the wounded man lay. Harry, the negro woman, and Dr. Teackle alone were with him.

"Is there any change?" he asked in a perfectly even voice. Every vestige of his set smile had left his face. Harry he did not even notice.

"Not much—he is still alive," replied the doctor.

"Have you found the ball?"

"No—I have not looked for it—I will presently."

The colonel moved out a chair and sat down beside the dying man, his eyes fixed on the lifeless face. Some wave of feeling must have swept through him, for with a deep, indrawn sigh he said in a low voice, as if to himself:

"This will be a fine story to tell his father, won't it—and here too—under my roof. My God!—was there ever anything more disgraceful!" He paused for a moment, his eyes still on the sufferer, and then went on—this time to the doctor—"his living so long gives me some hope—am I right, Teackle?"

The doctor nodded, but he made no audible reply. He had bent closer to the man's chest and was at the moment listening intently to the labored breathing, which seemed to have increased.

The boy edged nearer to the patient, his eyes seeking for some move of life. All his anger faded and a wave of tenderness swept over him. Willits, his face ablaze with drink and anger, his eyes flashing, his strident voice ringing out—even Kate's shocked, dazed face, no longer filled his mind. It was the suffering man—trembling on the verge of eternity, shot to death by his own ball, that appealed to him. And then the suddenness of it all—less than an hour had passed since this tall, robust young fellow stood before him on the stairs, hanging upon every word that fell from Kate's lips—and here he lay weltering in his blood.

Suddenly his father's hopeful word to the doctor sounded in his ears. Suppose after all Willits *should* get well! Kate would understand and forgive him then. As this thought developed in his mind his spirits rose. He looked the more intently, straining his body, persuading himself that a slight twitching had crossed the dying man's face. Almost instantaneously the doctor rose to his feet:

"Quick, Harry!—hand me that brandy! It's just as I hoped—the ball has ploughed outside the skull—the brain is untouched. It was the shock that stunned him. Leave the room everybody—you too, colonel—he'll come to in a minute and must not be excited."

Harry sprang from his chair, with a great surge of thankfulness rising in his heart, passed his father on the way out, and hurried from the room. Kate must hear the good news and with the least possible delay. He would not send a message—he would go himself; then he could explain and relieve her mind. She would listen to his pleading. It was natural she should have been shocked. He himself had been moved to sympathy by the sufferer's condition—how much more dreadful then must have been the sight of the wounded man lying there among the flower-pots to a woman nurtured so carefully and one so sensitive in spirit. But it was all over—Willits would live—there would be a reconciliation—everything would be forgiven and everything forgotten.

All these thoughts crowded close in his mind as he rushed up the stairs two steps at a time to where his sweetheart lay moan-

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ing out her heart. He tapped lightly and her old black mammy opened the door on a crack.

"It's Marse Harry, mistis," she called back over her shoulder—"shall I let him come in?"

"No!—no!—I don't want to see him; I don't want to see anybody—my heart is broken!" came the reply in broken half-stifled sobs.

Harry, held at bay by mammy, rested his forehead against the edge of the door so his voice could reach her the better:

"But Willits isn't going to die, Kate dear. I have just left him; it's only a scalp wound. Dr. Teackle says he's all right. The shock stunned him into unconsciousness."

"Oh, I don't care what Dr. Teackle says! It's you, Harry!—You! You never once thought of me—Oh, why did you do it!"

"I did think of you, Kate! I never thought of anything else—I am not thinking of anything else now."

"Oh, to think you tried to murder him! You, Harry—whom I loved so!" she sobbed.

"It was for you, Kate! You heard what he said—you saw it all. It was for you, Kate!—for nobody else—for you, my darling! Let me come in—let me hold you close to me and tell you."

"No!—*no*—NO! My heart is broken! Come to me, mammy!"

The door was shut gently and left him on the outside, dazed at the outcry, his heart throbbing with tenderness and an intense, almost ungovernable impulse to force his way into the room, take her in his arms, and comfort her.

The closed door brought him to his senses. To-morrow after all, would be better, he confessed to himself humbly. Nothing more could be done to-night—yes—to-morrow he would tell her all. He turned to descend the stairs and ran into Alec's arms. The old man had come in search of him, and finding him at Kate's door had waited patiently for the outcome of the interview, every word of which he had heard.

"Marse Talbot done sont me fer ye, Marse Harry," he whispered; "he wants ye in his li'l room. Don't ye take no notice what de young mistis says; she ain't griebin'! fer dat man. Dat Willits blood ain't no count, nohow; dey's po' white trash, dey is—eve'ybody knows dat. Let Miss Kate cry herse'f out; dat's de on'y help now. Mammy Henny 'll look arter her till mawnin'."

They reached the bottom step and the old man stopped and laid his hand on his young master's shoulder. His voice trembled and two tears stood in his eyes.

"Don't you take no notice ob what happens to-night, son. 'Member ye kin count on ol' Alec. Ain't neber gwinter be nothin' come 'twixt me an' you, son. I ain't never gwinter git tired lovin' ye—you won't fergit dat, will ye?"

"No, Alec, but Mr. Willits will recover. Dr. Teackle has just said so."

"Oh, dat ain't it, son—it's you, Marse Harry. Don't let 'em down ye—stand up an' fight 'em back."

Harry patted the old servant tenderly on the shoulder to calm his fears, and without another word followed him quietly down the long hall toward the door of his father's den. He saw from Alec's face and voice, that there was another ordeal in store for him, or the old negro would not have been so disturbed. One of the first persons—the only one, in fact, to grasp his hand when Willits's fire had missed its mark, was this same black servant, the tears streaming down his face in his joy. Since then something else had happened—what he could not surmise—nor did he much care. The events of the last hour had left him bruised and stunned. Now that Kate had refused to see him he almost wished that Willits's bullet had found its target.

"Where did you say my father was, Alec?" he asked in a listless voice.

"In his li'l room, son; dey's all in dar, Marse George Temple, Mister Gilbert—dem two gemmans who stood up wid Mister Willits—dey's all dar. Don't mind what dey say, honey—jes' you fall back on ol' Alec. I dassent go in; maybe, I'll be yere in de pantry so ye kin git hold o' me. I'se mos' crazy, Marse Harry—let me git hold ob yo' hand once mo', son. Oh, my Gawd!—dey shan't do nothin' to ye!"

The boy took the old man's hand in his and the two walked steadily on. Alec's words of warning had made but little impression on him. If he had heard them at all he certainly did not grasp their import.

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It was Kate's voice that still pierced his ears—Kate's sobs that wrenched his heart: "You never thought of me!" Nothing else counted.

Harry turned the handle of the door and stepped boldly in, his head erect, his eyes searching the room. It was filled with gentlemen, some sitting, some standing; not only those who had taken part in the duel, but three or four others who were in possession of the secret that lay heavy on everybody's minds.

He looked about him: most of the candles had burned low in the socket; some had gone out. The few that still flickered cast a dim, ghostly light. The remains of the night's revel lay on the larger table and the serving tables; a silver dish of terrapin, cold, and half empty; portion of a ham with the bone showing; empty and partly filled glasses and china cups from which the toddies and eggnog had been drunk. The smell of rum and lemons intermingled with the smoke of snuffed-out candle wicks, greeted his nostrils—a smell he remembered for years thereafter with a shudder.

There had evidently been a heated discussion, for his father was walking up and down the room, his face flushed, his black eyes blazing with suppressed anger, his plum-colored coat unbuttoned as if to give him more breathing space, his silk scarf slightly awry. St. George Temple was evidently the cause of his wrath, for the latter's voice was reverberating through the room as Harry stepped in.

"I tell you, Talbot, you shall not—you *dare* not!" St. George was exclaiming, his voice rising in the intensity of his indignation. His face was set, his eyes blazing; all his muscles taut. He stood like an avenging angel guarding some pathway. Harry looked on in amazement—he had never seen his uncle like this before.

The colonel wheeled about suddenly and raised his clenched hand. He seemed to be nervously unstrung and for the moment to have lost his self-control.

"Stop, St. George!" he thundered. "Stop instantly! Not another word, do you hear me? Don't strain a friendship that has lasted from boyhood or I may forget myself, as you have done. No man can tell me what I shall or shall not do when my honor is at stake. Never before has a Rutter disgraced himself and his blood. I am done with him, I tell you!"

"But the man will get well!" hissed St. George, striding forward and confronting him. "Teackle has just said so—you heard him; we all heard him!"

"That makes no difference; that does not relieve my son."

Rutter had now become aware of Harry's presence. So had the others, who turned their heads in the boy's direction, but no one spoke. They had not the lifelong friendship that made St. George immune, and few of them would have dared to disagree with Talbot Rutter in anything.

"And now, sir"—here the colonel made a step towards where Harry stood—the words falling as drops of water on a bared head—"I have sent for you to tell you just what I have told these gentlemen. I have informed them openly because I do not wish either my sense of honor or my motives to be misunderstood. Your performances to-night have been so dastardly and so ill-bred as to make it impossible for me ever to live under the same roof with you again." Harry started and his lips parted as if to speak, but he made no sound. "You have disgraced your blood and violated every law of hospitality. Mr. Willits should have been as safe here as you would have been under his father's roof. If he misbehaved himself you could have ordered his carriage and settled the affair next day, as any gentleman of your standing would have done. I have sent for a conveyance to take you wherever you may wish to go." Then, turning to St. George, "I must ask you, Temple, to take my place and see that these gentlemen get their proper carriages, as I must join Mrs. Rutter, who has sent for me. Good-night," and he strode from the room.

Harry stared blankly into the faces of the men about him: first at St. George and then into the faces of the others—one after another—as if trying to read what was passing in their minds. No one spoke or moved. His father's intentions had evidently been discussed before the boy's arrival and the final denunciation had, therefore, been received with less of the deadening effect than it had produced on himself. Nor was it a surprise to old Alec, who had followed Harry noiselessly into the room, and who had also over-

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heard the colonel's previous outbreak as to his intended disposition of his young master.

St. George, who during the outburst had stood leaning against the mantel, his eyes riveted on Harry, broke the silence.

"That, gentlemen," he exclaimed, straightening to his feet, one clenched fist upraised, "is the most damnably idiotic and unjust utterance that ever fell from Talbot Rutter's lips! and one he will regret to his dying day. This boy you all know—most of you have known him from childhood, and you know him, as I do, to be the embodiment of all that is brave and truthful. He is just of age—without knowledge of the world. His engagement to Kate Seymour, as some of you are aware, was to be made known to-night. Willits was drunk, or he would not have acted as he did. I saw it coming and tried to stop him. That he was drunk was Rutter's own fault with his damned notions of drowning everybody in drink every minute of the day and night. I saw the whole affair and heard the insult and it was wholly unprovoked. Harry did just what was right, and if he hadn't I'd either have made Willits apologize or I would have shot him myself the moment the affair could have been arranged, no matter where we were. I know perfectly well"—here he swept his eyes around—"that there is not a man in this room who does not feel as I do about Rutter's treatment of this boy and so I shall not comment further upon it." He dropped his clenched hand and turned to Harry: "And now, my boy, that pronunciamentos are in order, here is one which has less of the Bombastes Furioso in it than the one you have just listened to—but it's a damned sight more humane and a damned sight more fatherly, and it is this:—hereafter you belong to me—you are my son, my comrade, and if I ever have a dollar to give to any one, my heir. And now one thing more—and I don't want any one of you within sound of my voice ever to forget it. When, hereafter any one of you gentlemen reckon with Harry you will please remember that you reckon with me. Alec!—where's Alec?"

"I'm here, sah," and the old darky stepped out of the shadow.

"Go and tell Matthew to bring my gig to the front porch—and, Alec—see that your young master's heavy driving coat is put inside. Mr. Harry spends the night with me."

VII

THE secrecy enjoined upon everybody conversant with the happenings at Moorlands did not last many hours. At the Club, across dinner tables, at tea, on the street, and in the libraries of Kennedy Square, each detail was gone over, each motive discussed. None of the facts were exaggerated, nor was the gravity of the situation lightly dismissed. Duels were not so common as to blunt the sensibilities. On the contrary, they had begun to be generally deplored and condemned, a fact largely due to the bitterness resulting from a famous encounter which had taken place a year or so before between young Mr. Cocheran, the son of a rich landowner and Mr. May—the circumstances being somewhat similar, the misunderstanding having arisen at a ball in Washington over a reigning belle, during which Mr. May had thrown his card in Cocheran's face. In this instance all the requirements of the Code were complied with and the duel was fought in an open space behind Nelson's Hotel, near the Capitol, Mr. Cocheran arriving at half past five in the morning in a magnificent coach drawn by four white horses, his antagonist reaching the grounds in an ordinary conveyance, the seconds and the two surgeons on horseback. Both fired simultaneously, with the result that May escaped unhurt while Cocheran was shot through the head and instantly killed.

Public opinion around Kennedy Square, indeed, was in those days undergoing many changes, not only regarding the duel but some other of the traditional customs dear to the old régime. The open sideboards, synonymous with the lavish hospitality of the best houses, were also beginning to be criticised. While most of the older heads, brought up on the finer and rarer wines, knew to a glass the limit of their endurance, the younger bloods were constantly losing control of themselves.

This growing antipathy to traditional customs had been hastened by another tragedy quite as widely discussed as the Cocheran and May duel—more so, in fact, since this particular victim of too many toddies had been the heir of one of the

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oldest residents about Kennedy Square—a brilliant young surgeon, self-exiled because of his habits, who had been thrown from his horse on the Indian frontier—an Iowa town, really—shattering his leg and making its amputation necessary. There being but one other man in the rough camp who had ever seen a knife used—and he but a student—the wounded surgeon had directed the amputation himself, even to the tying of the arteries and the bandages and splints. Only then did he collapse. The hero—and he was a hero to every one who knew of his coolness and pluck, in spite of his recognized weaknesses—had returned to his father's house on Kennedy Square on crutches, there to consult some specialists, the leg still troubling him. As the cripple's bed-room was at the top of the first flight of stairs, the steps of which—it being summer—were covered with China matting, he was obliged to drag himself up its incline whenever he was in want of something he must fetch himself. One of these necessities was a certain squat bottle like those that had graced the old sideboards. Half a dozen times a day would he adjust his crutches, their steel points preventing his slipping, and mount the stairs to his room, one step at a time.

Some months after, when the matting was taken up, the mother took her youngest boy—he was then fifteen—to the steps:

"Do you see the dents of your brother's crutches?—count them. Every one was a nail in his coffin." They were—for the invalid died that winter.

Although one of the old sticklers for letting a man do as he pleased had said with a shrug, when asked what he would have done, had the incident occurred in his house: "Done, my dear lady—I would have puttied up the holes and laid a new carpet," the sad end of so a brilliant a career had startled many of the community, awakening a determination to curtail further opportunities for like indulgences.

These marked changes in public opinion, imperceptible as they were at first, were, it may be said, gradually paving the way for the dawn of that new order of things which only the wiser and more far-sighted men—men like Richard Horn—were able to discern. While many of the old régime were willing to admit that the patriarchal life, with the negro as the worker and the master as the spender, had seen its best days, but few of them, at the period of these chronicles, realized that the genius of Morse, Hoe, and McCormick, and a dozen others, whose inventions were just beginning to be criticised, and often condemned, were really the chief factors in the making of a new and greater democracy—the first of the flood of a new era which would ultimately sweep their old-time standards of family pride, reckless hospitality, repose, and even their old-fashioned courtesy into space. The storm raised over this duel and the preceding one was, had they but known it, a notch in the tide-gauge of this flood.

"I understand, St. George, that you could have stopped that disgraceful affair the other night, if you had raised your hand," Judge Pancoast had blurted out in an angry tone at the Club, the week following.

"I did raise it, judge," replied St. George, calmly drawing off his gloves.

"They don't say so—they say you stood by and encouraged it."

"Quite true," he answered in his dryest voice. "When I raised my hand it was to drop my handkerchief. They fired as it fell."

"And a barbarous and altogether foolish place of business, Temple. There is no justification for that sort of thing, and if Rutter wasn't a feudal king up in his own county there would be trouble over it. It's God's mercy the poor fellow wasn't killed. Fine beginning isn't it, for a happy married life?"

"Better not have any wife at all, judge, than wed a woman whose good name you are afraid to defend with your life. There are some of us who can stand anything but that, and Harry is built along the same lines. A fine, noble, young fellow—did just right and has my entire confidence and my love. Think it over, judge," and he strolled into the card room, picked up the morning paper, and buried his face in its columns, his teeth set, his face aflame with suppressed disgust at the kind of blood running in the judge's veins.

The colonel's treatment of his son also came in for heated discussion. Mrs. Chesston was particularly outspoken. Such quixotic action on the ground of safeguarding the rights of a young drunkard like Willits, who didn't know when he had had enough,

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might very well do for a self-appointed autocrat like Rutter, she maintained, but some equally respectable people would have him know that they disagreed with him.

"Just like Talbot Rutter," she exclaimed in her outspoken, decided way—"no sense of proportion. High-tempered, obstinate as a mule, and a hundred years—yes, five hundred years behind his time. And he could have stopped it all too if he had listened to me. Did you ever hear anything so stupid as his turning Harry—the sweetest boy who ever lived—out of doors, and in a pouring rain, for doing what he would have done himself! Oh, this is too ridiculous—too farcical. Why you can't conceive of the absurdity of it all—nobody can! Gilbert was there and told me every word of it. You would have thought he was a grand duke or a pasha punishing a slave—and the funniest thing about it is that he believes he is a pasha. Oh—I have no patience with such contemptible family pride, and that's what is at the bottom of it."

Some of the back county aristocrats—men who lived by themselves, who took their cue from Alexander Hamilton, Lee, and Webb, and believed in the code as the only means of arbitrating a difficulty of any kind between gentlemen—on the other hand stoutly defended the Lord of Moorlands.

"Outrageous, sir—never is done—nothing less than murder. Rutter did perfectly right to chuck the young whelp out of doors—ought to be prosecuted for challenging a man under his own roof—and at night too. No toss-up for position, no seconds except a parcel of boys. Vulgar, sir—infernally vulgar, sir. I haven't the honor of Colonel Rutter's acquaintance—but if I had I'd tell him so—served the brat right—damn him!"

Richard Horn was equally emphatic but in a far different way. Indeed he could hardly restrain himself when discussing it.

"I can think of nothing my young boy Oliver would or could do when he grows up," he said fiercely—his dark eyes flashing, "which would shut him out of his home and his mother's care. The duel is a relic of barbarism and should be no longer tolerated; it is mob law, really, and indefensible, with two persons defying the statutes instead of a thousand. But Rutter is the last man in the world to take the stand he has, turning his only son out of doors, and I sincerely regret his action. There are many bitter days ahead of him."

Nor were the present conditions, aspirations, and future welfare of the two combatants, and of the lovely girl over whom they had quarrelled, neglected by the gossipers. No day passed without an extended discussion of their affairs. Bearers of fresh news were eagerly welcomed both to toddy and tea tables.

Old Morris Murdoch, who knew Willits's father intimately, being a strong Clay man himself, arrived at one of these functions with the information that Willits had called on Miss Seymour, wearing his hat in her presence to conceal his much-beplastered head—and that he had then and there not only made her a most humble apology for his ill-tempered outbreak, which he explained was due entirely to a combination of egg-and-brandy, with a dash of apple-toddy thrown in, but had declared upon his honor as a gentleman that he would never again touch the flowing bowl; whereupon—(and this excited still greater astonishment)—the delighted young lady had not only expressed her sympathy for his misfortunes, but had blamed herself for what had occurred!

Tom Tilghman, a famous cross-country rider, who had ridden in post haste from his country seat near Moorlands to tell the tale—as could be seen from his boots, which were still covered with mud—boldly asserted that, to his own knowledge, the wounded man, instead of seeking his native shore, as was generally believed, would really betake himself to the Red Sulphur Springs (where Kate always spent the summer)—with three saddle horses, two servants, some extra bandages, and his devoted sister, there to regain what was left of his health and strength. At which Judge Pancoast had retorted—and with some heat—that Willits might take a dozen saddle horses and an equal number of sisters, and a bale of bandages if he were so minded, to the Springs, or any other place, but he would save time and money if he stayed at home and looked after his addled head, as no woman of Miss Seymour's blood and breeding could possibly marry a man whose family escutcheon needed polishing as badly as did his manners. That the fact—the plain bold fact—was that Willits was boiling drunk until

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Harry's challenge sobered him and that Kate hated drunkenness as much as Harry's mother and the other women who had started out to revolutionize society.

What that young lady herself thought of it all not even the best posted gossip in the club dared to venture an opinion. Moreover, such was the respect and reverence in which she was held, and so great was the sympathy felt for her situation, that she was seldom referred to in connection with Harry or the affair except with a sigh, followed by a "Too bad, isn't it—enough to break your heart," and such like expressions.

What the Honorable Prim thought of it all was apparent the next day at the club when he sputtered out with:

"I am now pointed out as the prospective father-in-law of a young jackanapes who goes about with a glass of grog in one hand and a pistol in the other—and this he has done more than once, so I am told. I am not accustomed to having my name bandied about and I won't have it—I live a life of great simplicity, minding my own business, and I want everybody else to mind theirs. The whole affair is most ridiculous and smacks of the tin-armor age. Willits should have been led quietly out of the room and put to bed and young Rutter should have been reprimanded publicly by his father. Disgraceful on a night like that when my daughter's name was on everybody's lips."

After which outburst he had shut himself up in his house where he intended to remain until he left for the Red Sulphur Springs, so he told one of his intimates, which he would do several weeks earlier than was his custom—a piece of news which not only confirmed Tom Tilghman's gossip, but lifted several eyebrows in astonishment and set one or two loose tongues wagging.

Out at Moorlands, the point of view was different. Although the surface showed no active disturbance, the colonel pursuing his daily life without comment, deep down below a very maelstrom was boiling and seething.

Mrs. Rutter, as fate would have it, on hearing that Kate was too ill to go back to town, had gone the next morning to her bedside, where she learned for the first time, not only of the duel—which greatly shocked her, leaving her at first perfectly limp and helpless—but of Harry's expulsion from his father's house—(Alec owned the private wire)—a piece of news which at first terrified and then keyed her up as tight as a suspension bridge. Like many another Southern woman, she might shrink from a cut on a child's finger and only regain her equilibrium by a liberal application of smelling salts, but once touch that boy of hers—the child she had nourished and lived for—and all the rage of the she-wolf fighting for her cub, was aroused. What took place behind the closed doors of her bedroom when she faced the colonel and blazed out, no one but themselves knew. That the colonel was dumfounded—never having seen her in any such state of mind—goes without saying. That he was proud of her and liked her the better for it, is also true—nothing delighted him so much as courage;—but nothing of all this, impressive as it was, either weakened or altered his resolve.

Nor did he change front to his friends and acquaintances: his honorable name, he maintained, had been trailed in the mud; his boasted hospitality betrayed; his house turned into a common shamble. That his own son was the culprit made the pain and mortification the greater, but it did not lessen his responsibility to his blood. Had not Foscari, to save his honor, in the days of the great republic, condemned his own son Jacopo to exile and death? Had not Virginius slain his daughter? Should he not protect his own honor as well? Furthermore was not the young man's father a gentleman of standing—a prominent man in the State—a friend not only of Henry Clay, but of the governor as well? He, of course, would not have cared to have Harry marry into the family had there been a marriageable daughter, but that was no reason why Mr. Willits's only son should not be treated with every consideration. He, Talbot Rutter was alone responsible for the honor of his house. When your right hand offends you cut it off. His right hand *had* offended him, and he *had* cut it off. Away then, with the spinning of fine phrases!

And so he let the hornets buzz—and they did swarm and buzz and sting. As long as his wrath lasted he was proof

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against their assaults—in fact their attacks only helped him maintain his position. It was when all this ceased, for few continued to remonstrate with him after they had heard his final: "I decline to discuss it with you, madame," or the more significant: "How dare you, sir, refer to my private affairs without my permission?"—It was, I say, when all this ceased, and when neither his wife, who, after her first savage outbreak had purposely held her peace, nor any of the servants—not even old Alec, who went about with streaming eyes and a great lump in his throat—dared renew their entreaties for Marse Harry's return, that he began to reflect on his course.

Soon the great silences overawed him—periods of loneliness when he sat confronting his soul, his conscience on the bench as judge; his affections a special attorney:—silences of the night, in which he would listen for the strong, quick, manly footstep and the closing of the door in the corridor beyond:—silence of the dawn, when no clatter of hoofs followed by a cheery call rang out for some one to take Spitfire:—silences of the breakfast table, when he drank his coffee alone, Alec tiptoeing about like a lost spirit. Sometimes his heart would triumph and he begin to think out ways and means by which the past could be effaced. Then again the flag of his pride would be raised aloft so that he and all the people could see, and the old hard look would once more settle in his face, the lips straighten and the thin fingers tighten. No—no—no assassins for him—no vulgar brawlers—and it was at best a vulgar brawl—and this too within the confines of Moorlands where, for five generations, only gentlemen had been bred!

And yet product as he was, of a régime that worshipped no ideals but its own; hide-bound by the traditions of his ancestry; holding in secret disdain men and women who could not boast of equal wealth and lineage; dictatorial, uncontradictable; stickler for obsolete forms and ceremonies—there still lay deep under the crust of his pride—the heart of a father and, by his standards, the soul of a gentleman.

As for the object of his wrath—this brawler and assassin—this disturber of his father's sleeping and waking hours, this renegade product of his class—dazed as he was at the parental verdict and still heart-broken over the results, he could not, though he tried, see what else he could have done. His father had shot and killed a man when he was but little older than himself, and for an offence much less grave than Willits's insult to Kate: he had frequently boasted of it, showing him the big brass button that had deflected the bullet and saved his life. So had his Uncle George, five years before—not a dead man that time, but a lame one—who was still limping around the club and very good friends the two, so far as Harry knew. Why then blame *him?* As for the law of hospitality being violated, that was but one of the idiosyncrasies of his father, who was daft on hospitality. How could Willits be his guest when he was his enemy? St. George had begged the wounded man to apologize; if he had done so he would have extended his hand and taken him to Kate, who, upon a second apology, would have extended her hand, and the incident would have been closed. It was Willits's stubbornness and bad breeding then that had caused the catastrophe—not his own bullet.

Besides all this no harm had really been done—that is, nothing serious. Willits had gained rapidly—so much so that he had sat up on the third day. Moreover, he had the next morning been carried to one of the downstairs bedrooms, where, he understood, Kate had sent her black mammy for news of him, and where, later on, he had been visited by both Mrs. Rutter and Kate—a most extraordinary condescension on the young girl's part, and one for which Willits should be profoundly grateful all the days of his life.

Nor had Willits's people made any complaint; nor, so far as he could ascertain, had any one connected with either the town or county government, started an investigation. It was outside the precincts of Kennedy Square, and, therefore, the town prosecuting attorney (who had heard every detail at the Club, from St. George) had not been called upon to act, and it was well known that no minion of the law in and about Moorlands, would ever dare face the Lord of the Manor in any official capacity.

Why, then, had he been so severely punished?

St. George, after his outburst to Judge Pancoast at the club, never discussed the

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duel and its outcome. His mind was filled only with the burning desire to bring the lovers together, no matter at what cost nor how great the barriers. He had not altered a hair-line of the opinion he had held on the night he ordered the gig, fastened Harry's heavy coat around the young man's shoulders, and started back with him through the rain to his house on Kennedy Square; nor did he intend to. This, summed up, meant that the colonel was a tyrant; Willits a vulgarian, and Harry a hot-headed young knight who, having been forced into a position where he could neither breathe nor move, had gallantly fought his way out.

The one thing that gave him serious trouble was the selection of the precise moment when he should make a strategic move on Kate's heart. Lesser problems were his manner of approaching her and the excuses he would offer for Harry's behavior. These not only kept him awake at night, but pursued him like an avenging spirit when he sought the quiet paths of the old square the dogs at his heels. The greatest of all barriers, he felt assured, would be Kate herself. He had seen enough of her in that last interview when his tender pleading had restored the harmonies between herself and Harry, to know that she was no longer the child whose sweetness he loved, or the girl whose beauty he was proud of—but the woman whose judgment he must satisfy. Nor could he see that any immediate change in her mental attitude was likely to occur. Some time had now passed since Harry's arrival at his house, and every day the boy had begged for admission at Kate's door, only to be denied by Ben, the old butler. His mother, who had visited her exiled son almost daily, had then called on her, bearing two important pieces of news—one being that after hours of pleading Harry had consented to return to Moorlands and beg his father's pardon, provided that irate gentleman should send for him, and the other a message of condolence and sympathy which Willits had sent Harry from his sick-bed, and in which he admitted that he had been greatly to blame—a confession that fairly bubbled out of him when he learned that Harry had assisted Teackle in dressing his wound.

And yet with all this pressure the young girl had held her own. To every one outside the Rutter clan she had insisted that she was sorry for Harry, but that she could never marry a man whose temper she could not trust. She never put this into words in answering the well-meant inquiries of such girl friends as Nellie Murdoch, Sue Dorsey, and the others; then her eyes would only fill with tears as she begged them not to question her further. Nor had she said as much to her father, who, on one occasion had asked her the plump question—"Do you still intend to marry Harry?"—to which she had returned the equally positive answer—"No, I never shall!" She reserved her full meaning for St. George when he should again entreat her—as she knew he would at the first opportunity—to forget the past and begin the old life once more.

At the end of the second week he had made up his mind as to his course; and at the end of the third the old diplomat, who had dared defeat before, boldly mounted the Seymour steps: He would appeal to Harry's love for her, and all would be well. He had done so before, picturing the misery the boy was suffering, and he would try it again. If he could only reach her heart through the armor of her reserve she would yield.

She answered his cheery call up the stairway in person, greeting him silently, but with arms extended, leading him to a seat beside her, where she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Harry has tried to see you every day, Kate," he began, patting her shoulders lovingly in the effort to calm her. "I found him under your window the other night; he walks the streets by the hour, then he comes home exhausted, throws himself on his bed, and lies awake till daylight."

The girl raised her head and looked at him for a moment. She knew what he had come for—she knew, too, how sorry he felt for her—for Harry—for everybody who had suffered because of this horror.

"Uncle George," she answered choking back her tears, speaking slowly, weighing each word—"you've known me from a little girl—ever since my dear mother died. You have been a big brother to me many, many times and I love you for it. If I were determined to do anything that would hurt me, and you found it out in time, you would come and tell me so, wouldn't you?"

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St. George nodded his head in answer, but he did not interrupt. Her heart was being unrolled before him. He could read it for himself, and must wait until he saw it all.

"Now," she continued slowly, "the case is reversed, and you want me to do something which I know will hurt me."

"But you love him, Kate?"

"Yes—that is the worst part of it all," she answered with a stifled sob—"yes, I love him." She lifted herself higher on the cushions and put her beautiful arms above her head, her eyes looking into space as if she was trying to solve the problem of the future and what her present resolve would mean to both herself and Harry.

St. George began again: "And you remember how——"

She turned impatiently and dropped one hand until it rested on his own. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely and never so unhappy. Then she said in pleading tones—her eyes blinded by half restrained tears:

"Don't ask me to *remember*, dear Uncle George—help me to forget! You can do no kinder thing for both of us."

"But think of your whole future happiness, Kate—think how important it is to you—to Harry—to everybody—that you should not shut him out of your life."

"I have thought! God knows I have thought until sometimes I think I shall go mad. He first breaks his promise about drinking and I forgive him; then he yields to a sudden impulse and behaves like a madman and you ask me to forgive him again. He never once thinks of me, nor of my humiliation!" Her lips were quivering, but her voice rang clear.

"He thinks of nothing else *but* you," he pleaded. "Let your heart work—don't throw him into the street as his father has done. He loves you so."

"*I*—throw *him* in the street! He has thrown *me*—mortified me before everybody—behaved like a— No,—I can't—I won't discuss it!"

"May I——"

"No—not another word. I love you too much to let this come between us. Let us talk of something else—anything—*anything*."

The whole chart of her heart had been unrolled. Her head and not her heart was dominant. He felt, moreover, that no argument of his would be of any use. Time might work out the solution, but that he could not hasten. Nor, if the truth be told, did he blame her. It was, from the girl's point of view, most unfortunate, of course, that the two calamities had come so close together. Perhaps—and for the first time in his life he weakened before her tears—perhaps if he had thrown the case of pistols out of the window, sent one man to his father and the other back to Kennedy Square, it might all have been different—but then again, could this have been done, and if it had been, would not all have to be done over again the next day? At last he asked hopelessly:

"Have you no message for Harry?"

"None," she answered resolutely.

"And you will not see him?"

"No—we can never heal wounds by keeping them open." This came calmly, and as if she had made up her mind, and in so determined a tone that he saw it meant an end to the interview.

He rose from his seat and without another word turned toward the door. She gained her feet slowly, as if the very movement caused her pain; kissed him on the cheek, followed him to the door, waved her hand to him as she watched him pick his way across the square, and threw herself on her lounge in an agony of tears.

That night St. George and Harry sat by the smouldering wood fire; the early spring days were warm and joyous, but the nights were still cold. The boy sat hunched up in his chair, his face drawn into lines from the anxiety of the past week—his mind absorbed in the story that St. George had brought from the Seymour house. As in all ardent temperaments, these differences with Kate, which had started as a spark, had now developed into a conflagration which was burning out his heart. His love for Kate was not a part of his life—it was *all* of his life. He was ready now for any sacrifice, no matter how humiliating. He would go down on his knees to his father if she wished it. He would beg Willits's pardon—he would abase himself in any way St. George should suggest. He had done what he thought was right, and he would do it over again under like circumstances, but he would grovel at Kate's feet

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and kiss the ground she stepped on if she required it of him.

St. George, who had sat quiet, examining closely the backs of his finely modelled hands as if to find some solution of the difficulty written in their delicate articulated curves, heard his outburst in silence. Now and then he would call to Todd who was never out of reach of his voice—no matter what the hour—to replenish the fire or trim the lamps, but he answered only in nods and monosyllables to Harry. One suggestion only of the heart-broken lover seemed to promise any result, and that was his making it up with his father as his mother had suggested. This wall being broken down, and Willits no longer an invalid, perhaps Kate would see matters in a different and more favorable light.

"But suppose father doesn't send for me, Uncle George, what will I do then?"

"Well, he is your father, Harry."

"And you think then I had better go home and have it out with him?"

St. George hesitated. He himself would have seen Rutter in Hades before he would have apologized to him. In fact his anger choked him so every time he thought of the brutal and disgraceful scene he had witnessed when the boy had been ordered from his home, that he could hardly get his breath. But then Kate was not his sweetheart, much as he loved her.

"I don't know, Harry. I am not his son," he answered in an undecided way. Then something the boy's mother had said rose in his mind: "Didn't your mother say that your father's loneliness without you was having its effect?—and wasn't her advice to wait until he should send for you?"

"Yes—that was about it."

"Well, your mother would know best. Put that question to her next time she comes in—I'm not competent to answer it. And now let us go to bed—you are tired out, and so am I."

VIII

Mysterious things are happening in Kennedy Square. Only the very wisest men know what it is all about—black Moses for one, who tramps the brick walks and makes short cuts through the dirt paths, carrying his tin buckets and shouting: "Po' old Moses—po' ole fellah! O-Y-S-T-E-R-S! O-Y-STERS!" And Bobbins the gardener, who raked up last year's autumn leaves and either burned them in piles or spread them on the flower beds as winter blankets. And, of course, Mockburn, the night watchman: nothing ever happens in and around Kennedy Square that Mockburn doesn't know of. Many a time has he helped various unsteady gentlemen up the steps of their houses and stowed them carefully and noiselessly away inside, only to begin his rounds again, stopping at every corner to drone out his "All's we-l-l!" a welcome cry, no doubt, to the stowaways, but a totally unnecessary piece of information to the inhabitants, nothing worse than a tippler's tumble having happened in the forty years of the old watchman's service.

I, of course, am in the secret and have been for more years than I care to admit, but I go ten better than Mockburn. And so would you be in the secret had you watched the process as closely as I have done.

It is always the same!

First the crocuses peep out—dozens of crocuses. Then a spread of tulips makes a crazy-quilt of a flower bed; next the baby buds, their delicate green toes tickled by the south wind, break into laughter. Then the stately magnolias step free of their pods, their satin leaves falling from their alabaster shoulders—*grandes dames* these magnolias! And then there is no stopping it: everything is let loose: blossoms of peach, cherry, and pear; flowers of syringa—bloom of jasmine, honeysuckle, and Virginia creeper; bridal wreath in flowers of white and wisteria in festoons of purple.

Then come the roses—millions of roses; on single stalks; in clusters, in mobs; rushing over summer-houses, scaling fences, swarming up trellises—a riotous, unruly, irresistible, and altogether lovable lot are these roses when they break loose.

And the birds! What a time they are having—thrush, bobolinks, blackbirds, nightingales, wood-peckers, little pee-wees, all fluttering, skimming, chirping; bursting their tiny throats for the very joy of living. And they are all welcome—and it wouldn't make any difference to them if they hadn't been; they would have risked it anyway, so tempting are the shady paths and tangled

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arbors and wide-spreading elms and butternuts of Kennedy Square.

Soon the skies get over weeping for the lost winter and dry their eyes, and the big, warm happy sun sails over the treetops or drops to sleep tired out, behind the old Seymour house, and the girls come out in their white dresses and silk sashes and the gallants in their nankeens and pumps and the old life of out-of-doors begins once more.

And these are not the only changes that the coming of spring has wrought. What has been going on deep down in the tender, expectant hearts of root and bulb, eager for expression, had been at work in Harry's own temperament. The sunshine of St. George's companionship has already had its effect; the boy is thawing out; his shrinking shyness, born of his recent trouble, is disappearing like a morning frost. He is again seen at the club, going first under St. George's lee and then on his own personal footing.

The Chesapeake, so St. George had urged, was the centre of news—the headquarters, really, of the town, where not only the current happenings and gossip of Kennedy Square were discussed, but that of the country at large. While the bald-heads, of course, might be canvassing the news from Mexico, which was just beginning to have an ugly look; or having it out, hammer and tongs, over the defeat of Henry Clay, to which some rabid politicians had never become reconciled—the younger gentry—men of Harry's own tastes, would be deploring the poor showing the ducks were making, owing to the up-river freshets which had spoiled the wild celery; or recounting the doings at Mrs. Cheston's last ball; or the terrapin supper at Mr. Kennedy's—the famous writer; or perhaps bemoaning the calamity which had befallen some fellow member who had just found seven bottles out of ten of his most precious port corked and worthless. But whatever the topics, or whoever took sides in their discussion, none of it, St. George maintained, could fail to interest a young fellow just entering upon the wider life of a man of the world, and one who of all others, needed constant companionship. Then again, by showing himself frequently within its walls, Harry would become better known and better liked.

That he was ineligible for membership, being years too young—and that his continued presence, even as a guest, was against the rules, did not count in his case, or if it did count, no member, in view of what the lad had suffered, was willing to raise the question. Indeed, St. George in first introducing him, had referred to "my friend Mr. Rutter" as an "out of town guest," laughing as he did so, and everybody had let it go at that.

At first Harry had dreaded meeting his father's and his uncle's friends, most of whom, he fancied, might be disposed to judge him too harshly. But St. George had shut his ears to every objection, insisting that the club was a place where a man could be as independent as he pleased, and that as his guest he would be entitled to every consideration.

The boy need not have been worried. Almost every member young and old showed by his manner or some little act of attention that their sympathies were with the exile. While a few strait-laced old Quakers maintained that it was criminal to blaze away at your fellow-man with the firm intention of blowing the top of his head off, and that Harry should have been hung had Willits died, there were others more discerning—and they were largely in the majority—who stood up for the lad however much they deplored the cause of his banishment. Harry, they argued, had in his brief career been an unbroken colt and more or less dissipated, but he at least had not shown the white feather. Boy as he was, he had faced his antagonist with the coolness of a duellist of a score of encounters, letting Willits fire straight at him without so much as a wink of an eyelid. And better still, when it was all over, he had been man enough to nurse his victim back to consciousness. Moreover—and this counted much in his favor—he had refused to quarrel with his father, or even answer him back. "Behaved himself like a thoroughbred, as he is," Dorsey Sullivan, a famous duellist, had remarked in recounting the occurrence to a non-witness. "And I must say, sir, that Talbot served him a scurvy trick, and I don't care who hears me say it." Furthermore—and this made a great impression—rather than humiliate himself, he had abandoned the comforts of his palatial home at Moorlands and was at

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the moment occupying a small, second story back room (all, it is true, Gentleman George could give him), where he was to be found any hour of the day or night that his uncle needed him in attendance upon that prince of good fellows.

One other thing that counted in his favor, and this was conclusive with the Quakers —and the club held not a few—was that no drop of liquor of any kind had passed the boy's lips since the eventful night when St. George prepared the way for their first reconciliation.

Summed up, then, whatever Harry had been in the past, the verdict at the present speaking was that he was a brave, tender-hearted, truthful young fellow who, in the face of every temptation, had kept his word. Then again, it was never forgotten that he was Colonel Talbot Rutter's only son and heir, so that no matter what the boy did, or how angry the old autocrat might be, it could only be a question of time before his father must send for him and everything at Moorlands go on as before.

It was on one of these glorious never-to-be-forgotten spring days then, a week or more after St. George had given up the fight—a day which Harry remembered all the rest of his life—that he and his uncle left the house to spend the afternoon, as was now their custom, at the Chesapeake. The two had passed the early hours of the day at the Relay House fishing for gudgeons, the dogs scampering the hills, and having changed their clothes for something cooler, had entered the park by the gate opposite the Temple Mansion, as being nearest to the club: a path Harry loved, for he and Kate had often stepped it together—and then again, it was the shortest cut to her house.

As the beauty and quiet of the place with its mottling of light and shade took possession of him he slackened his pace, lagging a little behind his uncle, and began to look about him, drinking in the loveliness of the season. The very air breathed tenderness, peace, and comfort. Certainly his father's heart must be softening toward him; surely his bitterness could not last. No word, it is true, had yet come to him from Moorlands, though only the week before his mother had been in to see him, bringing him news of his father and what her son's absence had meant to every one, old Alec especially. She had not, she said, revived the subject of the boy's apology; she had thought it better to wait for the proper opportunity, which might come any day, but certain it was that his father was most unhappy, for he would shut himself up hours at a time in his library, locking the door and refusing to open it, no matter who knocked, except to old John Gorsuch, his man of business. She had also heard him tossing on his bed at night, or walking about his room muttering to himself.

Did these things, he wondered on this bright spring morning, mean a final reconciliation, or was he, after all, to be doomed to further disappointment? Days had passed since his mother had assured him of this change in his father, and still no word had come from him. Had he at last altered his mind, or, worse still, had his old obstinacy again taken possession of him, hardening his heart so that he would never relent? And so with his mind as checkered as the shadow-flecked path on which they stepped, he pursued his way beneath the wide-spreading trees.

When they had reached the end of the path St. George's eye rested upon a group on the sidewalk of the club. The summer weather generally swept the coffee-room of most of its habitués, sending many of them to the easy chairs on the moistened pavement, one or two tipped back against the trees; or to the balconies and front steps. This afternoon, however, something out of the common was going on, for at the foot of the flight three or four of the group were paying court to two ladies, who completely monopolized their attention. These, on closer inspection, proved to be Miss Lavinia Clendenning and her niece, Sue Dorsey, who had been descried in the offing a few minutes before; and who at first had been supposed by the gallants, to be heading for Mrs. Pancoast's front steps some distance away, until the ladies had turned sharply and borne down upon the outside chairs with all sails set—(Miss Clendenning's skirts were of the widest)—a shift of canvas which sent every man to his feet with a spring.

By the time St. George reached the group, which he did in advance of Harry, who had held back—both ladies being intimate

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friends of Kate's—old Captain Warfield, who had been the first man to gain his feet—very round and fat was the captain and very red in the face (1812 Port)—was saying with his most courteous bow:

"But my dear Miss Lavinia, you have not as yet told us to what we are indebted for this mark of your graciousness; and Sue, my dear, you grow more like your dear mother every day. Why are you two angels abroad at this hour, and what can we do for you?"

"To the simple fact, my dear captain," retorted the irresistible spinster, spreading her skirts the wider, "that Sue is to take her dancing lesson next door, and as I can't fly in the second story window, having mislaid my wings, I must use my feet and disturb everybody. No, gentlemen—don't move—I can pass."

The captain made so profound a salaam in reply that his hat grazed the bricks of the sidewalk, then with his hand on his heart he exclaimed:

"Let me hunt for them, Miss Lavinia, I know where they are."

"Where?" she asked roguishly, twisting her head on one side with the movement of a listening bird.

"In heaven, my lady, where they are waiting your arrival," answered the captain, with another profound sweep of his hand and dip of his back, his bald head glistening in the sunlight as he stooped before her.

"Then you will never get near them," she answered with an equally low courtesy and a laugh that nearly shook her side curls loose.

St. George was about to step the closer to take a hand in the badinage—he and the little old maid were forever crossing swords—when her eyes fell upon him. Instantly her expression changed. She was one of the women who had blamed him for not stopping the duel, and had been on the lookout for him for days to air her views in person.

"So you are still in town, are you?" she remarked in lowered tones. "I thought you had taken that young firebrand down to the Eastern Shore to cool off."

St. George frowned meaningly in the effort to apprise her ladyship that Harry was within hearing distance, but Miss Lavinia either did not, or would not, understand.

"Two young boobies that's what they are, breaking their hearts over each other," she rattled on, gathering the two ends of her cape the closer. "Both of them ought to be spanked and put to bed. Get them into each other's arms just as quick as you can. As for Talbot Rutter, he's the biggest fool of the three, or was until Annie Rutter got hold of him. Now I hear he is willing to let Harry come back, as if that would do any good. It's Kate who must be looked after; that Scotch blood in her veins makes her as pig-headed as her father. No—I don't want your arm, sir—get out of my way."

If the courtiers heard—and half of them did, they neither by word or expression conveyed that fact to Harry or St. George. It was not intended for their ears, and, therefore, was not their property. With still more profound salutations from everybody, the three bareheaded men escorted them to the next stoop, the fourth going ahead to see that the door was properly opened and so the ladies passed on, up and inside the house. This over, the group resumed its normal condition on the sidewalk, the men regaining their seats and relighting their cigars (no gentleman ever held one in evidence when ladies were present)—fresh orders being given to the servants for the several interrupted mixtures with which the coterie were wont to regale themselves.

Harry, who had stood on one side with shoulders braced against a great tree on the sidewalk, had heard every word of the old maid's outburst and an unrestrained throb of joy had welled up in his heart. His father *was* coming round! Yes—the tide was turning—it would not be long before Kate would be in his arms!

St. George held no such sanguine view, although he made no comment. In fact the outbreak had rather depressed him. He knew something of Talbot's stubbornness and did not hope for much in that direction, nor, if the truth be told, did he hope much in Kate's. Time alone could heal her wounds, and time in the case of a young girl, mistress of herself, beautiful, independent, and rich, might contain many surprises.

It was with a certain sense of relief, therefore, that he lent his ears to the talk of the men about him. It would, at least,

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take his mind from the one subject which seemed to pursue him and which Miss Clendenning's unkindly, and, as he thought inconsiderate remarks, had so suddenly revived. He passed from one coterie to another in the hope that he might catch some word which would be interesting enough to induce him to fill one of the chairs, even for a brief half-hour, but nothing reached his ears except politics and crops, and he cared for neither. Harding—the pessimist of the club—a man who always had a grievance (and this time with reason, for the money stringency was becoming more acute every day) tried to beguile him into a seat beside him, but he shook his head. He knew all about Harding, and wanted none of his kind of talk—certainly not today.

"Think of it!" he had heard the growler say to Judge Pancoast as he came up—"the Patapsco won't give me a cent to move my crops, and I hear all the others are in the same fix. You can't get a dollar on a house and lot except at a frightful rate of interest. I tell you everything is going to ruin. How the devil do you get on without money, Temple?" He was spread out in his chair, his legs apart, his fat face turned up, his small fox eyes fixed on St. George.

"I don't get on," remarked St. George with a dry smile. He was still standing—"why do you ask?" Money rarely troubled St. George; such small sums as he possessed were hived in this same Patapsco Bank, but the cashier had never refused to honor one of his checks as long as he had any money in their vaults and he didn't think they would begin now. "Queer question for you to ask, Harding" (and a trifle underbred, he thought, one's private affairs not being generally discussed at a club). "Why does it interest you?"

"Well, you always say you despise money and yet you seem happy and contented, well dressed, well groomed," here he wheeled St. George around to look at his back—"yes, got on one of your London coats— Hello, Harry!—glad to see you," and he held out his hand to the boy. "But really, St. George, aren't you a little worried over the financial outlook? John Gorsuch says we are going to have trouble, and John knows."

"No"—drawled St. George—"I'm not worried." He was already getting tired of Harding.

"And you don't think we're going to have another smash-up?" puffed Harding.

"No," said St. George, edging his way toward the steps of the club as he spoke. He was now entirely through with Harding; his financial forebodings were as distasteful to him as his comments on his clothes and bank account.

"But you'll have a julep, won't you? I've just sent John for them. Don't go—sit down. Here John, take Mr. Temple's order for——"

"No, Harding, thank you," the crushed ice in the glass was no cooler nor crisper than St. George's tone. "Harry and I have been broiling in the sun all the morning and we are going to go where it is cool." He was half-way up the steps now.

"But it's cool here," Harding called after him, struggling to his feet in the effort to detain him—there was really no one in the club he liked better than St. George.

"No—we'll try it inside," and with a courteous wave of his hand and a feeling of relief in his heart, he and Harry kept on their way.

Before he had reached the top step his face broke out into a broad smile. Instantly his spirits rose. Here was a man to clear the cobwebs out of anybody's brain, for standing in the open front door, with outstretched hand, was Richard Horn.

"Ah, St. George, but I'm glad to see you!" cried the inventor. "I have been looking for you all the afternoon and only just a moment ago got sight of you on the sidewalk. I should certainly have stepped over to your house and looked you up if you hadn't come. I've got the most extraordinary thing to read to you that you have ever listened to in the whole course of your life. How well you look, and what a fine color you have, and you too, Harry. You are in luck, my boy. I'd like to stay a month with Temple myself."

"Make it a year, Richard," cried St. George, resting his hand affectionately on the inventor's shoulder. "There isn't a chair in my house that isn't happier when you sit in it. What have you discovered?—some new whirligig?"

"No, a poem. Eighteen to twenty stanzas of glorious melody imprisoned in type."

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"One of your own?" laughed St. George —one of his merry vibrating laughs that made everybody happier about him.

"No, you trifler!—one of Edgar Allan Poe's. None of your scoffing, sir! You may go home in tears before I am through with you. This way, both of you."

The three had entered the coffee room now, Richard's arm through St. George's, Harry following close. The inventor moved out the chairs in his quick, alert manner, and when they were seated took a missive from his pocket and spread it out on his knee, St. George and Harry keeping their eyes on his every movement.

"Here's a letter, St. George," Richard's voice now fell to a serious key—"which I have just received from your friend and mine, Mr. N. P. Willis. In it he sends me this most wonderful poem cut from his paper—The *Mirror*, and published, I discover to my astonishment, some months back. I am going to read it to you if you will permit me. It certainly is a most remarkable production. The wonder to me is that I haven't seen it before. It is by that Mr. Poe you met at my house some years ago—you remember him?—a rather sad-looking man with big head and deep eyes?" Temple nodded in answer, and Harry's eyes glistened: Poe was one of his university's gods. "Just let me read to you what Willis says"—here he glanced down the letter sheet: "'Nothing, I assure you, my dear Horn, has made so great a stir in literary circles as this 'Raven' of Poe's. I am sending it to you knowing that you are interested in the man. If I do not mistake I first met Poe one night at your house.' And a very extraordinary night it was, St. George," said Richard, lifting his eyes from the sheet. "Poe, if you remember, read one of his stories for us, and both Latrobe and Kennedy were so charmed that they talked of nothing else for days."

St. George remembered so clearly that he could still recall the tones of Poe's voice, and the peculiar lambent light that flashed from out his friend's dark eyes—the light of a black opal. He settled himself back in his chair to enjoy the treat the better. This was the kind of talk he wanted to-day, and Richard Horn, of all others, was the man to conduct it.

The inventor's earnestness and the absorbed look on St. George's and Harry's faces, and the fact that Horn was about to read aloud, had attracted the attention of several near-by members, who were already straining their ears, for no one had Richard's gift for reading.

He began in a low, clear tone, his voice rising in intensity as the weird pathos of the several stanzas were unfolded until the very room seemed filled with the spirit of both the man and the demon. In his clear enunciation every stanza seemed a separate string of sombre pearls; each syllable aglow with its own inherent beauty. When he paused it was as if the soul of some great 'cello had ceased vibrating, leaving only the memory of its melody. For a few seconds no one moved nor spoke. No one had ever heard Richard in finer voice nor had they ever listened to more perfect rhythmic beauty. So great was the effect on the listeners that one old habitué in speaking of it afterward, insisted that Richard must have seen the bird roosting over the door, so realistic was his rendering.

Harry listened with bated breath, absorbing every tone and inflection of Richard's voice. He and Poe had been members of the same university, and the poet had always been one of his idols—the man of all others he wanted most to know. Poe's former room opening into the corridor had always attracted him. He had frequently looked about its bare walls wondering how so great an inspiration could have started from such meagre surroundings. He had too, with the romantic imagination of a boy, pictured to himself the kind of man he was, his looks, voice, and manner, and though he had never seen the poet in the flesh, somehow the tones of Richard's voice recalled to him the very picture he had conjured up in his mind in his boyhood days.

St. George had also listened intently, but the impression was quite different from the one made on the younger man. Temple thought only of Poe's despondency, of his striving for a better and happier life; of his poverty—more than once he had gone down into his own pockets to relieve the poor fellow's urgent necessities, and he was still ready to do it, a readiness in which he was almost alone, for many of the writer's earlier friends had avoided meeting him of late whenever he passed through Kennedy Square. Even Kennedy, his lifelong

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friend, had begun to look upon him as a hopeless case.

This antipathy St. George knew could also be found in the club. Even with the memory of Richard's voice in their ears one of the listeners had shrugged his shoulders remarking with a bitter laugh that musical as was the poem, especially as rendered by Richard, it was after all like most of Poe's other manuscripts found in a bottle, or more likely "a bottle found in a manuscript," as that crazy lunatic couldn't write anything worth reading unless he was half drunk. At which St. George had blazed out:

"Hush, Bowdoin! You ought to be willing to be blind drunk half your time if you could write one stanza of it! Please let me have it, Richard," and he took the sheet from his friend's hand, that he and Harry might read it at their leisure when they reached home.

Harry's blood had also boiled at the rude thrust. While under the spell of Richard's voice a cord in his own heart had vibrated as does a glass globe when it responds in perfect harmony to a note from a violin. He too had a Lenore whose loss had well nigh broken his heart. This in itself was an indissoluble bond between them. Besides, he could understand the poet as Alec and his mother and his Uncle George understood himself. He had already begun to love the man in his heart.

With his mind filled with these thoughts, his hunger for Kate aroused ten-fold by the pathos and weird beauty of what he had just heard, he left the group of men who were still discussing the man and his verses, and joined his uncle outside on the top step of the club's high stoop, from which could be seen the full length of the sun-flecked street on which the club-house stood, as well as the park in its spring loveliness.

Unconsciously his eyes wandered across the path where Kate's house stood. He could see the tall chimneys and the slope of the quaint roof, and but that the foliage hid the lower part, could have seen Kate's own windows. She was still at home, he had heard, although she was expected to leave for the Red Sulphur any day.

Suddenly, from away up the street, past the corner of the park, there reached his ears a low winding note, which grew louder as it turned the corner, followed by the rattle of wheels and the clatter of horses' feet. He jumped from his chair and craned his head in the direction of the sound, his heart in his throat, the blood mounting to his cheeks. If that was not his father's horn it was wonderfully like it. At the same moment a coach-and-four swept in sight, driven by a man in a whitey-brown coat and stiff furry hat, with two grooms behind and a coachman next to him on the box. It was heading straight for the club.

Every man was on his feet.

"By Jove!—it's Rutter. Bowdoin!—Clayton!—here comes the colonel!"

Again the horn gave out a long withering, wiry note ringing through the leaves and along the brick pavement, and the next instant the leaders were gathered up, the wheel-horses hauled taut, and the hub of the front wheel of the coach stopped within an inch of the horse-block of the club.

"Bravo, Rutter! Best whip in the county! Not a man in England could have done it better. Let me help you down!"

The colonel shook his head good-humoredly, rose in his seat, shifted a bunch of violets to his inner lapel, stripped off his driving coat, threw it across the rail, dropped his whip in the socket, handed his heavy gloves to his groom, and slid gracefully to the sidewalk. There he shook hands cordially with the men nearest him, excused himself for a moment until he had inspected his off leader's fore-foot—she had picked up a stone on the way in from Moorlands—patted the nigh wheel-horse, stamped his own feet lustily as if to be sure he was all there, and with a lordly bow to those about him, slowly mounted the steps of the club.

Harry had already risen to his feet and stood trembling, one hand clutching the iron railing that framed the marble steps. A great throb of joy welled up in his throat. His mother was right—the loneliness had overpowered his father; he still loved him. Not only was he willing to forgive him, but he had come himself to take him home. He could hardly wait until his father reached his side, so eager was he to open his arms and hands and his lips in apology—and Kate!—what joy would be hers!

St. George had also gained his feet. What had brought the colonel into town he said to himself, and in such state—and

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at this hour of the day, too? Could it be that Harry was the cause?

"How were the roads, Talbot?" he called out in his customary cheery tones. He would start fair, anyway.

The colonel who, head down, had been mounting the marble steps one at a time, inspecting each slab as he climbed, after the manner of men thoroughly satisfied with themselves, and who at the same time are conscious of the effect of their presence on those about them, raised his head and gazed in astonishment at the speaker. Then his body straightened up and he came to a stand-still. He looked first into St. George's face with a perfectly cold rigid stare; his lips shut tight, his head thrown back, his whole frame stiff as an iron bar—then into Harry's, and without a word of recognition of any kind, passed through the open door and into the wide hall. He had cut both of them dead.

Harry gave a half-smothered cry of anguish and turned to follow his father into the club.

St. George, purple with rage, laid his hand on the boy's arm, so tight that the fingers sank into the flesh: there were steel clamps inside these delicate palms, when occasion required.

"Keep still," he hissed—"not a word, no outburst. Stay here until I come for you. Stop, Rutter: stand where you are!" The two were abreast of each other now. "You dare treat your son in that way?" He turned and beckoned to those in the coffee room. "Horn—Murdoch—Warfield—all of you come out here! What I've got to say to Talbot Rutter I want you to hear, and I intend that not only you but every decent man and woman in Kennedy Square shall hear!"

The colonel's lips quivered and his face paled, but he did not flinch, nor did his eyes drop.

"You are not a father, Talbot—you are a brute! There is not a dog in your kennels that would not treat his litter better than you have treated Harry! You turned him out in the night without a penny to his name; you break his mother's heart; you refuse to hear a word he has to say, and then you have the audacity to pass him on the steps of this club where he is my guest—my guest remember—look him squarely in the face and ignore him. That, gentlemen, is what Talbot Rutter did one minute ago. You have disgraced your blood and your name and you have laid up for your old age untold misery and suffering. Never, as long as I live will I speak to you again, sir, nor shall Harry, whom you have humiliated! Hereafter I am his father! Do you hear!"

During the whole outburst the colonel had not moved a muscle of his face nor had he shifted his body a quarter of an inch. He stood with his back to the door through which could be seen the amazed faces of his fellow-members—one hand tight shut behind his back the other loose by his side, his eyes boring straight into those of his antagonist. Then he answered slowly, one word at a time—as if he had purposely measured the intervals of speech.

"Are — you — through — St. George?" The voice could hardly have been heard beyond the door, so low was it.

"Yes, by God!—I am, and forever!"

"Then gentlemen"—and he waved his hand courteously to the astounded listeners—"May I ask you all to join me? John, bring the juleps!"

(To be continued.)

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THE TROUBLE-HUNTERS

By Allen Tupper True

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

LEANING hard over against the driving sleet and pushing *against* the wind as though it were a great load, three men were beating their way into the teeth of a blizzard, on the top of the Rocky Mountains. Icicles hung from their mustaches, and in front of their faces they carried shovels that they might breathe. Underfoot the snows packed hard as marble, and at each step the wind threatened to take their feet from under the men. At a distance of twelve feet they were invisible to one another, and they kept their uncertain course by following the tops of telephone poles which stuck out two or three feet from the level of the snow.

All day they had been battling with the elements to repair a few little breaks in a telephone wire and, having done it, they had spent an hour pushing back a scant half-mile against the gale. A mile more and they would reach the bunk-house, with its red-hot stove and steaming coffee; but chests and muscles ached, and the increasing gloom told of coming night.

Suddenly one of them pulled up close to his companion and yelled into his ear, "Where's Jack?" Jack had been in the rear and, as they thought, just behind them. They yelled singly and in unison, but the wind whipped the calls into miles of roaring space and howled in derision. Once or twice they thought they heard an answer, but following it they found nothing. Back and forth along the line they hunted —venturing away from the poles into the stabbing fury of that driving white—living through ages of suspense when the course of the poles was lost or they separated from one another in trying to pick out the pole next ahead. In an hour the search was abandoned and the fight for the bunk-house resumed.

Next morning they found a wild-eyed wreck of a man lying, mute but conscious, under a railroad bridge. He had walked all night to keep from freezing to death, and was wholly exhausted. Before he could be gotten to the hospital his frozen face was swollen terribly, and he was conscious only at intervals. And yet in ten days the iron constitution of this man Jack had made him well again, and he was back on the job—crippled, but as full of fight as ever.

This is a sample bit—and not an exceptional one—of the life of the mountain trouble-hunter. From the nature of his profession—and the fact that the great storms bring down the wires and call him out in the open—the life of any trouble-man is a hard one. But when this fellow is guardian and trustee of wires that wander about irresponsibly through the snow-filled gulches of the mountains and the bleak stretches of the wilderness, he has work cut out for him that calls for buck manhood.

The economic development which has pushed the telephone out to the farthermost edges of the frontier—hung it in the Indian wigwam, the trading post, and isolated ranch-house—is one of the most startling phases of the marvellous development of our great West. This development has taken the transmission lines over miles of storm-blighted wilderness, which man had heretofore avoided, and it has again brought to the men who maintain these lines the old battle with the "everlasting way" of nature and the wilderness. It has made of them one of the hardiest, most picturesque, and resourceful out-of-door types that we have to-day—a type that is full of the fibre which made frontier history. The stamping-ground of the old trapper—which, by the way, he usually vacated in winter to drop down into the settlements and hibernate—is now the haunt of the line patrolman. When the picturesque "cow-punch," who has herded into fiction lately, is steaming his boots by

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Drawn by Allen True.

With a fifty-four pound coil of wire, two skis, a test-set, and his climbing irons on his back, Bill pushed ahead.—Page 96.

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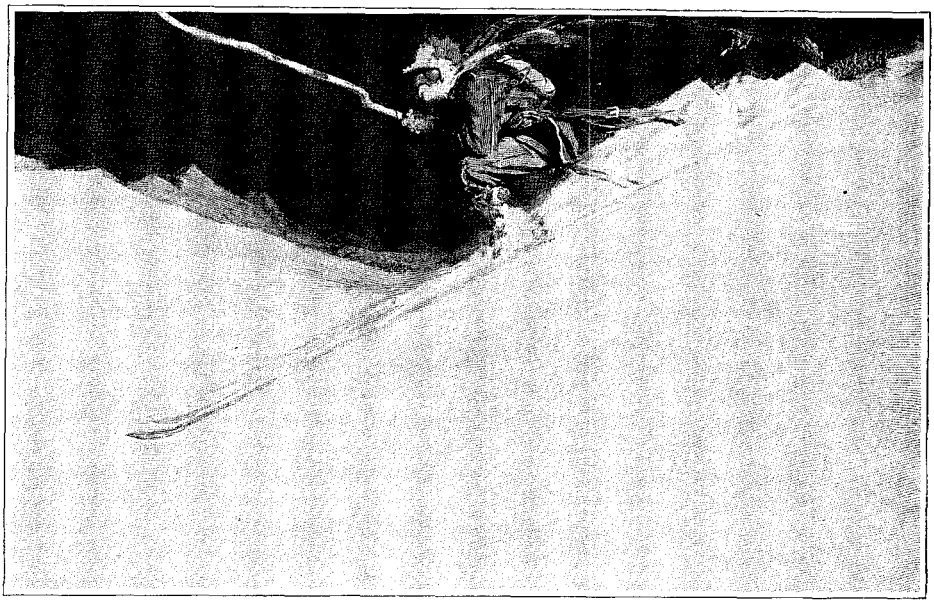

That next day's trip was made on skis.—Page 96.

the fire or feeding his stock from hay-ricks, the trouble-hunter is hiking off for a few days' fight with the storm.

Occasionally there creeps into the newspapers a story of a lineman being brought in with frozen feet, or of his having been burnt by the current, but very little is generally known of the hardy, heroic work these men do in the line of duty—of men who wander snow-blind over the mountains, are snowed up in old abandoned cabins with the mountain rats for bedfellows—of men who can spend a week of the worst winter weather travelling deep snow, dependent on themselves alone. The best of these men don't get snow-blind nor freeze their feet nor lose themselves—from hard experience they have learned to avoid these things. Their resourcefulness is unlimited. By starting it in a hat with a match, a candle, and a few shavings, they can build a fire in spite of any wind that blows. They can improvise a first-class snow-shoe from willows, can ride skis double, or can burrow in the snow and keep warm where a coyote would not. There are "snow-men" the same as there are river-men, mountain-men, or sea-men—each at home in his element, and if any man knows the snow and its ways it is the trouble-hunter.

"Bill" Proctor, the emergency man of the Colorado Telephone Co., is a good example of the trouble-hunter. He bears the reputation of having always gotten what he started after; and not only does he take the message to Garcia, but he hurries back for another—the thing is a habit with him. Like most thoroughbred trouble-hunters, Bill is a great walker. On the last of a three-day trip he once made through the mountains to Denver, in an effort to protect his homestead from contest, he covered sixty-six miles over the continental divide in twenty-two hours, and then went to a dance in the evening. He is a little man, but he has one of those jaws that is the feature of a face. The fact that he would take the stages out through the snows after other men had abandoned them was what brought him to the attention of the telephone company.

Last winter the Denver wire chief told him that two men who had tried to "shoot" some trouble from the farther end of the Steamboat toll line had given it up, and had been found snow-blind and snow-bound in a cabin, burning old bedsteads to keep warm.

"I'll get it," said Bill.

Getting it meant a railroad trip over the divide to the rail-head, then a morning's dickering for a team and sled. No one

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Drawn by Allen True.

A telegraph line crosses the continental divide, and is maintained during the winter under conditions that are astounding.—Page 96.

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wanted to make a trip which they considered impossible. But Bill hired a mule from one man, a horse from another, the sled and harness from a third, and persuaded man number four to drive him through the drifts, a plunging twelve miles on his way. With a fifty-four pound coil of wire, two skis, a test-set, and his climbing-irons on his back, Bill pushed ahead on snow-shoes to Whideley's Peak, where he spent the night, and got a guide and trapper to accompany him. That next day's trip was made on skis—eighteen miles over the Rabbit-Ears Range to the trouble—testing back to Denver whenever the line showed above the snow; and for a half-mile at a time, twenty-one foot poles would be entirely covered. When he had "gotten it" and found the wire clear both ways, Bill and his guide, Charley, started back.

As night came on, the cold increased and their clothing, which had gotten wet during the middle of the day, froze hard as armor. Eating snow dries and parches the throat, so Bill always carries a flask of water on these hikes. That night it froze solid under his coat. To climb the icy crust that formed they tied ropes around their feet and under the skis to give a purchase, and the drag of the skis drove fierce pains through their hips. Misjudging the slopes, which all seem level in the moonlight, Bill followed his partner too close, and there was a disastrous fall when they ran together at the bottom. When they had finished the trip back to shelter, Charley's feet were found to be frozen to his socks and overshoes, in one solid mass of ice. They cut them out and teased them back to life. Charley has stayed right there ever since—a pensioner of the company. Proctor is still broadening his experience shooting trouble—and not until two months later did the entire soles of his feet peel off.

Bill is a recognized authority on "snow-snakes, with their pink little eyes," and to the uninitiated he can unfold wonderful tales of their habits. His recipe for chilblains—"one big onion ground, eight ounces of arnica, two bits' worth of sea-salt, in boiling water, applied to the feet four nights running"—would cure anything. He is never at a loss for ways and means. He has cashed a worthless check for money to catch an outbound train, and then had his wire chief make it good. When he got to the trouble he did not have enough wire, so he beat his way on the trains to where he could get it. His ignorance of obstacles is appalling.

These are fragments of one man's experiences—and I've detailed a few of them to try and show something of the nature of a trouble-man's work. There are hundreds of other good men whose experiences and abilities are as varied, and anecdotes are endless. But an insight into some of the conditions which prevail where these men are forced to work will probably help more to depict the type I'm describing, and which I admire not a little.

At Corona on the "Moffat line" in Colorado a telegraph line crosses the continental divide, and is maintained during the winter under conditions that are astounding. Sleet-storms cover the wires with ice to a thickness of nine inches and the weight of ice, about twenty pounds to the foot, stretches the wires until they sag to the ground and run from pole to pole at the base, then up the pole to the cross-arm. The poles themselves stick out like huge icicles, and to climb them the lineman clears a space at the bottom, raps the pole with his pick-handle, and hundreds of pounds of ice come crashing down.

The snow, at fifteen feet deep on the average, drifts into huge piles that the heat of a long summer cannot melt. On one occasion a cattle-car, which had stalled near the divide, filled so rapidly with snow that the steers, in tramping it down, were crowded against the top of the car and in danger of suffocating. When liberated they stampeded over a precipice, and their bones lie bleaching there to-day.

The thermometer drops away down, the springs build huge ice-warts on the landscape, and the humming wires border deep and treacherous chasms. But in fierce determination to break men's hearts none of the elements compares with the wind. For a hundred miles up "Middle Park" it gathers velocity, and converges toward the saddle of the range where the wire crosses. Here it howls along, smothering the severity of the landscape in a smooth, hard blanket of white. Nothing lives under its fury. The little dwarf cedars that grow about timber-line are all bent over with the agony of it, and their limbs grow only from the leeward side of the trunks.

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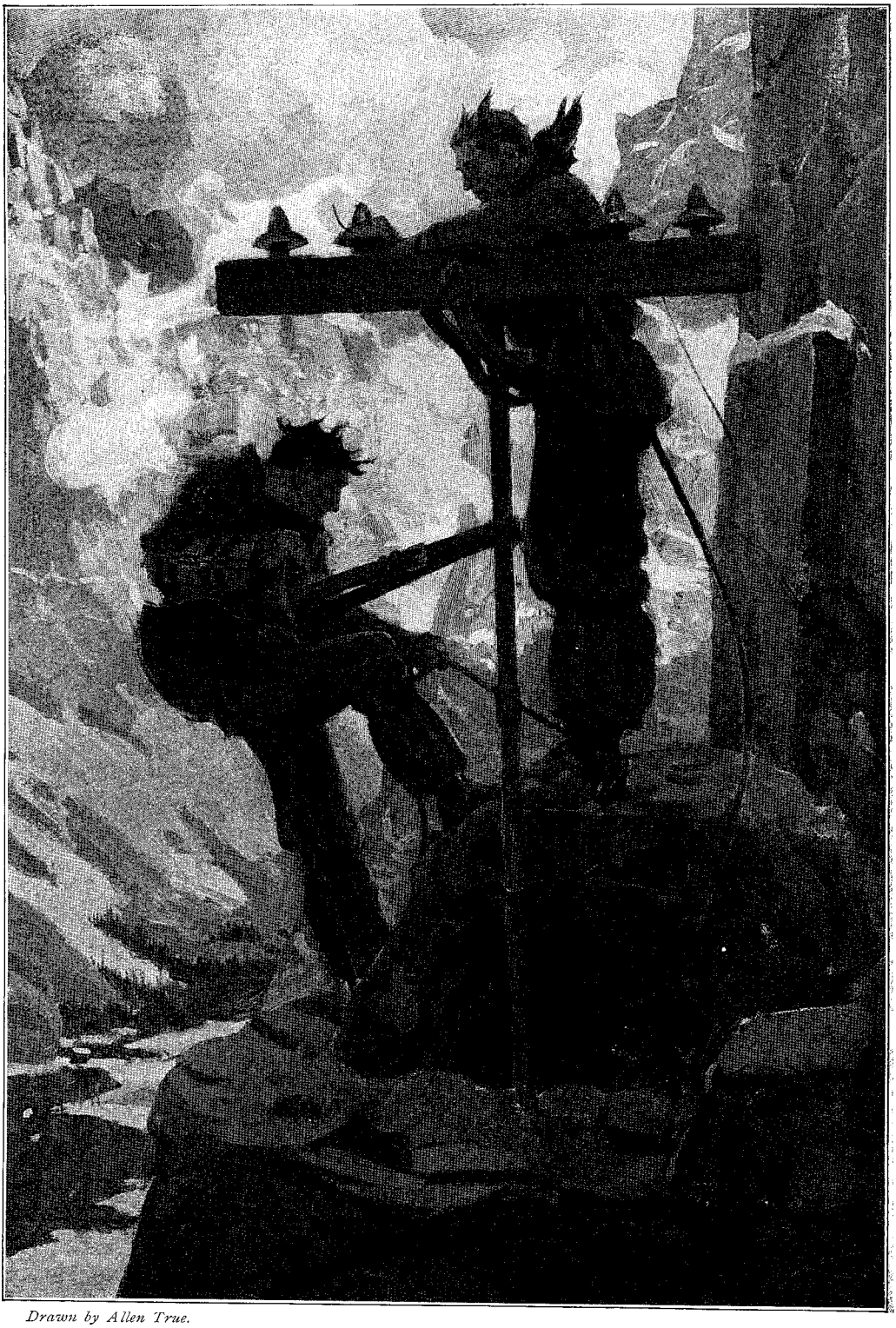

Drawn by Allen True.

Up near the tops of the peaks the men chop footholds in the ice-packs and work . . . tied together like Alpine guides.—Page 98.

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There is a government observation station at the pass, and for one month it recorded an average wind velocity of thirty miles an hour, and a maximum of eighty-four miles. Such a wind, with sleet, will sandpaper paint off buildings. It will pack the snow hard enough to support an ore wagon, and flatten the lineman against the windward side of a pole, or tear him vindictively away from the other. Such a wind would drive a polar bear to cover.

Yet here the trouble-hunters fight Old Winter to a stand-still, and when he goes into his worst tantrums they hit a compromise by laying the wires on the snow and trusting the frost to do the insulating. Three or four men cover this line, and their chief has a pardonable pride in the regularity with which reports come over the line. Seldom does the record appear—"Wires down, no report."

In several other places telephone lines cross the continental divide and test the fury of the winter wind. When the poles were first set on Mosquito Pass, the wind took out a mile of them the following day. The spans were shortened until only fifteen feet separated the poles, but still they went down, and now over the pass proper there is used a "submarine" cable. The cable leaks—and what a paradox it is, a "submarine" cable, thirteen thousand feet above the top of the sea!

Another district which makes peculiar difficulties for the trouble-hunter is what is known as the San Juan country in southwestern Colorado. It is a mining district in the roughest part of the mountains, and while only eight miles separate two of the towns, they are accessible to one another only by a climb over the mountains of thousands of feet, or a railroad trip of about one hundred miles round. The country is "all on end." The ore from the mines is handled almost entirely in aerial trams, because roads are impractical. The towns nestle below the mountains. The mountains themselves are grim and rusty with iron ore and the timber hangs on their sides like last year's fur on an old buffalo.

Those steep mountain-sides and deep canyons are a source of endless washouts, snow-slides, and blockades which isolate the towns for months at a time. In the summer of 1909 a landslide shut Silverton off from railroad communication for more than a month. Then a generous and accommodating washout appeared to clean out the slide and save the railroad about thirty thousand dollars worth of excavating.

Telephone lines in this district are trouble-mongers for certain. Of the forty miles of one toll line only eleven can be followed on horseback. The trouble-men are masters at using the famous "sky-hook." They travel in the ore buckets on the aerial trams much of the time. There are no way stations on these lines, and to drop off the buckets onto the ice-covered towers, as they often do, is a ticklish bit of work.

The peculiarities of the district have made an electrical power company very successful and useful. By spilling a big head of water over the edge of one of the canyons and down a thousand feet onto water-wheels, electricity has been generated that can supply power to the mines perched away up where they are almost inaccessible to pack-mules. The company delivers to the mines power which would be the equivalent of a ton of coal at fifty cents a ton less than it can be bought for in the cities. It has taken the transmission lines to mines all over those mountains—up to an altitude of 13,280 feet, probably the highest transmission line in the world—and the patrolman is thus led over a hundred and fifty miles of the roughest travel that is ever attempted in winter. It takes him over ragged cliffs on his hand line, across icy canyons by a single wire and a safety belt—the most economical bridge extant. In his work it leads him skating through the wooden flume to the storage reservoir—through flood waters in the canyon on a stolen hand-car—and skiing tenderly over slopes that are dangerously steep.

During the summer supplies are cached all over the system and every possible preparation made for the winter. As the drifts grow deep, emergency poles have to be stuffed into the snow and there made to serve, for they could never be set in the ground. Up near the tops of the peaks the men chop footholds in the ice-packs and work along them in the wind, tied together like Alpine guides. Here, as always in a dangerous country, trouble-men never go alone, but always in pairs, so as to be able to get help when accidents occur. That the travel is difficult may be judged from the fact that a repair party once spent eleven

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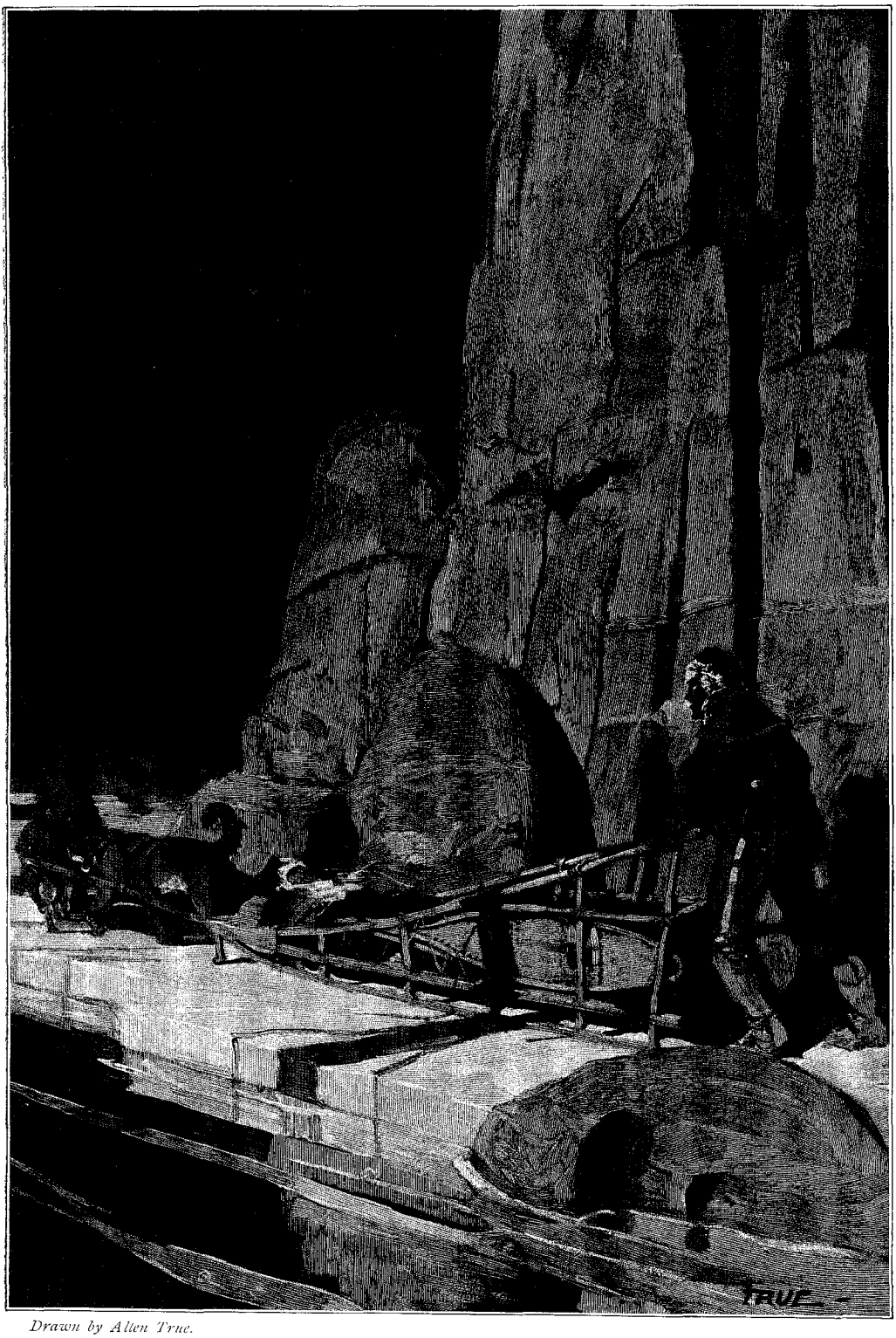

Drawn by Allen True.

In September their isolation begins, and they take in supplies for ten months.—Page 101.

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days covering thirty miles of the line. They spent nights under bridges or in abandoned tunnels, and lived dependent on their own cooking as they went. Snow-blindness is a constant menace, and besides blackening their faces, wearing glasses and masks, the men here use black veils. These serve also as protection to the faces, for they can be terribly burnt by the glare of the sun on the snow.

When Winter loosens his grip on the country, the snow-slides begin. They are the rule and not the exception. The principal, staple ones, like the "Sunnyside," are well known, and every one gives them a wide margin of room. But the most of them come from all directions and follow no rules or routes of any sort. Forty-five of them have been counted in four miles.

In March of one year twenty-eight men in all lost their lives in the slides. Miners were swept out of bed at the shaft-houses and down the mountain, over and over in the snow with flour, ginger-snaps, and mine machinery. Some finished on top unhurt, but others were dug out late in the next summer. It's a time for blooded things to hibernate—the miners cluster round a phonograph and forget the world for months. But it's the trouble-hunter's busy time.

The thaws are teasing loose tons of snow at the top of a great toboggan. Away up at the top where the snow-cones form, one topples over, and a few snowballs start rolling down the slope; then a huge cake drags loose and the slide is off. Quietly and stealthily it starts, gathering volume and speed each second; the swish of the snow changes to a muffled rattle as trees and bowlders are polished from the surface and ground underneath; the snow billows up in mushrooms as it is pushed from behind, and ahead of the avalanche rifts of snow shoot out at lightning speed. The speed and power of it are titanic, but the terror of that rumble and noise cannot compare with the awful way that huge, uncanny tangle of snow and trees slugs its way to the bottom and spreads out in a remorseless solidity.

So far the linemen here have had marvellously few deaths from the slides. Besides crediting much to their proverbial luck, it implies a cool judgment and caution in the men. They are usually picked men and young, who have borne a reputation for endurance and capability in the country. They are all sworn as special deputies, go armed, and carry the authority and confidence of the community.

One thing that should be mentioned is the constant proximity of these men to instant death while they are working on wires that carry such a current as seventeen thousand volts. It is not necessary to come into contact with it—merely to get into the field will kill a man if he is grounded. When a wire goes down, the trouble can often be located by the flame of the arc which is thrown. It will jump the thirty feet from the pole to the ground, and an arc like that will light up the mountain canyons for miles around.

In summer, when thunder-storms are rife, the lightning adds its terror to the lines. The lightning arrestors at the sub-station flash and crackle like artillery, and now and again cross-arms are burned off or the giant insulators shattered. On the peaks among the clouds electrical storms are always terrifying. The lightning discharges in horizontal instead of perpendicular planes, and distinct electrical waves fly back and forth to oppress a man till he lies down flat and gets under them. At such times blue sparks play all over the mane of a sweaty horse, and enough static electricity is gathered on a telephone wire to light lamp globes, and sparks will jump to the lineman's spurs as he climbs a pole. Lightning is such a factor that barbed wire is often strung on the cross arms with mountain toll lines to catch and ground the bolts.

One power company carries one hundred thousand volts on each of three cables, one-hundred and fifty miles over the mountains to Denver. During a storm these cables are livid lines of blue light streaking through the darkness. When one of these wires grounds, it burns the sand to glass where it enters the earth; and they tell of its having fallen across an iron bridge near Dillon and burned it in two. So much leakage is there from this current that the trouble-hunter's telephone line, strung about fifty feet from the cable-towers, induces enough voltage to make it dangerous. A patrolman who had called up his wife on this wire to let her know he was safe, had no more than heard her

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answer than there came to him a piercing scream as she was knocked senseless to the floor.

In Alaska, the last of our great frontiers, the signal service of the United States Army maintains a telegraph line from St. Michaels through the interior, via Fairbanks to Valdez. It is the pride of all men who know of it. The men who operate and maintain it are the pick of the army physically, mentally, and as companions. A year's service here counts for two years, and the men's responsibilities are varied enough to make their position much like that of the Northwest Mounted Police in Canada. They are the hosts of the country; sometimes special sheriffs for the capture of outlaws, and, informally, they are doctors for whites and Indians, and general helpers of the scattered population.

The twelve hundred miles of line traverse as varied a lot of lonesome wilderness as man can find, along a bleak Arctic coast where iron posts are bent double with the sleet; through dense forests of constantly falling timber, and in parts so wild that moose are constantly breaking the wires; along the banks of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers, and over muskegs and swamps of the deadly "nigger-heads." The "nigger-head" is a sort of bunch-grass which builds into humps which make the hardest kind of travel known. A linéman near Talovana, in working through one of these swamps, sprained his ankle and was unable to travel. He crawled a mile or more over the uneven ground, and then gave up and froze to death. The builders saw pretty rough service, lived in tents through the whole winter, and suffered much in learning the ways of the country. A pair of mittens and a sled-trail ending at a hole in the shore-ice told the tale of one man's end, and many were the cases of freezing which resulted from carelessness or neglect. But experience has taught much, and regulations are minimizing more and more the hardships and dangers.

Two signal service men and an infantryman are quartered in repair cabins at intervals of from twenty-five to fifty miles along the line. In September their isolation begins, and they take in supplies for ten months and cache them on platforms away from the reach of squirrels. Besides a general equipment each station has a team of five dogs, and along the rivers boats and canoes. Midway between the stations are small relief cabins for emergencies, and many a time has an exhausted "musher" been taken in by the service men and nursed along his way again.

While the severity of winter makes the work dangerous, it is during the summer that the men's work is the hardest. Then the gnats and mosquitoes are rife. They drive pack-animals crazy, and mat into a man's boots and gauntlets in thousands. Besides wearing nets about their heads, the service men have to "pitch" the seams of their gloves to keep out these stinging devils. Summer, too, means soaking treks through the bogs of the muskeg, and long hikes of from twenty to forty miles on the beaches of the Yukon or Tanana. Here the river steamers start forest fires that take out miles of line and poles, and the trouble-man is at work while the moss is still burning. Frosts coming out of the ground bring poles with them, and miles of poles have to be set again. Bunking with the Indians and woodchoppers; dropping down the rivers with the ice and pulling back against the current of a moonlight night—the work of these men forces upon them the isolated, self-dependent life of a wilderness man.

An instance of the work they do is shown in the four-days trip made in February, 1908, by Sergeant Cox, in saving an old-timer, "Old Monte," whose feet were badly frozen and were mortifying while he lay in his lone cabin thirty miles away. Cox started in the morning with his dog team and basket sleigh, with the thermometer below zero and the trail blown in with loose snow. By night the old man's cabin was reached. Next day was spent in doctoring Monte, and on the following morning Cox started alone with the sick man in the dog sleigh for Fairbanks. That day he made the forty-seven miles to Ester Creek, uphill and down, over the divide, through soft snow—a trip that is still talked about among men who are accustomed to the feats of strong men on the trail.

At seven next morning they woke him up to finish the job—eight miles into Fairbanks over an easy trail. They saved most of Monte's two feet, and Cox undoubtedly saved his life.

Cox was soon back at his station working

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at the telegraph key. He had telegraphed to head-quarters for permission to leave his post, and only in this way was the feat brought to the attention of men. Things of the sort are done regularly in the line of duty, and no mention of them is ever made—above all, these men are modest. It was with a delightful mingling of modesty and pride that Cox showed me his certificate of meritorious service, signed by President Roosevelt.

Of such stuff are the trouble-hunters: clear-eyed, solid-bodied men who have chosen hard work in the open air; cheerfully adaptable to any circumstance, troublesome or pleasant; and full of independence and self-reliance.

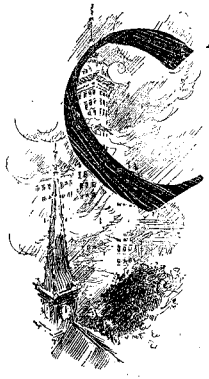
It is not that winter in the mountains is a new phenomenon or that the perils of a wilderness have not been met by men before—but the spread of the iron and copper wires has taken men constantly into the worst of these perils, and called for the same qualities in the trouble-hunting man that make the tales of Norsemen, explorers, and pioneers so absorbing.

Trouble-hunters they are in every sense of the word.

THE SKY-SCRAPER

By George Hibbard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



CAMDEN—Robert Camden—"Bob" Camden when one was upon advanced terms of friendship, and they were soon reached—continued to gaze out of the window. Not that any claim can be advanced for any interest on account of the mere act. The admission must immediately be made that nothing unusual marked the actual performance. The exceptionality of the proceeding arose from what he beheld—more, even, from what he did not see.

The sky was there as usual, a brilliant canopy of the purest jewelled blue, but then, like any of the other every-day wonders of the world, this most miraculous of them all may be dismissed as a commonplace. The earth, the ground outspread before him, was the extraordinary feature. Not that much of it was to be seen. Closely massed roofs stretched out before him and far below him so that it seemed paved with them, wide tops of great buildings appearing hardly more than gray flagstones. These were broken by towers and spires and chimneys, from which mounted plumes of steam or swung streamers of sun-shot smoke. Among them was traced an insolvable geometric problem of lines which were streets and avenues. Beyond flowed the river, a long strip of the heaven cut out and laid along the land. Over it sped many boats which might have been the darting navigators of a brook's bright surface. Across extended a hanging thoroughfare more wonderful than any hanging garden making a wonder of the ancient world. Then more roofs and steeples and turrets and close arrays of factory chimneys, and at last something green, the country, finally; but directly before him the city as an outrolled map.

Did he see these things? Bless you, not at all. What he discerned was a white, low, wide house, vague and yet clear in the moonlight. For the moonlight was almost as bright as daylight, though casting soft, deep shadows in which much was lost. The brick path up which he looked was lined with lilac and with snowball bushes, but that late June night they were no longer in bloom. On the low steps of the piazza stood pots of some flowering shrubs. Near one of them, her face resting on her arms stretched out along an upper step, half lay a girl all in white. He waited and looked and he did not speak, though he heard a low sob.

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All sorts and conditions of men and women.—Page 104.

"You will as soon as you can," she whispered through her tears and her handkerchief and her fingers.

"I'm only going," he assured her, "because I can make something for us to live on that way. This call to New York means a big chance. I can't miss it, and I've got to leave at once. Now that we're engaged——"

She held up one hand to him, which he seized and kissed, but not content with that, he bent and kissed her hair.

The summons to the city had been followed by the immediate business necessity of a departure for South America. Letters were necessarily interrupted. When, returning, he landed in New York, he had not received one for three months. Then at the boarding-house where he had stayed he found his last letter to her returned as not delivered. The missive had been forwarded by the post-office from Chicago, where it had been sent from the village to a street and number there. In the first train he hurried to Chicago and to the address. She had been at the house for a month, working as a typewriter in a railway office, and had gone away. Whither, nobody knew. At her place of employment they could give him no information. At the village where she had taught in the school, he could only learn that she had gone to Chicago, where her letters had been forwarded to her. At the small farm of her only relative of whom he knew, a married aunt, where he immediately journeyed, he could learn nothing. Her last letter which he had received seemed in no wise different from the others. The sudden lack of all trace, of all knowledge, of her was crushing. She was as lost to him as if she had never existed.

For the waifs and strays of the world—the huge multitude which have no fixed home and abiding-place, and all the established relationships which go with these—to sink from sight and to disappear from ken is not uncommon. The sparrow that falls to the ground falls often with hardly less notice by mankind—and of her Camden could learn no more than of some bird which had flown away in last year's flock.

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"She may think I never meant it," he muttered, "and I've only been living every day and every hour to see her again, from the moment I left her. And——"

What might have happened to her? When the black shadow of that thought fell upon him, he turned away, or tried to turn away. His misery, though, was a tyrant from whom he might not fly, for no matter how he strove to escape, the power was ever there to force him back to subjection. No matter what he might attempt for occupation, the weight and pain were upon him, compelling him to carry them and forcing him to stagger under their burden.

So he looked out of the window of the sky-scraper, one of the monster's numberless eyes which opened north, east, south, and west over the city; and while he gazed the life of the mammoth building went on, himself but a mere atom of its thronging population, his story a single incident of its multitudinous dramas. The elevators shot up and down, some to be arrested at any floor, the "express" making but few stops. Up—up they flew, until those within might well believe that they were mounting to the clouds. Their doors clanging open and shut stood in long array, with the uniformed "starter" hurrying the already hastening multitudes. Along the main corridors the crowd poured for conveyance to this or that one of the layers of stories, the individuals alighting and tramping through the miles of halls to the myriads of offices. All sorts and conditions of men and women—"poorman, richman, beggarman, thief" and their feminine equivalents. Up and down they thronged with every variety of garb, with every degree of bearing, with every change of expression of the human countenance. Packed within the iron cages of the "lifts" they were jerked on their various missions—in the mere mechanical discharge of the routine task of the day; in the pursuit of some project in which success meant the accomplishment of a life's ambition; in the dread of some result which involved the misery of a future. They came and they went with the alert step and ready smile of success; with the dragging footfall, the bent shoulders, and down-drawn mouth of defeat. For all purposes and on all quests they hustled and jostled and loitered and lingered, weaving the web of the sky-scraper's life, a multicolored design of many patterns, unrolled and rewound endlessly within the twenty-four hours. They arrived and departed, they ascended and descended, and at each stopping-place "Batty" Daly, with the same automatic decision with which he arrested and set going the mechanism of the elevator, announced continuously:

"Fourteenth — twenty-third — thirty-seventh—" until he came to "forty-second. Top floor," when he began again on a descending scale, ending with the proclamation: "Ground floor. All out."

All the time, as he sped up or dropped down, he stared when he passed the ornamented grille of "fifteenth," in the hope of catching a glimpse of Edna Goulder's yellow poll, more golden than the gilding on the filigreed iron-work.

"Got to hurry," he found chance to mutter at last as she darted through the door on one of her many errands to the other offices which the Everwear Hosiery Manufactories had on the thirty-ninth.

"Oh, I couldn't lose you," she answered, elevating her always elevated little chin.

"Sure you weren't tryin' to find me?"

"That's what you're doin' at six when I go home," she answered pointedly.

"Goin', then, to-night?" he asked casually.

"You'll find out if you wait," she replied as she whisked away.

Then down again sank the car, to be ready in the row with a dozen more to take its next load, pressing into it the moment that its last occupants had left it.

On the third, in the extensive quarters of the Atlantic States Milling Company, which filled a corner and extended far on each side, business had been progressing as usual, and—something else. Wesley Parkman, the head bookkeeper, entering the redoubtable door which bore upon its ground-glass the golden word "President," dropped the heavy bundle of documents which he held. Such a performance on the part of Mr. Parkman was highly unbecoming, as he would have been the first to admit. Indeed, his conduct caused him to feel a fleeting sense of culpability even at the moment. Was he not entering the august presence of Ira Kennedy, the head of the company, and the president, director, trustee, receiver, of as many other companies, corporations, railroads, banks, as

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he had years of his life—and he came near to the three score and ten? Also, if Mr. Parkman had been aware of it, he was entering the presence of one even mightier than Ira Kennedy himself, one to whom even greater rulers than Ira Kennedy were compelled to yield, one whom, no matter what was the power of Ira Kennedy and others, when the time came they were not able to put under their feet.

What caused Mr. Wesley Parkman to start in such a highly unbefitting manner, and furthermore to be guilty of the delinquency of allowing the papers to slip from his hands, was the sight of the president of the company, bent face downward on his desk, with his arms limply hanging. An absolute stillness about the figure, Parkman felt rather than perceived. He stepped forward, hesitated to touch the prostrate man, spoke his name—and then hurried through the door.

In an instant he returned with the Milling Company's secretary.

"Dead?" whispered the official.

He stepped forward, hesitated to touch the prostrate man.

"I don't know," Parkman chattered.

Together they stood for an instant, doubtful, beside the still figure.

"There's a doctor—Doctor Ferris—in the office of the Germicide Company down the hall. Get him here at once."

A clerk who was at the open door heard, and dashed away.

"Is there any one to inform?" asked Parkman, still in muffled tones.

"He lived up in his big house all alone," declared the secretary positively. "There's not a relative east of the Mississippi, if

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there's any out there. He hasn't a belonging in the city except his son—Francis Kennedy."

"He hasn't been on terms with him for a great while," Parkman prompted. "Has not spoken to him in three years."

The secretary nodded.

"They quarrelled about the way the old man," Parkman spoke in still deeper whispers, "managed some tenement property on the East Side. The son's a student of social conditions, and something of a philanthropist and reformer——"

"He's got to be told, I suppose," the secretary said doubtfully.

"Where's he to be found?"

"Don't you know?" asked the other significantly.

Parkman looked his ignorance.

"He has an office up in the thirty-fourth floor, where he's agent of the Tenement House Improvement Association."

"In this building?"

"Yes."

The two men stared at each other.

"Good heavens, Parkman," said the secretary impatiently, "what do you think? Don't you realize that this place has more inmates than the inhabitants of many a town with a third-class post-office? I'll swear the two haven't set eyes on each other for a year."

"Should he be sent for?"

"There's only one man can answer that," returned the secretary—"Mr. Tryngham, of Tryngham, Morse & Mowatt, the general counsels."

"Where do they do business?"

"On the twenty-seventh floor. Go," the secretary directed, "and telephone Mr. Tryngham."

Parkman, departing quickly, encountered the physician rapidly entering. His examination was the briefest. He stood erect by the side of the heavy couch to which the body of the president had been borne.

"Yes," he replied to the other's unspoken question.

"Sudden—" commented the secretary; and as a second thought he added, "Better not let the newspapers get hold of it until after business hours. They'd have out an extra in fifteen minutes, and the market is very unsteady."

"He has such large interests and connections?"

"More than most people suppose. I've sent for his lawyer. He's in the building, and he should be here in a minute."

The mingled sounds of the sky-scraper's complex activities penetrated but dully in the secluded private office. They were so many and diverse and ceaseless that they created an unbroken undertone—in which, however, there was nothing assuaging. It fell upon the ear with a heavy insistence which brought a sense of burden. Sometimes steps more marked in their precipitancy rose to distinctness. Occasionally a voice, lifted harshly or vehemently, could be more clearly heard. The agitation of the troubled stream of life flowing so near was in the air, and reacted upon the nerves. The stillness of the apartment increased the tension. The white hand of the dead man dragging down inertly to the floor, in some way caused each outside noise to appear more acute, the steady resonance of pressing existence to seem more masterful.

The lawyer came in as if late to keep an appointment.

"All over?" he demanded briskly.

Neither the secretary nor the physician spoke, but in the silence was an answer.

"I know all about this," he said sharply. "The old gentleman made his will only last week. Shouldn't be surprised if he felt something was coming. He must have experienced a change of heart. The whole thing's left to his son, Francis Kennedy."

"The king is dead. Long live the king," muttered the secretary, who collected first editions.

"He's got to be brought here at once. I understand he has an office in the building. I'll go for him myself."

Mr. Tryngham, having closed the matter in hand as if he had neatly snapped a rubber band upon it, rapidly left the room. Still his haste, as he approached the elevator and touched the button, was not greater than was usual with him when going to lunch at the Lawyers' Club. Certainly his countenance gave no indication that he was engaged in any more unusual affair. But then so many things came before Mr. Tryngham's notice, he encountered so much that was out of the ordinary in the farrago of the twenty-four hours. Indubitably, though, in his preoccupation, he failed to attend to a conversation carried on beside him.

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"You did it on purpose," protested the fair one with the lemon locks. "You went past my floor."

"Think I'm a thought-reader?" answered Prince Charming with the silver-plated badge. "Say, I got something to say to you."

"Why don't you?"

"S'teenth!" he burst forth, so that the announcement sounded like a scornful response to her question. "This ain't no place. Honest, what time you goin' home to-night?"

"If I told you—you'd know."

"I got seats for a show," he declared mysteriously.

Her silence indicated distrust, if not indifference.

"The name at the head of the letter-paper in the Advertising Agency on the twenty-ninth gave 'em to me."

Increasing credulity, the precursor of augmenting interest, showed in her bright eyes.

"Is it any good?"

"Broadway," he replied impressively.

Tryngham stepped from the car at the landing he sought. No. 10038 he found by turning a corner after proceeding down a long intersecting passage. The door with the modest black-lettered name of the charitable organization he threw open. The apartment disclosed was small and bare. By the window a young man sat at a typewriter.

"Mr. Francis Kennedy?" jerked out Tryngham.

"Yes," replied the young man, rising, for something in the speaker's voice startled him.

"I—I—" began Tryngham with as great hesitation as he ever exhibited, "I have come to tell you that your father has just been found dead in his office downstairs."

Mr. Tryngham . . . rapidly left the room.—Page 106.

"Father—" gasped the young man, and stopped short.

"I am the counsel for the Atlantic States Milling Company, also his private legal adviser. I have come to you at once, because I knew that in spite of the—differences between you, that very recently he has made a will leaving you his entire fortune."

Francis Kennedy drew a quick breath. For an instant he raised his hand to his mouth, where, momentarily, the lower lip was caught between the teeth.

"It can't be," he exclaimed.

"There's no possibility of mistake," asserted Tryngham. "I drew the will myself. You're in command now, and it's for you to say what's to be done."

"All is mine," murmured Kennedy as if suddenly reaching a more comprehending realization.

"All the real estate, every foot of it—all the investments—every bond in the safe deposit vaults—the control in all the railroads and business concerns—every share of stock. You are in the saddle now."

"Can anything be done for—father?" he asked with concern.

"Nothing. Parkman and a doctor are with him. We'll keep the death from the newspapers for a few hours."

"I'll go down with you," returned Kennedy rapidly. "But—you tell me all devolves on me from this moment. Can I do as I please?"

"Practically—in every respect. Of course, the will must be probated before you legally come into possession, but there are no relatives and there can be no contest

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or opposition. I may say positively that you are absolutely in control now."

"Perhaps I can stop it," muttered Kennedy half to himself. "Do you know anything about the Alaskan Company?"

"The deal——"

"The steal—" said the young man sharply. "No, I am not saying what I should not, for father took it over from others. I don't believe he half knew about it; though, for the first time in years, I wrote to him to tell him. I'd like to do something about that at once."

"You've got the direction of affairs now."

"All right," said Kennedy as he walked to the door. "May I ask something of you?"

"We should be pleased to act for you in the same capacity in which we have acted for your father."

"Very well, but this is different. I'd like to have you telephone Alan Rowlandson, civil engineer, here in the building, and say that I want him to come without delay to meet me at the Atlantic Milling Company."

Five minutes later, Francis Kennedy pushed along the tessellated floor of the approach to the Milling Company's offices. No indication gave evidence of what had taken place within, no suggestion was conveyed of what lay beyond. Death, death itself, was but the mere breakdown of a piece of the human machinery, irreparable in the instance, but immediately replaceable. The next day another executive would be at the desk, and all business would go on the same. Death—it was no more a stranger to the sky-scraper than anything else was strange. Had not each one of its towering stories cost a life, as in their construction each one of its fellows had averaged a life apiece for every stage? Had not its builders counted the cost in death, computing it almost as accurately as the outlay for stone and steel? We do not, with savage rites, splash the blood of victims over the foundations of our huge erections of nowadays; but nevertheless there is the sacrifice of life for each great monument of our modern civilization which goes up. The sky-scraper had taken its toll of mortality and of misery, had received the last breath of the fatally injured, had brought the shriek of the broken-hearted. For it there had been sacrifice and suffering, and for it men had met their end and women wept for them. What was a death more or less for it? Men passed, but it stood and would continue to stand. What was anything to it, the immutable Juggernaut crushing out existences, the Moloch exacting its flesh-offering?

Within the private office Francis Kennedy remained but a short time. He issued from it slowly and silently, with Tryngham and the secretary. A younger man hastening up brought him to a stand-still.

"Ah, Alan," he greeted him, and turned to the secretary: "I want to speak a few moments to Mr. Rowlandson alone."

"Come into my room," urged the company's officer solicitously.

When the secretary closed the door, leaving the two young men in the apartment marked with all the opulence of business luxury, Kennedy took a quick turn across the large rug.

"It's a shock, even with the relations, or the lack of them, we have had," he addressed the other. "However, you know the way it has been and, well—I'm sorry without sorrow, if that says anything." Again he walked from border to border of the rug. "I understand I have everything in my hands, on my shoulders, now." He wheeled about. "You've got to start for Alaska at six o'clock—in two hours and a half. I've asked about the train to Chicago."

"Alaska!" exclaimed Rowlandson.

"There are things going on there I can't stop too soon, now that I have the power. I want you to be there and take charge of the Alaska concern and do what is right." He raised his voice with the last word. "I can't go, with my father's death, but I can depend on you. I want you to get on the ground without loss of a moment. I'll send full powers and instructions after you. This isn't because you're a friend, but because I know you're the man for the job. Of course I'm glad that there's this chance for what will be more than worth while to you. So will you be off at six?"

"Off in two hours and a half?" Rowlandson's words fairly ended in a laugh. "Why, I'm to be married in four days, don't you remember? Got it all fixed, license and everything."

"I had forgotten Miss Fairchild," returned Kennedy, stopping short, "and your wedding. Well"—again he resumed his

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pacing—"what's to prevent your being married? You have all the requirements arranged, you say."

"But," answered Rowlandson, "you want me to go immediately."

"What's the matter with having the wedding at once? You're so in love, the sooner the better for you, and I'm mistaken in Miss Fairchild if she hasn't the sporting spirit in her for it. Be married this afternoon, and make Alaska a wedding trip."

"I might ask Florence," said Rowlandson with animation. "In two hours, though, how could it be managed? There wouldn't be time to find a clergyman uptown, and catch the train."

"Be married here and now."

"Here, in the building? Where's the minister?"

"There's nothing one of these sky-scrapers can't supply, even the ministrations of the church. I'll call up the janitor and ask. Let me see, Miss Fairchild is with the Iowka Roofing people."

"On the twenty-eighth."

"Telephone there and say that you have a proposition to make to her and that you want to speak to her at once."

"I will," replied Rowlandson with enthusiasm. He hesitated. "But if she agrees—where could we be married?"

Kennedy considered for a moment.

"In my office upstairs. Ask Miss Fairchild to come up there to meet you, and go up now yourself."

For Rowlandson to obtain from the surprised girl the assent to see him immediately, needed but a few moments.

"Oh, Alan," she exclaimed, "there is

"A wedding here!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands.—Page 111.

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something in your voice. Is it anything bad?"

"Good—good!" he exclaimed. "If you'll make it good."

A few minutes later, he waited in the Tenement Association's restricted quarters. The period of suspense became an almost unbearable delay. He had gone through three years with fair patience while they saved enough to give them, in their opinion, or rather hope, capital for the establishment of their partnership in the venturesome business of the reduction of rosy dreams to reality. At last she had "set the day," and his impatience had hardly been equal to the needs of struggling with the slow passing of a fortnight. Now, with the suddenly presented opportunity of the immediate realization of his wish, he could hardly compose himself for five minutes.

Rowlandson's thoughts flew swiftly over the past years. How he had wished for a chance, such a chance as the present, to gain money. Money to give her much which he wanted for her sake. Money for beautiful things for her to wear and worthy of her beauty; for the daily comforts and luxuries of a richer existence; the satisfaction of the amenities of a more affluent condition; the very variety and pleasure of a more leisurely life. Money, as he toiled at his desk in the sky-scraper how he had longed for it, as all the other hundreds and thousands of the sky-scraper's workers longed for it, according to their conditions and experiences. All striving with different aureate dreams before them, all lured onward by varied golden will-o'-the-wisps to labor and contend beneath that mighty roof. The feeling was in the very atmosphere. It might have been some emanation from the towering walls, some overpowering exhalation from the massive foundations. The sky-scraper itself had been for many the source of envy and despair. With its value so great as to be beyond accurate estimate, it seemed to dwarf all possible possession, to render pigmy not only ordinary human beings, but ordinary human fortunes. Was not the very ground on which it stood of such price that the sum would buy land sufficient to grow grain to feed a fair-sized army? Would not the revenue derived from it finance and support many a minor kingdom? Money it represented, money it was built to make, and those who entered on its service quickly felt and learned the requirements of their overlord. Money was the shibboleth they learned to pronounce, and for those who failed there speedily followed the quick extermination of the unfitted.

Rowlandson had left the door open and he heard her light step in the hall. He was at the threshold as she approached.

"Come in," he said hurriedly. "Francis Kennedy wants me to start for Alaska at six o'clock. There is good pay, perhaps big money, in it. Not to lose it, I've got to go in two hours, to be away I don't know how long. Are you willing to be married immediately? Are you game for that?"

He stopped short, gazing at her anxiously and pleadingly.

"Yes," she said, swiftly and without an instant's hesitation.

"Then," he continued headlong, "I'm going to hunt up a clergyman, if Kennedy hasn't found one. I know you'd like that better than some city official or some judge."

"Fancy being married by a judge!" she protested.

"I'll bring a minister back here if you'll be ready."

"Yes," she answered. "Oh, I never expected that it would be this way! There's no music and I've no veil and there's no wedding cake. But," she continued wildly, "I don't care. We are going to be married just the same, and that's the important thing, darling."

His kiss upon her lips stopped her for a moment.

"Why," she declared exultantly, "I'd rather have it this way—so much sooner than we expected or hoped."

"All right," he said.

"Without any bridesmaids or anything, but—can't I tell Rhoda? Can't I ask her?"

"Yes, if you'll hurry," he answered on his way to the door.

"I've grown so fond of her since she has been next to me there in the office all day. It would seem more like a wedding."

"We need a witness," he said to her over his shoulder as he hastened off. "In fact, we need two. Get anybody else you can find."

Brought face to face with those crowded within the descending car, through the obliviousness of her joy she hardly strove to assume a more sedate mien.

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"Why, Daly, it's you," she exclaimed fervently, as if the circumstance were a wonderful fact in a wonderful world.

"Yep—wearin' my own face again today. But say," he asked, peering at her, "what's turned on the power?"

"I'm going to be married, Batty. I'm going to be married," she murmured ecstatically.

"Whuh! 's that the lemon pie? To the bridge and railway plumber in the forty-first. The office kid he works for told me."

"But, Batty," she insisted, "I'm going to be married here and now, in a few minutes."

"G'wan!" he ejaculated with scornful indignation.

"I am, truly and really," she protested. "In the room of the Tenement Association. Do you think you could get off long enough to act as a witness?"

With the air of one to whom surprise is an unknown emotion, he accepted the situation.

"Cert." He paused, and continued: "A wedding here in the building. Well, if that don't break the speed limit! Say, 'll you let me tell Edna? For fair, she couldn't stand it to be struck out on that. A weddin' goin' on here and she not also present? Why, she'll hang on a curbstone before a church an hour to see the veil and orange-flowers drive up to the awnin'."

"Of course," she replied as she hurried out. "Tell her that I want her by all means."

When the car next went up, Daly ascended in it as watchful passenger. He had made the necessary preparations and obtained leave. Now, with the severe critical attitude of the expert, he watched his substitute take up the load of which he was one.

"Fifteenth," he said, and as he noted the difference of an inch between the level of the car and the floor he exclaimed, "Can't you make no better connection 'n that?"

"I brought these flowers," said Edna, "they are not much."—Page 114.

In the big room where a hundred and more women and girls were at work, Batty knew exactly where to find Edna. The man at the swinging gate of the railing motioned as if to stop him, but he kept haughtily on.

"I'll come to see the boss another day," he said. "Just now I want to exchange a word or two with Miss Goulder."

Edna saw him, and paused in the occupation of folding the circulars which she took from a pile and placed in envelopes with such sleight-of-hand rapidity.

"Say, you're invited to a weddin'," he announced, bending over her.

A slight wrinkle, the merest rosy line, appeared on the bridge of Miss Goulder's plump nose.

"Get fifteen minutes off," he enjoined, "even if they don't let you come back. Miss Fairchild's going to be married to the civil engineer guy on the forty-first, up 'n the office of the Tenement Association. I'm to be a witness, and I ran youse in."

"A wedding here!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands. "Why, where's the white ribbons, and—and the flowers?"

"Aw, cut it out!" he returned with contempt. "They ain't nothing at these 'to have and to hold' reunions. It's the 'I will' that does the business."

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"An' she won't have none," continued Miss Goulder very earnestly. "I wonder—she's been dreadful good to me."

"Well?"

"I just wonder if I couldn't get some little white ones somewhere for twenty-five cents, and if she'd mind——"

"You can get flowers all right. Ain't there that American Beauty counter down on the ground floor? But as for twenty-five cents——"

"Just a few little white ones," continued Miss Goulder thoughtfully, "I think'd be an awful nice thing to do."

"I've heard of worse ways of bein' crazy."

As Miss Goulder was aware, the response contained the strongest approbation and encouragement.

"I'm goin' to try," she said resolutely.

Camden sat busily motionless at his desk. During an hour he had consciously and conscientiously continued at work. The vision which he had beheld out of the window he would not let himself see. The thoughts which seemed to surround him and press for admission to his brain he had kept from him. Only by such mechanical forcing of attention was he able to accomplish anything. At length he considered that the time he had allotted for the pursuance of the task in hand must have elapsed. He looked up at the clock. At that same instant Alan Rowlandson burst through the door.

"I'm going to be married and I want you for best man."

"I know it," replied Camden calmly. "Didn't you break in here a month ago, almost as much out of your head, and didn't I tell you that I would, with pleasure?"

"But I'm going to be married in five minutes, and I need you immediately——"

"Rather a hurry-up call," said Camden, laughing.

"There's a sudden chance—a glorious chance—for me, and we're going to have the wedding right here. I want you to see me through."

"Minus the regalia? Long coat—long hat?"

Rowlandson struck his forehead with his hand.

"The ring! the ring! I've forgotten the ring."

Sped by her and cast herself into Camden's open arms.—Page 114.

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"Never mind, there's a jeweller on the ground floor."

"Come with me. I'll get one and explain as we go."

Camden rose, put on his hat, and followed the other's hasty steps.

"Is there anything else needed?" asked Rowlandson apprehensively. "Forgetting the ring has given me a jolt. Think quick."

"Rice and old shoes," Camden suggested. "I have no doubt that they could be supplied on the place."

"I mean anything essential," said Rowlandson, searching wildly.

He continued in agitated cogitation while they descended in the elevator, and only appeared to become conscious of the presence of his friend as they pushed hurriedly through a lower passage of the sky-scraper.

"No news?" he asked.

"Nothing," replied Camden grimly. "The worst is, I don't know what to try next. I've had the police at it, and private detective agencies. Since I've got this position as the New York agent of the Mexican concern I've got the money. I've the money," he explained bitterly, "and she isn't here to have the good of it, and without that it's no good to me."

"If there's to be another wedding, let me in on it."—Page 115.

"Tough luck," murmured Rowlandson.

"I don't know what may have happened. That's the worst of it. If I've got to bear it I could bear it better, I believe, if I knew that she was not living."

He went on a few steps in silence.

"But, my ancient mariner, I'm no proper wedding guest, much less a best man."

The purchase of the ring was a hasty affair, and within a few minutes the two men were shot upward to the thirty-fourth floor and the office of the Tenement Association. Kennedy was before them, and stood awaiting them at the door.

"I couldn't speak to the janitor. His wife was ill in their quarters somewhere up under the roof. However, I got his assistant and he declared there was a parson in some way connected with the *Home Hearth*, on the twenty-sixth. I went there at once, and found a dominie immediately, all ready for the job. He'll be here in a minute."

The three men stood waiting, without further speech. In the heart of one was the exultation of sudden happiness; in the other the sharp ache of a hope deferred and sometimes carried to despair; in the third the anxiety of responsibility and duty to be accomplished. They were mere human hearts of the usual human size, but they were the sources of power and life, and the very sky-scraper was the result of the force and will of the hearts of men like these. To behold the gigantic material fabric caused an amazed awe, and yet, mighty mass as it was, great force as it contained, what was it in its effects in comparison with the slightest emotion of some one of its human contents, a heart's momentary impulse reacting upon others and setting in motion chains of events lasting even longer than might the sky-scraper itself, reaching abroad to the very ends of the earth and onward to the very end of the world? For the worshippers of the concrete, the actual, what they are pleased to term "facts," the sky-scraper was an iron and granite finality, the last word in the argument anent the cosmos. Yet within it human stories were carried on, even day-dreams were dreamed, which were more powerful in their consequence than it, and gave the lie to such philosophy. It was the personification of the seen, the tangible, the world, while within it, as within the hearts of men and women, the real existence was to be found, the existence of sacrifice and aspiration, of fear and of hope, of sorrow and of joy, of hate and of love. A china orange to Lombard Street! The sky-scraper to the youngest heart of the most unconsidered of its workers. In the great scheme of things it stood dwarfed, annihilated in the contrast. Why, Edna Goulder coming up the

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hall and holding a tiny sheaf of white flowers easily caused the sky-scraper, in the make-up of the universe, to look, in spite of all its value, like a specified sum which popular wisdom has settled upon as inconsiderable.

Miss Goulder's power of persuasion, aided with a statement of the facts of the case, had beguiled the nosegay from an unusually tender-hearted florist. She advanced with calm confidence, while Batty lagged a little behind in an unwonted embarrassment.

"We're asked to the wedding," she proclaimed.

"Of course you are," welcomed Rowlandson. "Come in," and he stood aside so they could enter the room.

"I brought these flowers," said Edna, with a touch of diffidence. "They are not much."

"They are a great deal," Rowlandson declared. "They're just what we need. Here, we'll put them on the table. No, wait and give them to the bride."

"Here's the one who's going to tie the bonds of matrimony," called Kennedy.

The rosiest and most rotund pattern of a clergyman on whom a bishop had ever laid hands came trotting toward the entrance. Round—not a more perfect example of human sphericity could have been discovered in the whole Church Register. Plump—no missionary society in the old days, no matter how active, would ever have had the courage to send him to an early South Sea island. Smiling—he was bald, and over the pink expanse of his cranium seemed to pass the expanding ripples of his joviality.

"Now—now—this is a pleasure," he cried, rubbing his hands as if, lacking some one, he felt obliged to shake hands with himself in his abounding content.

"Glad you could come," assured Rowlandson heartily. "You see, we're rather in a hurry, and—why is not Florence here?" he continued, turning to Camden.

"The bridal party is perhaps waiting for the wedding march to strike up," he said. "But there's some one."

Light, hurried footsteps sounded from the hall. Rowlandson, in his impatience, pressed to the door.

"Here you are," he exclaimed in a tone of relief. "Everything is ready."

Florence came into the room, her hand in his. Rowlandson and she, however, had not advanced beyond the mat when both involuntarily paused. Something in the bearing of Kennedy and the clergyman, of Edna Goulder and Daly, arrested them. The very air seemed a medium in some mysterious way conveying apprisal of an event. Without seeing Camden they would have known that something had happened. He was staring before him with wild unbelief.

"Rhoda!" he cried.

The girl following Florence suddenly, with a cry, sped by her and cast herself into Camden's open arms. For an instant they were silent and the others equally speechless.

"Rhoda! Rhoda!" he exclaimed, as if in the repetition of her name he sought confirmation of the incredible. "Where did you come from?"

"Why," she replied, "I have not come from anywhere. I've just been here." She withdrew her face from his shoulder to look at him, and at the same time attempted to give him a little shake, which in no wise stirred him. "Where have *you* been? Oh, I've lived in such despair and so hopeless and afraid and everything!"

"You have been here?" he said in amazement.

"Six months in the building," she answered.

"Here in the same building? Why, I have been here nearly a year."

"I could not hear from you. I wrote again and again to the address you gave me in New York."

"I wrote that the block was going to be pulled down to make room for an apartment house."

"I never got the letter, and finally mine began to come back from the Dead Letter Office, and I had no money and I could not do anything. I came to New York and I got this position and I have been hoping and hoping——"

"It's all right now, darling," he assured her.

"It's been a long time," she said sadly.

"We'll just make up for it."

"And—oh—I never, never thought when Florence asked me to come to her wedding at once, that—that——"

The speech stammered into incoherence and indistinctness, as a higher color blushed on her cheeks.

"That you were coming to yours," he teased. "That's right. That there was

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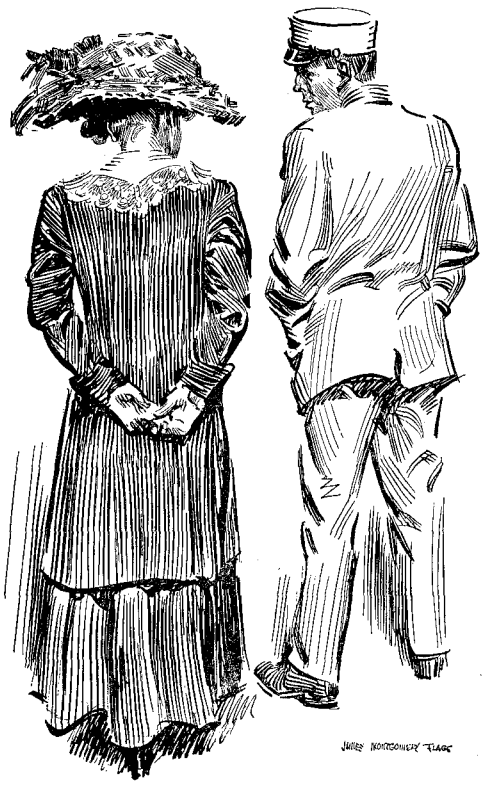
some one whom you said that you would have waiting for you. Never mind these people, if they are looking and see us—they've got troubles of their own."

In the break in the tension which had existed, all laughed as if Camden had accomplished the best of witticisms.

"That's the talk. That's the talk," encouraged the divine, and he placed his right hand on his left shoulder and his left conversely on his right, as if he could not refrain from embracing himself in the excess of his cheerfulness. "If there's to be another wedding, let me in on it. Two for the price of one."

Again everybody except Kennedy received the words with fresh hilarity, for the prosperity of a jest lies not only in the ear but in the heart of the hearer, though the Great Authority and Master who never failed to mean everything probably meant that, too.



"Will youse?" he asked suddenly.

"Agreed," assented Camden gleefully. "Only we must see these two through first."

The clergyman instantly became as sedate as he could contrive. Still, the situation, as he saw it, clearly contained such funds of humor that a chuckle continually escaped him even as he read the opening lines.

Quickly, though, while the weighty sentences succeeded one another, he and the rest grew more grave. No solemn tone of pealing organ had begun the ceremony. No dim, rich spaces of church or cathedral supplied a setting. Nothing was to be heard except the unceasing roar of the sky-scraper's mechanism, human and material, but faintly dulled by door and distance. The place was merely a barren cubicle in the great structure. The words, though, and the associations with them and the meaning held by them, were enough. "Whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder." They were unusual words for the sky-scraper—strange words where the might of men was held to be all in all, where greed and gain formed the rules and usages, where matters of the heart and soul were held but useless sentiment, if indeed they existed at all. Yet when she had murmured clearly, "I will," and he answered firmly, "I will," already, before the end of the service, for everyone there the greatest money transaction in the sky-scraper that day, the biggest "deal" put through, was but the bartering of idle counters in comparison with the bargain just made by these two, "for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death us do part."

Batty Daly walked away unusually silent. Edna, by his side, had not recovered her ready speech. At last, when they came to a darker bend of the corridor, he stopped.

"Will youse?" he asked suddenly.

"I will," she replied, unconsciously in the words she had lately heard.

That is all, except a short conversation which took place an hour afterward in the elevator, of which Batty had again assumed control.

Doctor Ferris of the Germicide Company, descending, found himself beside his *confrère*, the regular physician of the sky-scraper.

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"Hello, Colby," he said, noticing that the other glanced at his watch. "In a hurry?"

"I've been detained," Colby answered. "The janitor's wife in their quarters up on the very top floor 's just had a child."

Neither spoke for a moment.

"Well," said Ferris, "the youngster may be said to be born high up in the world."

Both laughed with the indulgent amusement accorded a manifest joke.

EXPERIMENTS IN GERMANY WITH UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE

By Elmer Roberts

POLITICAL thinking in Germany, beginning with the later Bismarckian days, abandoned the idea that the individual alone is responsible for his situation in life, his employment or unemployment, and that somehow inwoven with individual responsibility is the responsibility of society, of the whole state. This way of thinking may now be called the minimum German state socialism, the kind of thinking that is still called radical in Great Britain or in America, but in Germany is conservative. It became evident to observers that the loss of employment in industrial crises was brought about by events over which the workman could have no control. Besides periodical depressions, the development of immense organizations, formerly unknown, in the management of which the individual workman does not participate and in which there can be no direct bargain between the managing employer and the employed, has brought economists and the paternal governments of German states to the conviction that the state or the local government must justly share responsibility for unemployment and must devise measures for the creation of a fund out of which the unemployed may of right take assistance. The government has therefore in the course of the last twenty-five years abandoned the stand-point of the imperial industrial laws guaranteeing complete liberty of action between the giver of labor and the applicant, and has undertaken to intervene by a policy of protection. This policy of protection for the employee runs parallel with protection of agriculture, of internal trade, of foreign commerce, and through an intricate system of adjustments, between all individuals whether great capitalists or small workmen, and the economic whole. It has been therefore an easy question to dispose of, whether public funds should be used in insurance against the results of unemployment. The majority of those deliberating upon the question in municipal councils or in state commissions have decided that such application of government funds is correct in principle.

The trying to think out and experiment with insurance against the results of intermittent employment is a continuance by German cities and the governments of German states of the striving to squeeze dependent pauperism out of the social system, to round out the imperial insurances begun in the eighties for the widow, the ill, the aged, the orphan, and the disabled. Since the state enforces compulsory education, military service, and precautions for the health of the workman, it is regarded as a proper extension of the powers of government to prevent the labor unit from degenerating while temporarily out of use. He must be cared for and kept in a state of efficiency for re-employment, for the army, and for his general functions as a living and contributing organism of the state. Neither circumstances nor the individual's own inadequate powers of resistance must be allowed to transform him into a parasite. The main element of the problem is regarded as psychological, to maintain the human unit in good condition by keeping his spirit in a healthy state of self-respect and courage. After the old, the sick, and the defective have been sifted from the unemployed and cared for each under his classification, and after the police and the

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magistrates have driven to forced labor those otherwise able yet without the will to work, there remain the capable and the willing for whom there is no work. Official and semi-official labor exchanges make it easy for the person who desires work to be brought into relation with the person or company having work to give. But after all has been done, a surplus remains of workers over the amount of work to do. The solicitude of the state for the unemployed in Germany is greater perhaps than in most other countries, because the imperial policy is to make life at home easy enough and endurable enough to continue to keep Germans in Germany, to give them employment and a sense of security for the future. The German workman does seem to have the feeling that he is upheld by the whole of the splendid and powerful society of which he is an obscure member. Life is dingy, but he feels that he will not be allowed to become submerged utterly, no matter what calamities may happen to him individually or to his trade.

Munich, Dresden, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Mayence, Strassburg, Luebeck, Rostock, Karlsruhe, Elberfeld, Magdeburg, Cassel, Altenburg, Quedlinburg, Erlangen, and Wernigerode are the principal industrial municipalities that are operating some form of so-called insurance for unemployed.

The municipality of Cologne has had since the autumn of 1896, an insurance against hardships from loss of work. The administration is in the hands of a committee created by the municipal council, consisting of the mayor, the president of the labor exchange, twelve insured workingmen elected by the insured, and twelve honorary members chosen from the long list of prominent citizens who are honorary contributors. The governor of the district, who is an appointee of the Prussian crown, has a supervisory relation to the committee. The fund out of which the insurances are paid was begun by voluntary contributions, amounting to 100,000 marks, of manufacturers, other employers of labor, and honorary members. The city appropriated 25,000 marks. The remainder of the funds during a period of thirteen years since the foundation has been raised by the assessments on insured workingmen; the total from this source, however, amounting to a little more than one-third. The conditions giving a workman the right to participate in the insurance are that he shall be eighteen years of age, have resided at least a year in the Cologne district, that he shall have a regular calling, and that he must have paid a weekly contribution of from thirty to forty pfennigs—that is, seven and a half to ten cents—weekly for a period of thirty-four weeks. He then becomes entitled, should he be out of employment during the winter, from December 1 to March 1, to be paid after the third day of unemployment two marks a day for the first twenty days and one mark a day thereafter until the winter season shall be at an end. As the imperial government's laws concerning insurance against illness or accident provide for these categories, the workman can only continue to receive insurance if he is in sound health and fit for work. He may not benefit if he is on strike or if he has been dismissed through an obvious fault of his own, if he refuses work or has given false information regarding himself. The insurance office is run in intimate connection with the official labor exchange, whose duty it is to know where labor is wanted in any division of effort in the Cologne district and to draw from the body of unemployed enrolled at the exchange those suited to the vacancies that exist. The insured are largely members of the building trades, such as masons, stone-cutters, plasterers, paperers, and carpenters. The results, therefore, are not regarded as representing what they would be were the insurance to extend over the entire working year and to include every variety of workers. The scheme, however, operated sufficiently well to insure its continuance. The plan has been modified in details from year to year, and has become adjusted to local conditions. Last winter the number of the insured was 1,957. Of this number seventy-six per cent. became entitled to insurance to the extent of 61,934 marks. The insured themselves had contributed 23,439 marks. The remainder of the requirements were paid out of the permanent fund, which, with the exception of 6,000 marks, was restored by a grant of 20,000 marks from the city of Cologne and by contributions from other bodies and persons.

Private persons in Leipsic seven years ago founded a non-dividend-paying company with a reserve of 100,000 marks with

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the object of insuring against unemployment. The municipality declined to contribute because of socialist opposition, based upon the belief that insurance enterprises of this sort tend to compete with similar provisions of the trades-unions, which pay out yearly in Germany about 5,000,000 marks on account of intermittent employment of their members. The trades-union insurance schemes are usually solvent and well managed. The Leipsic concern divides its risks into four classes. The members pay the equivalent weekly of seven and one-half, ten, twelve and one-half, and fifteen cents throughout the year, the insurance under this arrangement covering the entire year. A special class has also been erected for members of societies, or for entire bodies of workmen in factories, to be insured. The member is qualified for receiving 1.20 marks insurance per day after he has contributed forty-two weeks. The usual conditions of non-payment in case of strike or refusal to accept work or for incapacity for work are attached.

The conflict with the trades-unions has been overcome in the city of Strassburg, by the municipal government co-operating with the trades-unions, and adding one mark per day to the subscription of two marks for each member made by the trades-unions; or in instances where the payments of the trades-unions were less than two marks, the city shares proportionately. This co-operation has been found to work well. The city insurance office settles monthly with the trades-unions. Only one instance has been discovered of deception on the part of a member of a trades-union who was receiving insurance. One consequence naturally has been that the position of the trades-unions has been strengthened. The unorganized labor is taken care of by relief works. In Strassburg as well as in other cities, a close working arrangement exists between the insurance office and the labor exchanges. The co-operation between the trades-unions and the insurance office in Strassburg, has had the advantage of providing the insurance office with accurate information regarding every person in receipt of insurance, and a system of control against deception.

The municipality of Munich has a bill under consideration for paying three marks a day for married men and two marks a day for unmarried, during a period in each year not exceeding eight weeks, to those irregularly employed. The magistrates decide who are to come within the benefits of the municipal insurance fund, which is created by appropriation from the city treasury, by contributions from employers, and by the subscriptions of public-spirited individuals. Düsseldorf has spent during each of two winters half a million marks in public relief works. The twenty or more other German cities that are experimenting with insurance against the loss of work, are doing so upon one or other of the lines already mentioned.

The subject has, however, taken a larger form in German thought than the experiments of municipalities, though these experiments form an interesting body of results. The broad aim toward which German statesmen are thinking is the building of a governmental machinery that shall bring about compulsory thrift on the part of those liable to unemployment, and the compulsory contribution of the employer of labor, with an addition by society, as a whole, to the fund thus created. Employers are not generally opposed to such a law. Several of the great employing companies of Germany have private systems of insurance; as for instance, the Lanz Machinery Company of Mannheim, which has a capital set apart for the maintenance of skilled workmen for whom the company has provisionally no employment on account of industrial exigencies. The principle upon which the Lanz Company and other companies doing the same thing act is that, when a body of skilled workmen has been brought together and organized with a highly specialized division of labor, the company would suffer a greater loss by allowing the workmen who form trained parts of their industrial machine to migrate to other places in search of work than by paying to keep them ready for re-employment. The Lanz Company also considers that, as it employs men to the full capacity of the works only during brisk times, it is simple justice to give these workmen a share of the accumulated profits during slack times. German companies acting thus toward their workmen have found that an economy was effected by having efficient men ready to fill vacancies or to take up work during periods of expanding

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business, so that the full profits of expansion could be realized immediately without the delays that might otherwise be caused by training inexperienced men or by getting trained men from other localities—always a difficult thing to do during a period of prosperity.

The Reichstag in 1902 adopted a resolution asking the imperial government to examine into the possibility of insurance against unemployment. The government charged the imperial bureau of statistics to inquire into the subject, and after three years an extensive report was presented to Parliament based upon the beginnings of the experience by German municipalities and in Switzerland and Belgium. Although this volume was published only four years ago, it is out of date because insurance for unemployment has made such rapid progress that data has, from year to year since 1906, been so expanded that anything written one year has become antiquated the next. Count von Posadowsky, while he was imperial minister of the interior and vice-chancellor, undertook to work out a comprehensive plan for the maintenance of those able to work but for whom no work could be found. He gave the subject much personal attention, and the statisticians to whom he committed divisions of the work brought together a large body of facts and conclusions based upon them. The material, however, could not be brought into a form satisfactory to the analytical and comprehensive mind of Count von Posadowsky. He never submitted the results to the chancellor or to the emperor. The main outlines within which Count von Posadowsky undertook to enclose his scheme are understood to have been compulsory contributions by workmen during the periods of employment, enforced contributions by employers graduated according to wages and the character of the employment, and proportionate contributions from the imperial finances. A consideration that has apparently delayed the imperial government in pushing forward provisions for the idle employable has been the position of the national finances. The annual deficits, covered by annual borrowings on account of large expenses in other directions, caused the feeling that fresh obligations indefinitely large ought not to be undertaken until the imperial expenditures were balanced by revenue. The idea of an insurance against unemployment on a scale comprehending the empire is for the present in suspense, but it is likely to be taken up as soon as financial embarrassments are out of the way. In the meantime, the problem is being worked out by the governments of German states and by municipalities. The imperial government continues to take censuses of unemployed and to make theoretic studies with the ultimate object of devising a national scheme.

The government of Bavaria appointed a commission in November, 1908, to discuss public insurance against results of loss of work. The conference met the following March, and the principal branches of industry, agriculture, the Chambers of Commerce, and the departments of the government were represented. The propertied interests were skeptical regarding the possibility of an equitable distribution of the burdens of such insurance, while economists and the government representatives took the view for the most part that insurance of this sort was desirable, and that the difficulties could be overcome.

The statistical results of German experiments form already a literature of about eighty pamphlets and books—most of them prepared officially by city statistical offices, or by economists and statisticians employed by municipalities for the purpose. Nearly all the material is accompanied by discussions that in themselves indicate how new the subject is. Herr Dr. Jastrow, who has prepared one of the most lucid commentaries for the city council of Charlottenburg, a suburb of Berlin with 300,000 population, considers that the discussion has advanced far enough for it to be regarded as non-political and that the question need no longer be discussed as it was some years ago by labelling all those who hold ancient views as reactionaries, and those who believe in such insurance as radicals.

The main preliminaries which have been decided by municipalities that have already put into operation some form of unemployment insurance, are that the use of public money for this purpose is admissible, that the results of unemployment are to be considered in principle as a public matter, and that it is technically possible to provide such assurance.

Insurance is based upon statistics that determine the frequency with which a risk

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would be likely to avail itself of the guarantee. No adequate statistics concerning unemployment, nor long-established systems for premiums and indemnities, exist. It has been affirmed that the need for insurance might depend upon the insured person himself, and that the employed workman could easily cause himself to be dismissed, so that he could receive money without work. The objection has also been made that in other forms of insurance there can be a restoration of the damage sustained, and that the remedy for unemployment ought to be work offered, instead of payments for not working, and that the question would still be open as to whether the insured should accept work that might be distasteful to him. These objections are considered to-day as having been disposed of by reflections along this line:

Modern statistics of unemployment are imperfect, but life, fire, transport, and casualty insurances were begun without statistics, and created them only in the course of time. Even the imperfect statistics of unemployed to-day are more adequate as a basis from which to work, Herr Dr. Jastrow says, than the statistics were at the time of organizing most of the branches of existing insurance. The objection that the beginning of the benefits of insurance depends upon the will of the insured person himself, has been answered by pointing out that this applies likewise to liability insurance, where bad faith in the person insured is possible.

An objection more often raised than others is that of unemployed strikers. This has been treated by separating unemployed strikers from the unemployed from other causes. In some discussions of this phase of the subject it is considered that even strikers, when an arbitration court organized under the supervision of the government should have decided that the strike was a just one, could avail themselves of the insurance just as though they had become unemployed through the operation of involuntary causes. This phase of the subject indicates the serious obstacles that are yet in the way of a comprehensive insurance system which shall compulsorily embrace all able to work, yet unemployed. The losses that have to be replaced in every kind of insurance do not exist as an effect of detached events, but are a permanent condition daily created under the workings of society and daily effaced, with intervals of greater or less severity.

As in other kinds of insurance, it is economically more reasonable to prevent losses than to pay them. Guarantees against unemployment tend, it is observed, to render communities that are paying unemployment insurance at present more careful of the rights and wrongs of the employer and of the employee, to stimulate measures that prevent unemployment just as fire insurance companies assist in the organizing of fire brigades in places where they do not exist and as the invalid insurance department of the government spends considerable sums for the care of tuberculous patients in order to prevent the spread of a disease that will add to the losses. The difference between insurance against unemployment and other branches of insurance is that the policy of prevention lies open in a specially high degree. New questions of dispute have arisen, as, for example, what kind of work can be reasonably provided for the unemployed. Is not a watchmaker justified in refusing to take temporary work shovelling snow, because hard manual labor will thicken the cuticle of his hands so that he is disabled from working at his delicate trade should he have an opportunity to do so? Arbitration courts have been organized in cities experimenting with unemployment entrusted with the decision in such cases, and their verdicts are usually recognized as fair.

The German delegates to the International Congress called to meet in Paris, in September, to consider means for combating unemployment, were prepared to submit to the Congress full narratives of German experience with contingent payments to unemployed. The delegates include Herr von dem Borght, president of the Imperial Statistical Office, Government Councillor Bittmann of Karlsruhe, Dr. Freund, the chairman of the Association of German Labor Exchanges, Prof. Dr. Francke, and Dr. Zacher, a director of the Imperial Statistical Office.

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JULIA WARD HOWE

October 17, 1910.

By Elisabeth Fairchild

THE lips are touched with silence that so long
Were golden-tipped with song;
The lovely hands that ne'er before sought rest
Are quiet on her breast.

Sealed are the ears that gave such instant heed
To any cry of need,
And moveless now at last the eager feet
That were for service fleet.

What righteous cause but mourns to-day in her
Its faithful minister?
What unknown friends but miss a healing touch
From her who loved Love much?

A lighted torch she took long since, in tears,
And bore throughout the years;
Its radiance still undimmed, now she has found
Again, life's perfect round.

Bid her farewell, as fits a warrior
When the good fight is o'er;
No primrose way was the long path she trod;—
But she has walked with God.

THE POINT OF VIEW

Veracious Details from a "Well-known" Author

THE nickname "well-known" is not of my inventing, and I have learned to wear it with smothered feelings: of the nature of these, the less said the better! "Notorious," once a synonym for "well known," would have been as balm, by comparison, to a hard-working and cleanly bosom. In my case the literary tendency and the hollow pocket were both inherited, and my attitude towards both has been, I think I can say, affectionately conservative. I began "to live by the Epistle" (to quote somebody's pleasant paraphrase of Saint Paul), just a quarter of a century ago. That "live by" is a word I like. It has a sort of dreamy connotation, which will not bear looking into by the police, with that most slippery art of writing, which is dearer than heart's blood, by a good deal, to its true practitioners. I was let loose too young in the grass of Parnassus. A believing relative had pushed me into print while yet I was in the first glow of flamboyance: in which ornate and unnatural state I could never let a plain Saxon word pass my pen. (By the way, a certain sesquipedalianism is natural to Americans: witness our press editorials, our Fourth of July orations, and the public messages of all our Presidents since Lincoln; witness likewise the "federations" in which we "participate," and the "residences" within which we "retire" at night.) For long, I confess it, was my style like a road which led to hilltops, but badly needed

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rolling, being full of pebbles, and ruts, and general cussedness! My first thin volume, financed by the deluded relative aforesaid, was put upon the regular market, in a small edition, through a reputable local firm. By some never-since-understood miracle it afterwards just paid for itself. This circumstance gave me what might be called a false start in the race. But the fun was yet to begin. My second venture was taken and handled by a sanguine publisher, also of some account in the community. He was a lover of Hazlitt, and my novitiate page smelled hard of that dear name, likewise of Browne, and Taylor, and Cowley, and Lamb, and of one R. L. S., a Romany chal then utterly unknown, whom I had found in secret and in secret worshipped. Like all these elders, I put the quotation to use, and remember being ruffled by one criticism which implied that the sayings of my adored masters had been viciously garnered from some anthology. No: my reading has been scrupulously at first-hand, from the very beginning. I maintain yet that quotations (such as have point and lack triteness) from the great old authors are an act of filial reverence on the part of the quoter, and a blessing to a public grown superficial and external. Surely it is well for its large ears to be tickled by the fringes of the banners of the gods, on every due occasion? The innocent and abstruse little essays I sent forth chased their plumy tails for a few months on the sunny lea, never earned a penny, and went eventually to their own place: for the head of the corporation died, and the corporation broke up, and no more for ever was heard of my second copyright.

Two years afterwards, being now thoroughly fired with all the holy ardors of a vocation found, I plucked up courage to present some manuscripts to a genial gentleman, who fell into the snare and made a pretty blue-coated book of them. Five hundred copies were to sell before my royalties began. In a fit of complete intelligence, nay, clairvoyance, they refused to budge, and this I know, that very shortly that so celebrated firm became extinct! Specimens of my precious output lurk yet in the darkest cellars of another house. I never heard of a human being who bought one. (Oh, the First Editions, the rareties, the *uniquities* "unknown to Lowndes!")

A juvenile magazine presently applied to me to compile a series of folklore articles. I heartily disliked the task, and was not fitted to do it with any degree of scientific perfection; but the editors were pleased with the result, and paid a fair price for it, and later, as by our contract, made it into a volume in which I held no interest. The common fate swallowed them and it! In a couple of years they sold out and ceased to be. These repetitive blunders cannot be laid to my charge. As for me, I returned to the field with two small volumes of the critical-biographical sort, which were well received by the press. Both gave me no end of pleasure in the writing; the research put into them had been made possible by the lordly three hundred dollars accrued from the unloved job which had preceded them. The publishers, this time, were not only most reputable, but the richest in the country. They did their best for me. Some microscopic royalties dribbled in during the first year, and then dried up. I had already begun to suspect that I was a good deal like the hollow-backed elf in the Breton legend, she who lured to his death the Seigneur Nann. I seemed to emulate that cruel lady, in waylaying successive merchants and inviting them to a dance on the green! Quite the usual thing happened here. The great firm failed (though it got upon its legs again) and it became a necessity for it to cast overboard superfluous cargo. I was therefore asked in the gentlest professional language, what should be done with certain worthy, but obsolete—born obsolete—merchandise? Not being in a position to ransom my belongings, and not being obsessed with "parental mania," I conveyed my idea, also couched in the gentlest professional language, that it were well to put the poor things out of their misery. I asked for some copies (three each, I think) of the doomed masterpieces; the rest, a thousand, perhaps, were decently strangled and cremated. All this while the amiability of reviewers, whenever my name came up before them, was getting quite overpowering: more and more "well known" did I become! and I cannot say there was no flavor in the irony of it.

Between the birth and death of the twin octavos appeared my best book. Almost immediately did it turn from the loud world and become a Carthusian; and still does it lead that pious and secluded life, but has not, so far, murdered its sponsors. There is some strange lack of sequence here which I cannot fathom. Two worklets of a semi-private kind I put forth in conjunction with others: their fate also is dim. Hard on their heels followed my one attempt at fiction, to me valueless. The manuscript, written wholly to prove to myself what I already knew by faith, that I had no hold

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whatever on narrative, a thing dear to this age, —the manuscript was wrung from me, under protest, by old friends who were playing at publishing, and almost rivalled William Morris while they were about it. They clothed and mounted the edition most beautifully. But obsequies quickly supervened: I viewed those obsequies not without composure.

All this brings me up to about 1897 A.D. In that year the same generous partnership printed my fattest and happiest, and were praised for it in several high quarters. Lo, with untimely haste the godfathers hastened to die: it was, in fact, a case of genteelly deliberate suicide. No material disaster stared them in the face; they simply chose to withdraw, like Lohengrin and divers other heavenly champions, after having struck their blow for imperilled typographical ideals. And the most favored child of my brain went a-wandering, and must lie even now in some Libby Prison of the arts, whence hungry sighs reach the ears of no man. A monograph, brief, having to do with one of the most romantic historical characters, comes forth, in cloth and eke in paper, refuses point-blank to add one copper to its parent's purse, and in its contumely perishes utterly. *That* publisher, too, is dead! Another monograph, long, with illustrations, which was the fruit of very great enthusiasm and very patient work, throve no better. There was most certainly a public which for the subject's sake would have rallied to it; yet, incredible as that may seem, it was never once advertised anywhere, though it was a costly book, issued by a distinguished firm. The end was neat and speedy: it became a "remainder" in no time, and may to-day be bought by the curious, if they know where to find it, at a little less than a quarter of its original price. A third monograph, neither brief nor long, which comprises the best work, carefully edited, of a modern poet not unloved, did the spirited thing: it bellowed, kicked, and cleared the ring, and drove the company into bankruptcy! or, at least, as these casualties occured with their usual despatch, surely my mild-looking *opusculum* must have had its share in them? Quite undeterred, however, by the evil eye of my genius, some men of faith have newly made a most lovely book in a limited edition, thus sugaring it for the maw of the educated, and on it blazoned my "well-known" name. Ah, ye blessed publisher-folk, as dear to a bygone generation as to this, ye may see your children's children, peace upon Israel; and, (*testet mea manu!*) ye may not.

Then there have been plays: yes! everybody, sane or silly, falls into that trap. Play No. I. gets anonymously on to the boards, has a run there, caresses the impressario, and cheats me beyond all whooping, chiefly through my own callow guilelessness, I must admit, and through the lack of a cynic for adviser. Play No. II. gets accepted, but is not paid for. Before it comes on for rehearsal, it takes the life of the party of the second part, after a humane fashion of mine heretofore indicated; and thereupon it falls into litigation as an asset of his estate. After seven years, I get a pittance which I should be ashamed to name; and not unwisely, perhaps, I let the subject drop. Play No. III., a Sweet Thing, has been abducted in its unique copy and for many a lustrum, by a living Thespian who forgets—simply, efficiently, continuously forgets—to return it; is always about to return it; and never, short of bloodshed, will return it. Play No. IV, a playlet, also in a unique copy (for I was then too weary to make a second one, and too poor to hire a typewriter), is forwarded, duly addressed and return-stamped, to the accomplished creature born to welcome it, and gets lost in the mails, or, at least, is credibly reported to be so lost! Now after this succession of hilarious episodes, I summoned up sufficient philosophic acumen to make a mental quittance of the untrodden stage. This, most heartily: "and soe Home," as Pepys would say. Of course, I could have picked up some split cable-ends and spliced them, by rewriting. But the indications were pretty strong, after due trial, that the game was not to be my game. I did not think it a question of courage, nor even of patience. A decent retriever who hears *Drop it!* has but one gentlemanly action before him.

I have driven my pen along, ever since, and I have not sulked. I have always been sorry (quite apart from any public awards) that I cannot write other things than my own things, or that I cannot write my own things in other ways. I have lived in a world of ideas, and it has mattered far less to me than it might have mattered to some mortals, that I have dined often on hot chestnuts from the stall and a beverage of water and lemon-rind, and found both excellent, let me not fail to add. I have no quarrel with deprivation and discipline. I have toiled mightily for years. Honor itself is profit. As for luck, the moral is a modernized Virgilian one: Ask the other fellow!

"I hang mid men my needless head,
And my fruit is dreams, as theirs is bread."

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Had I a family to keep, my literary autobiography, my Napoleonic path strewn with the slain, might not seem to me so screamingly funny as they do now. Broken echoes from the agony column seem to float in my ears whenever I think of my books, whenever I look upon the annual maximum (some $3.57½) which they bring me. "Last seen . . . in B. . . . sorrowing uncle . . . come . . . all forgiven!" I believe I must be responsible for at least five more publications than those which I have, without too much minuteness, here set down. They are all castaways, and about as conspicuous as underground streams. Certainly no printed list embraces them; no man has a complete set of them; nor can I direct him how to reach that unscaled pinnacle of the bibliophile's bliss.

As I have spent much of my lifetime already, so, unrepentantly, shall I spend the rest of it, with what skill I have acquired; with such motives, purely Gothic, so to speak, as I cannot now swerve from; with unsoured civility toward a world which does not want me, and which is old enough to know its own mind. Meanwhile, I continue "well-known": certes, ever and ever so "well-known." Do not the sacrosanct dailies and weeklies of my native land, the white and likewise the yellow, say so? Who am I that I should take failure for my epitaph, when I hear of so much charm, so much moral value, resident in this clay tabernacle? When men and horses swing spiritually into line for some sudden furious charge on the devil, bah! it is even said that Scroggins is often the bugler: the calm, the wise, the well-known Scroggins!

I am aware that my accurate confessions will dissuade not one jot the devotees, or the intending devotees, of the Muse of Letters. Nor should I have spoken, if that much utility had been the likely upshot of my pains. No: if "I have been," as the Cambridge mystic, Henry More, said of himself nearly three centuries ago, "most of my time mad with pleasure," it is entirely due to the Muse, and to my faith in her. But I should like, rather, to allure to her feet those who may come thither clad and fed, the striplings of our millionaire civilization. For some Americ[illegible] serve that beauty on her throne, w[illegible]e band who shivered and starved for her can serve her no more.

The Telling of Dreams

IN the house in which I was brought up, there was a rule that dreams should not be told at the breakfast-table—a rule which, to my mind, robbed the meal of its only possible interest. I still remember an impression of the lawn massed with yellow lions which I desired particularly to share. The table was a large one, seating three generations; and I gained the idea it was on account of the prophetic character of the dreams of a certain great-aunt, that the prohibition was so rigorously enforced. But I know better now. We were forbidden to tell our dreams because dreams—even more than the love of William Blake—"never may be told." They are among the incommunicable experiences. Just as a young painter is taught not to portray a luminary on canvas, so a child must be taught not to describe its dreams. Better relate the dullest true story than the most thrilling dream. Is it that our audiences are so in love with reality? Is it that the isolation of a dream, which may neither be shared or re-enacted, leaves the listener's egotism cold? I do not know, but at the mere words, "I dreamt," you may see your auditor's attention dissolve—neither at his will nor your own—like mist before the sun.

Now, is not this strange, when you consider how deeply dreams color the days of even the sanest of us: how in dreams we commune with the dead, love strangers, marry our enemies, fight and die; have, in short, all the adventures of life in its most poignant moods? Yet not even our nearest and dearest will lend us their ears.

Do we merely need more art? Must we seek only some method to hold that dissolving attention until the full radiance of the vision can be sketched out? Or must we all improve in a sort of psychological imagination? Or is it, as I am inclined to think, that something inherent in the experience itself makes it remote, and that as we must die alone, so we must dream alone too?

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THE FIELD OF ART

"The Flying Dutchman."
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ON ALBERT P. RYDER

THE work of Albert P. Ryder seems destined to hold a permanent and very high place in American art. Those who may not know or who have not yet had the opportunity to appreciate what he has accomplished, may perhaps look on this statement as but another of those so often heard when a critic wishes merely to voice his own opinion. But the many who admire the paintings of Mr. Ryder have not reached their decision in a night. Much of his best work was done twenty or thirty years ago, and I know that I speak for both old and young artists and laymen when I include Albert P. Ryder among the creators, one of those who make things which will always be held beautiful.

Who has not been carried away by the old story of the Phantom Ship, forever trying to beat its way home through the storm? We see Ryder's "Flying Dutchman," and the very scene lives before us.

We have all felt the terror of the scene on the heath in "Macbeth," have pictured it in our minds, but we may see it realized in Ryder's "Macbeth and the Witches," in all its dramatic intensity, this weird vision of a night torn by storms. The clouds are swept into tatters, the dark blue of the sky is seen through the rifts. To the right, a hill crowned with a castle towers to a great height; at its foot, in the darkness, are two little figures of horsemen—like Greek statues for the spirit of their action. At the left rises another peak, and in the centre of the picture—one of its great sur-

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prises and delights—there is the gleam of golden and luminous water.

A night-piece by Ryder may have less of the exquisite subtlety which renders unique a nocturne by Whistler, but it impresses you as being at the same time both simple and strong. In Whistler I see a man coming out to look on the night as a spectacle of magic that the day could rarely afford him; his nights are enchanted and apart; Ryder seems more the man of nature to whom day and night are but two great aspects of the same world—under the cover of darkness he feels the same forces of the wind and the sea that he did when the sun shone and all was clear.

Moonlit Cove.

By the kind permission of the owner, Alexander Morten.

Take for example the picture owned by Mr. Alexander Morten, here reproduced for the first time. The composition is of masterly simplicity. The few and elementary forms are disposed with a rare perception of their most effective and just relations. There is a sense of vastness and yet with it—concentration. How striking is the long line of the cliff that comes down and drops to the water—making the deepest note against the strong light there, so that the eye has a permanent resting and returning point. The boat gives a relieving direction, the clouds in their solemn drift through the heavens complete the scheme. The color—luminous and intense—gives a measure of the artist's feeling for the mystery of light and darkness. And when we look closer we see a landscape: a beach, an old boat, a bit of sea, and so on. It is so true, so much a portrayal of a place that must have been seen, that for the moment we do not realize the art of it all.

Ryder is a poet in everything he does. Among his pictures many were painted simply for the sake of the sheer pleasure he found in the scene as revealed to his own imagination; the names by which they are known have been many times given by others.

What have his paintings besides his individual realization of the subject?

Many would first say color. But there is a quality which takes a more prominent place than color in his pictures, and that is design.

According to his own statement, Mr. Ryder uses no sketches from nature, but lays the picture in according to what he feels to be its needs. Then follows a process of small or large changes that frequently extends over a period of years. The position of clouds in a

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"The Temple of the Mind."
By the kind permission of the owner.

sky, the contour of a hill, or the movement of a figure undergoes infinite modifications until the stability and harmony of masses is attained that the artist's astonishing sense of their beauty demands. "I work altogether from my feeling for these things, I have no rule. And I think it is better to get the design first before I try for the color. It would be wasted, much of the time, when I have to change things about."

Ryder has been often praised for his poetic sense and for his color; but I do not remember any stronger appreciation of his design than that of Mr. Roger E. Fry who referred to him as a "dreamer in paint." And his possessing the quality is the more remarkable in that so few Americans are distinguished for it.

Ryder's pictures, instead of each being one of a succession, to be made more perfect than its predecessor, are the children of his fantasy, and each must be given the individual study that belongs to a new creation. He speaks of the "inner rhythm" in great poetry and he feels it in a subject, strives above all to get this to him always essential factor into his result. Surely no one ever demanded realiza-

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tion more uncompromisingly. On one canvas he has been working at times during almost the whole of his lifetime as a painter. "I was foolish enough to sell it some time ago to a man who had another of my pictures and I was worried somewhat at first by his wanting to take it away before I had finished, but lately he has been very nice about it—only comes around once a year or so." This is undeniably extreme, but it must be remembered that to such a painter, a picture is not at all a thing external, but a part of his mind, a part of his life; and before he can let it go out to the world he must be certain that it really is what he has intended—not falling short, nor containing an admixture of the things that slip into a work by chance.

How much the matter of form means to him may be judged from the changes he has made in various of his important pictures. In one, "The Temple of the Mind," there was a bridge which led out of the region of the temple. It suggested the idea that when once a person has crossed this bridge, he can never return. "It was a pretty allegory," said Mr. Ryder, "but that bridge with its horizontal line never seemed to suit the picture. I wanted an upright and thought a fountain might give it. I remembered a fountain I had seen in Florence and put that in, which is what you see today."

Later, in speaking of one of his canvases he said, "Perhaps you wouldn't say it had much drawing, but I think it has what you might call an air of drawing." The phrase is admirable, not only to render our feeling about Mr. Ryder's work but about that of many another painter who satisfies us thoroughly as to the construction of his picture as a whole, even if we pick out no particular figure or rock or tree for its drawing. It is the rarer quality—this one that the great artists have—of making a work convince you that it is drawn, through and through. It permits them to place their scene at whatever distance from the beholder, behind whatever stained glass of poetic glamour, and yet lose nothing of the sense of existence that relates their dreams with the realities of life.

Among the many misconceptions caused by the difficulty in defining artistic terms, there is probably none more frequent than the popular idea that good drawing is photographically accurate drawing. While few of us know, with any sort of precision, what constitutes good color, the word is at least used in the correct sense of a quality immediately belonging to the realm of æsthetics and expression. Why not face the issue at once, and say that good drawing is that which has such phases as rhythm, harmony, style, strength, and expressiveness? "No one who has had the good fortune to know such pictures as 'The King and the Beggar-Maid,' 'The Temple of the Mind,' or the 'Jonah' could doubt for an instant that they were the work of a rare master of drawing—the quality being rightly understood."

In considering the design of Mr. Ryder's pictures before taking up their color, I have intentionally given precedence to the factor in his art which he seems to me to possess in the greatest purity. The unfinished works among the older colorists, the more easily comprehended methods of our own epoch, show how early in the creation of a picture artists thought out what the relations of color should be. But where the painter only takes up the matter after he has produced an almost complete work in monochrome or something near that, the chances are that he can only add the beauty of tone and quality, not that of color in its truest function of a free agent. To arrive at this full proprietorship in the wonderful quality, the burden of neutral light and dark must be cast aside or rested on some other base than that of the color. In the work of the old Venetians it is clear that the artists often made their drawing do most of the work that the Dutch demanded of values—thus the former could use the full palettes for which they are famous. Probably the future will decide that, with all its other phases, the greatest service rendered by impressionism was the making possible again of color in its free purity.

Mr. Ryder formed his art at a time when such ideas were unconsidered in America, so that with him color is a more limited factor, though a very beautiful one. It is intimately connected with the pigment, and the glow which he has again and again extracted from his material is such as potters and enamellers have striven for, and only attained at their best.

WALTER PACH.

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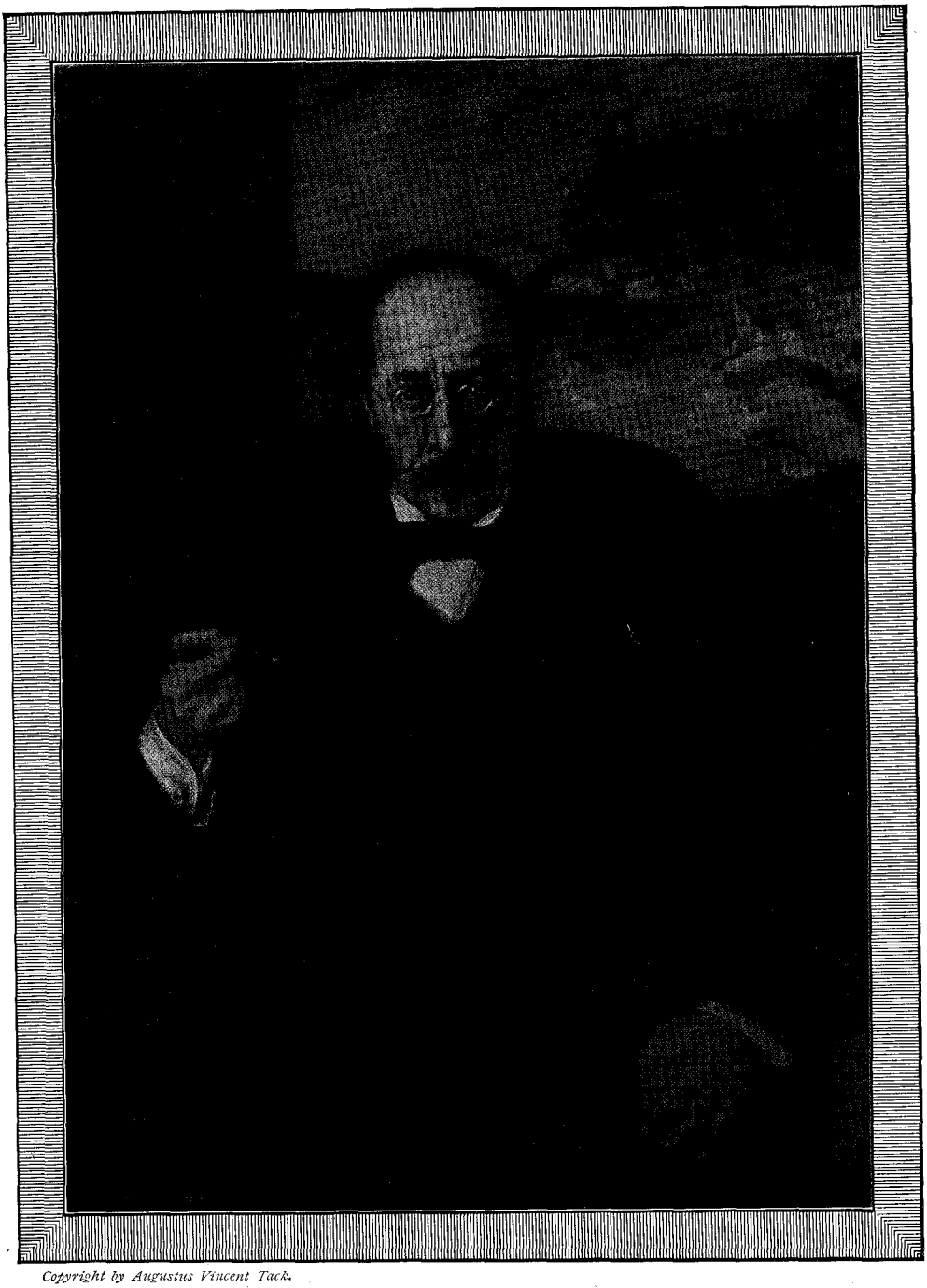

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JOHN LA FARGE.

From an unpublished portrait painted in 1899-1900 by Augustus Vincent Tack.

—See "The Teaching of Art," page 178.

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